STUDIES IN NORTH AFRICA

[*Lehnert and Landrock.*

CAPITOL, DOUGGA.

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BY
CYRIL FLETCHER GRANT

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Preface to First Edition

"A LAND of sand and ruin and gold." Thus Swinburne describes North Africa.

Sand indeed there is—sand that seems to stretch out into infinity; ruins, too, the ruins of three great civilisations which have passed away; gold also—though of no material wealth; rather it is the glory of the golden haze over the desert, and the yellow sand gleaming in the sunshine.

The writer has described no place which he did not visit during a protracted sojourn in North Africa.

For the facts which lie outside the range of such first-hand evidence he has consulted, so far as possible, the original authorities. In cases where the opinion of a single author has been relied upon, on any special point, a reference has been given in the text.

In addition to the standard books of reference, he has consulted, especially, the following works, and desires to express his indebtedness to them :—

The Religion of the Semites, Robertson Smith, Chap. i.–ii.
The Religion of Ancient Egypt, Wiedemann, Chap. ii.
Les Civilisations de l'Afrique du Nord, Victor Piquet, Chap. xiv.–xvi.
L'Afrique Romaine, Gaston Boissier, Chap. vi., vii., viii.
L'Algérie, Maurice Wahl, Chap. xiv., xvi.
Les Villes d'Art Célèbres, René Cagnat et Henri Saladin, Chap. vi., xi., xiii.
Les Ruines de Carthage, le R. P. Delattre, Chap. xi.
Thugga, Dr. Carton, Chap. ix.
Carthage Chrétienne, Abel Alcais, Chap. x.
The Scourge of Christendom, Sir Lambert Playfair, Chap. xvi.
The Barbary Corsairs, S. Lane-Poole, Chap. xvi.
Alger au XVIII. Siècle, Venture de Paradis, Chap. xvi.–xvii.
Sketches of Algiers, W. Shaler, Chap. xvii.

Preface to Second Edition

THIS book formed a first and distinct part of a two-part volume published just before the war and entitled "'Twixt Sand and Sea." It was both large and expensive. In accordance with frequent suggestions the two parts are now separated. The first part slightly abridged, by one of the collaborators, is now brought out in a small and cheaper edition, in the belief that it will supply a want, and also come within the scope of a larger public. It is hoped to bring out the second part in the same form at a later date.

August, 1921.

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CHAPTER I

THE CITY OF ELISSAR, 850–264 B.C.

It was about* the year 850 B.C. that Elissar, Princess of Sidon, fled from her native country, after the murder of her husband Sychœus by her brother Pygmalion. Descended from Ethbaal or Ithbaal, King of Sidon, she was the niece of Jezebel and the cousin of Athaliah. Thus, a Wake or Dido, she landed on the shores of the Gulf of Tunis, not far from the little Sidonian port of Combé. Hospitably received by the natives and their King, Iarbas, Son of Hammon, who subsequently became a suitor for her hand, she repaid their kindness by tricking them out of a site for a city on the little hill of Byrsa. There and thus Carthage was founded. At the foot of the hill she dug a *Cothon* or harbour, to which she welcomed the battered galleys of Æneas, like herself a wanderer from the flames of Troy-town.

* Rollin is more precise. He makes Elissar the granddaughter of Ethbaal, and places the foundation of Carthage in the reign of Joash, King of Judah, ninety-eight years before Rome was founded, 846 B.C.

In the end, *capta ac deserta*, betrayed and forsaken by her faithless guest, she built a great pyre outside her palace, and cast herself despairingly upon it: so she perished, either to bring upon the traitor the doom he so richly deserved, or to escape the importunities of her unwelcome suitor, Iarbas, or to rejoin in death her murdered husband.

In the light of other kindred myths of the Semites, a very profound and interesting interpretation may be given to the story. We are taught to see in the Queen, the Dido who accompanies the Pilgrim Fathers on their way, and helps them to build their new city, no mere woman, however exalted, but a divine being; and in her willing death the noble self-sacrifice of a goddess, who leaps into the flames and dies to consecrate and win a blessing for the city she has founded. Thenceforth she became the Tyché, or Luck, the patron saint of the place for which she had died; and, in the yearly offering of a maiden at her shrine, her death was commemorated and mystically renewed. What awful act of sacrifice or self-sacrifice may lie behind the myth we cannot tell; similar rites were practised at Tarsus; and, in the stories of Hercules Melcarth and Sardanapalus, traces of a kindred legend may be found.

Who, then, was Elissar? The answer, up to a certain point, is tolerably plain. Both Elissar and Pygmalion were apparently titles of Ashtart, the biblical Ashtoreth,* goddess of the Sidonians. To identify her with Tanith, the supreme divinity of Carthage, attractive as it would be, is difficult; for, as will be shown later on, Tanith was, in all probability, a Libyan, not a Phœnician, goddess; but various hints, such as that of Justin, that her pyre was built "at the end of the town"—that is, of Byrsa, the city of Elissar—would suit an identification of

* That is, Ashtart, with the vowels of Bosheth, "Abomination"

the Temple of Dido, and the scene of her death, with the Sanctuary of Tanith, which stood somewhere between Byrsa and the sea. Here it was that, in later days, the human sacrifices of the Carthaginians were offered to the goddess; and even so late as the fourth century of our era, the spot, enclosed in a thicket of thorns, and inhabited, so it was said, by asps and dragons, was surrounded with superstitious terrors.* It was even found necessary to destroy a Christian church erected on the spot, or into which the temple itself had possibly been transformed, in order to put an end to the polluted rites of which it had been so long the abode. Perhaps it would be safer to say that, as the Phœnician settlers, and their worship, became Libyanised, the worship of Elissar Ashtart paled before, and at last was supplanted by, that of the Libyan goddess.

Such, at any rate, is the legend in its best-known form, and the best interpretation which can, at present, be placed upon it. The story of the bull's hide which Elissar cut into strips to mèasure her grant of land with, may be at once put aside. It arose merely from an accidental similarity of sound between the Greek word for an ox-hide and the Phœnician word for a fortress, Byrsa, or Birtha, the biblical Bozrah. Apart from its decorative details, the fable is valuable merely as a testimony to Phœnician trade methods and the inventive faculty of the Greeks; while, in order to bring Elissar and Æneas together, Vergil was compelled to do that which, we are told, lies beyond the power of the very gods themselves, and

> " annihilate both time and space
> To make two lovers "

unhappy.

That Carthage was Phœnician in origin, its name

*Sil. Ital., l. 81.

Karthhadach,*, the New City, or Naples—the Greek Karchedon and the Latin Karthago—tells us plainly enough. It shows also that it was not the first of these settlements; it was new in comparison with Utica, Outich, the Old City, which lay to the north-west across the marshy plain and Sebka, which were then the Gulf of Utica; new in comparison with Tunis (Tunes) at the head of its lake, or with Combé, which stood near, if not on the very site where Carthage was built. The precise relation of the New to the Old City is doubtful; on the whole, it seems probable that Carthage was not an offshoot or dependency of the Tyrian Utica, but rather a Sidonian city founded in rivalry with it. At any rate it was content, until 450 B.C., to pay a rent for the ground on which it stood to the Berber tribe of the Maxyes.

We are so accustomed to speak of the inhabitants as Carthaginians or Phœnicians or Pœni, that it is difficult to realise that the name by which they called themselves was none of these, but "Canaanite," a man of the plains, a Lowlander. The Greeks gave the country from which they came the name of Phœnike, the Land of Purple, or of the Red Men; the Romans corrupted the name into Pœni or Punians; but even so late as in Christian times an African farmer would call himself a Canaanite.

The site of the new city was well chosen.†

Low down on the Gulf of Tunis, sheltered from every wind that blows except the north-east, from which a little bay and a great breakwater protected the entrance to the harbours, an isthmus, ending in a triangular or fan-shaped peninsula, juts out some

* Karth, akin to the biblical kirjath.

† With his characteristic love of legend, or, as we should call it, folk-lore, Vergil tells us (*Aen.* i. 444), that Juno, or Ashtart, or Tanith, commanded Elissar to build on the spot where she should find a horse's head. The place was marked by a sacred grove.

ten miles into the sea. On the south it is washed by the shallow waters of the Lake of Tunis; on the north by what is now the Salt Lake or Lagoon, called the Sebka er Riana, but which was then the open Gulf of Utica, where the great river Medjerda, or Bagradas, emptied its sullen waters into the sea. The river has now changed its course, and vast banks of sand have collected, changing the gulf into a lake.

From the head of the Lake of Tunis to the Gulf of Utica runs the protecting mountain range of the Djebel Ahmor, a formidable barrier between the isthmus and the mainland; somewhere in these mountains lay the cave into which, on the fatal hunting day, Juno Pronuba led Elissar and the Dux Trojanus to shelter from the storm, while the nymphs shrieked upon the hill-tops. It was the day which began the long enmity between Carthage and Rome, which was to end only when Scipio wiped the great city of Elissar off the face of the earth.

At its mountain base the isthmus has a width of nearly ten miles, but it soon shrinks to little more than two; then it spreads out again in long even curves into the fan-shaped peninsula already spoken of, where it has a breadth of six miles. The northern point of the open fan is occupied by the hills of Kamart; the southern by the narrow neck of land called the Ligula or Tœnia,* which, like Chesil Beach or the Palisades of Kingston Harbour, shuts in, save for a narrow break in the middle, the Lake of Tunis. From the Ligula the shore line runs due north-east for a distance of about four miles, where it ends in Cape Carthage, the central point of the fan. For the first two and a half miles the shore is flat, then it rises rapidly into the hill now crowned with the New Fort, Bordj-el-Djedid, and then, higher still, into the

* Now called La Goulette.

rocky headland of the cape where stood the old Pharos, and now stands the lighthouse.

The trend of the northern shore is very similar, only, of course, in opposite directions. A long curve to the north-east ends in the heights of the Djebel Khaoui or Kamart, corresponding to the Ligula to the south. Then, turning to the south-east, the coast runs to Cape Carthage. This section of the coast is mountainous, save for a single dip at La Marsa close under the cape.* On this great triangle of land stood Carthage.

The beginnings of the city were, however, much more modest. We can trace them, with some degree of accuracy, by the position of the cemeteries, of which the sides of the hills are full; for by the Semites, as by the Romans, the dead were considered unclean, and could not be buried within the walls of the city.

In this way we learn that the earliest settlement was not on Byrsa at all, but on the seashore just outside the Ligula, where, afterwards, the great harbours were excavated. Here the coast, turning abruptly to the east, forms a little sheltered bay, well fitted to be the harbour of the first inhabitants, as it was to be the entrance to the harbours in later days. About a mile due north of this bay, nearly the same distance from Bordj-el-Djedid, and about half a mile from the sea, stands the hill of Byrsa; on the land side it rises up, by a steep ascent, to a height of about two hundred feet; on the other it drops precipitously towards the sea. With the exception of the Acropolis of Athens and the Capitol of Rome, it is perhaps the most famous hill on the face of the earth. When

* The distances are, approximately, as follows:—

Cape Carthage to Kamart	4 miles
Cape Carthage to the Ligula	4 miles
Across the isthmus from Kamart to the Ligula	6 miles
Cape Carthage to a point on the centre of this line across the isthmus	1 mile

first included within the bounds of the city, it was, as its name implies, a fortress or kasbah; in course of time, when tyranny at home was more feared than attack from abroad, it was consecrated to religious uses, and became, like the other two, the central shrine of the national worship.

Two lines drawn from Byrsa—the one south, to the Ligula, the other east, to the seashore, south of Bordj-el-Djedid—would enclose the site of the city proper, which was to greater Carthage what the City is to greater London. Within its walls were contained the great Temple of Eschmoun, the cathedral of Carthage, which stood on the hill of Byrsa itself; the less officially important, but more popular, Temples of Hammon and Tanith; the naval harbour or Cothon, opening into the commercial harbour, and, through it, reaching the sea; the long line of quays which reached from the Ligula to Bordj-el-Djedid, and the Forum, which was at once the market, the Royal Exchange, the Law Courts and the Guild Hall of the city.

Punic in origin, Carthage remained, so far as the government was concerned, Punic to the end. Its constitution was a narrow and rigid oligarchy, from which all but the old Punic families were jealously excluded. There was no extension of the franchise or citizenship, such as, from time to time, replenished the ranks of the Republic of Rome, offered a reward to capacity and service, and repaid or secured the fidelity of the cities of the Empire.

The bulwark of this oligarchy was the council of one hundred, actually one hundred and four, of which the magistrates or "Suffetes" * were little more than the officials. As these offices were for sale, it became practically a government of capitalists, in which the great families, Magon, Giscon, or Barcas, could obtain from time to time a predominant influence. Decayed

* Shafetes, or Shophetim, the judges.

grandees were enabled to retrieve their fortunes from the spoils of lucrative offices, such as those of tax-collectors.

Thus the oligarchy degenerated into a plutocracy, vulgar, ostentatious, self-indulgent, and heartless. The story of the contemptuous amusement with which the Carthaginians received the report of their ambassadors, that the whole Senate of Rome possessed only one service of silver plate, which reappeared at every dinner-party they were invited to, sufficiently describes them.

As with the equally vulgar nobles of the Roman Empire, it was the fashion to collect works of art, and, as it was easy to employ Greek artists, or to steal original statues, &c., ready made, from Greece or Sicily, the Carthaginian millionaires filled their palaces with works of Greek art; thus setting an example which, in due time, the Romans followed, when, in their turn, they looted Carthage. Of their Architecture it is difficult to judge, save from the tombs; these are for the most part strongly influenced by Greece and Egypt.

On the other hand, they possessed and developed in a high degree the Semitic aptitude for banking and business generally, which has made the Jews the financiers of the world. It is said that they used paper money, of no intrinsic value, in the same way that bank notes and cheques are used now.

They have left no traces of any natural science, or art, or literature, save on the one subject of agriculture. They possessed no growing or spreading aptitude for political life, and they showed no desire for free forms of government.

The Carthaginians had no lust for empire, save that of the sea, and of the ports and markets which were necessary to secure and develop their trade. They never fought if they could help it. Though

capable of spasmodic outbursts of desperate valour, they allowed themselves to be supplanted in Egypt, Greece, Italy, and East Sicily almost without a struggle; in the great trade war with Greece it was their allies, the Etruscans, who did most of the fighting at Cumæ (280 B.C.) and Alatia (217 B.C.). They lived in Africa "after the manner of the Zidonians" in their old land, "quiet and secure" in "a place where there is no want of anything that is on the earth." *

As the city grew in power, wealth, and population, the necessity for some territory was increasingly felt, and they pressed forward gradually, submerging the various cities which came in their way, destroying their walls (except in the case of Utica), and imposing on them a tribute of money or of men. Thus Leptis Parva,† south of Sousse, was assessed at 365 talents (£90,000) a year.

By degrees they advanced in this tentative way, until they occupied, more or less completely, a territory corresponding fairly with modern Tunisia and the department of Constantine. The Libyan fortress of Tebessa was not captured until the time of the First Punic War.‡ Even within these limits it was frequently a matter of alliance rather than of conquest. The famous inscription from the mausoleum at Dougga§ to Ataban, son of Ifmatel, son of Falao, is in Libyan as well as Phœnician, and records an intermarriage between the two peoples; and the other similar monuments at Kasserine, and Kroubs (near Cirta), and elsewhere, show that it was by alliance with the native princes, rather than by war, that they preferred to spread their sphere of influence, and obtained permission to establish settlements and markets. It was in this way that they were able to recruit their armies

* Judges xviii. 10.

† Now Lamta. ‡ Polyb. i. 73. § Now in the British Museum.

from among a warlike but, on the whole, friendly population. Such privileges as these were all that the Pœni required, and for these they were ready, if need were, to pay tribute.

This principle of alliance, rather than conquest, was carried so far that when, at the time of the wars with Rome, Cirta was taken from its rightful King, Masinissa, it was not seized by Carthage, but left in the hands of Syphax, King of Massesylia,* whose alliance was purchased with the hand of Sophonisba. The territory actually belonging to Carthage, or Africa, consisted of little more than the corner of land between Thabraka (Tabarca) to the west and Taparura (Sfax) to the south ; and this was all that the Romans annexed, under the name of " Provincia Africa." The land thus occupied was, for the most part, divided into vast estates and worked by slaves, a single owner possessing sometimes as many as twenty thousand ; the native farmers and peasantry, when not altogether dispossessed, were reduced to the position of serfs or felahin, and paid a rent of one quarter of the produce of the land. Under these conditions, agriculture became exceedingly scientific, and the treatise on the subject by the Carthaginian Magon remained long a text-book among the Romans.

Of this city of Elissar, the Romans did not leave one stone upon another ; two little ponds mark the site of the harbours, the immense systems of cisterns at La Malga, near Bordj-el-Djedid and elsewhere, though remodelled by the Romans, were probably Punic in origin; a fragment or two of wall in Byrsa possibly belong to the Punic fortifications ; a number of votive tablets witness to the faith of the people ; beyond this there is nothing save a grim layer of ashes mixed† with bones of men, women, and children, and the graves of the dead.

* His capital was at Siga, west of Oran.

† This layer is about five feet thick.

As it is from these cemeteries that we can trace the position of the earliest settlement and the gradual growth of the city, so it is from their contents and from the manner in which the dead were laid in them that we learn what little is known of the life of the inhabitants of the city.

The sides of all the hills are full of tombs, some reaching back to the seventh century before Christ, while others date from the times of the Punic Wars.

In the earliest of the cemeteries, which lie nearest the sea, the dead were laid in the ground without coffin or covering of any kind; but later on a different and very elaborate system of burial was adopted. A vertical shaft was sunk into the ground or rock to a depth of about thirty feet, large enough to allow of the body being lowered on a litter or bier. At the bottom, lateral chambers were excavated; the walls were covered with stucco, so fine and white as to glisten like snow in the lamplight, and so close in texture as to ring like metal when struck. Above the stucco ran a cornice of cedar supporting a ceiling of the same wood. The whole was roofed in with great slabs of stone, the weight of the earth above being borne by other stones inclined one against the other, and forming the curious triangles which are so distinctive of these sepulchres. The entrance was blocked with a great stone, and finally the shaft was filled up with earth. In these chambers the dead, decked out sumptuously, were laid on beds, facing the entrance; they were surrounded, not by any dismal funeral trappings, but by lamps, vases of perfumes, and other familiar household furniture, so that, when they awoke from their sleep,* they might

* Perhaps it would be more accurate to say, in accordance with Egyptian beliefs, "when the spirit revisited the body." Pap. iii. 36, in the Louvre, shows the winged soul descending just such a shaft to reach the mummy.

find themselves at home with all the gear and housing of their earthly lives around them.

Later still a fresh modification was adopted; the body was laid in a stone sarcophagus and sealed up with resin. On the lid was carved a recumbent image of the dead, sometimes of great dignity and beauty. Of these effigies the most noticeable is that of Tanith, or the "priestess," hereafter to be described. Another represents a Rab, or priest. In this the features are grandly calm and dignified, the hair abundant and curly, the beard and moustaches full. A long robe descends to the sandalled feet; over this a short cloak falls from the left shoulder to the hip. The right hand is uplifted in prayer; the left, bent at the elbow, holds a vase of offerings.

A third is of a woman. The hair stands high over the forehead and is brought down on each side of the face in two long plaits or curls. The whole body is clothed in a soft robe, gathered in loosely at the waist and falling in graceful folds to the sandalled feet. Over the head is drawn a long veil; it is held by the right hand, which is thrown boldly forward, while the left hand draws it easily across the body. The figure is very Greek in conception; except for the position of the right hand, it follows closely the lines of the Greek funeral monuments, a very lovely example of which is in the Vatican Museum, under the name of "Pudicitia."

Besides these carvings, there have been found in these tombs a series of terra-cotta masks, so skilfully modelled and so characteristic as to require a word of notice. Some of them are mere grotesques, admirably conceived and executed; these were placed near the dead to frighten away evil spirits by their grimaces. Others, equally skilful, are more interesting in that they seem to be likenesses of real men and women. These are distinguished by wearing a metal ring, the

biblical "Nezem," piercing through the central cartilage of the nose.

The first is a man. The face is a long oval, the forehead high, and the hair, short and curly, grows low upon it; the ears, large and projecting, are pierced for earrings. The upper lip and chin are clean-shaven, but the cheeks are covered with bushy whiskers, descending to the jaw. The cheek-bones are high, the nose long, straight and pointed. The eyes and mouth are drawn up at the corners, giving a shrewd, humorous expression to the countenance. Altogether the whole face is pleasant and life-like.

The only other mask I need speak of is that of a woman. It is curiously different from the first. A snood, like an Egyptian Klaft, covers all the hair except a little fringe of curls over the forehead, and is drawn down behind the ears over the breast. The ears are large and pierced for five rings, two in the lobe and three in the upper fold. The nose is very heavy and bulbous, the eyes large and drawn upwards as in the other case; the chin small and receding, the mouth small and drawn up in a smile. The whole expression is so kindly that the ugliness of the nose and ears is forgotten.

Such, then, were the great lords, the Hasdrubals and Hamilcars of Carthage; such her mariners who wandered over the seas as far as Britain; and such the home-staying folk, the mothers and wives who welcomed the sailors when the voyage was over.

CHAPTER II

THE SWORD AND THE TRIDENT, 264–201 B.C.

WHEN, in the year 264 B.C., Carthage first came into armed collision with Rome, she had been for nearly two hundred years the Queen of the Mediterranean, dominant in the East, so supreme in the West that her ambassadors told the Romans that they might not even wash their hands in the sea without leave from Carthage. A naval power only, she had never sought for other empire than that of the sea, but that had been hers so completely and so long, that she had learnt to consider it hers almost by a law of nature. Just as now, wherever the traveller round the world finds a piece of land worth having, he finds the English flag waving over it, so was it then in the Mediterranean, the central sea of the ancient world. The south of Spain owed allegiance to Carthage; North Africa was fringed with her factories or emporia; the west of Sicily, Sardinia, Malta, the Balearic Islands, accepted her rule. With Greece she had settled her accounts, with Rome she had a treaty. And so, sitting like a queen, like Tyrus before her, in the midst of the seas, with the wealth of the world pouring into her lap, it is little wonder that "her heart was lifted up because of her beauty, and she set her heart as the heart of God."

But, for all this fair show, the foundations of her supremacy were rotten, for it rested upon her sea power only. When she needed troops, Carthage had to trust to the chance friendship of the warlike and

barbarous tribes which surrounded her, and to the very uncertain loyalty of a mercenary army. When Hamilcar Barcas landed in Spain at the beginning of the Second Punic War, it is said that, with the exception of a General Staff of officers, he had not a single Carthaginian soldier in the ranks. It was by his disgraceful betrayal of his Libyan troops, in 358 B.C., that Himilco gave occasion for the phrase "Punica Fides," which clung to Carthage for ever after; while on their return from the First Punic War, the army of Hamilcar mutinied and, for three years, engaged Carthage in the Mercenary War of which Flaubert has given so lurid an account in *Salambo*.

Meanwhile, across the narrow seas which divide Africa from Europe, a hardy and strenuous race was being built up into a nation, welded together by blood and iron. Every man was by instinct and necessity a soldier, and inspired by a spirit of patriotism which made him cheerfully recognise and accept universal service as a national duty. Conquered Etruria had done much to civilise her rough conquerors: she had given them laws, religion, architecture—everything, indeed, but language. The rich plains of Cisalpine Gaul (Lombardy) had been occupied, and South Italy annexed. And now Rome, looking across the narrow strait from Scylla to Charybdis, claimed Sicily as a natural and necessary portion of her inheritance.

So long as Carthage confined herself to the extreme west of the island, to Drepanum (Trapani) and Panormos (Palermo),* and Greece was content with her foothold at Syracuse, there was no occasion for any actual collision; but there was not room in the little island for the intrusion of a third power. In 265 B.C. Rome made her first advance by receiving all Sicilian Italians into the Italian Confederacy. In the following year

* It is strange, but the Phœnician name of Palermo is not known; "Panormos" is Greek, and means the "All-Harbour."

Carthage replied by occupying Messana (Messina); Caius Claudius then landed, surprised and took prisoner the Carthaginian Admiral Hanno, and retook Messana. At this the Carthaginians declared war, prefacing it, according to their custom, by the execution of the unfortunate admiral, "pour encourager les autres." Thus began the momentous struggle between the whale and the elephant, which was fated to last for one hundred and twenty years and to end in the annihilation of the city of Elissar.

It was inevitable that, in its first stages, the war should be naval and its issues determined, not on the land, but at sea; and the Carthaginian fleet was overwhelmingly the strongest. Hitherto it had consisted of triremes, or galleys with three banks of oars, each manned by ten soldiers and one hundred and thirty rowers, slaves who never left the benches to which they were chained. This horribly cruel discipline secured for Carthage two advantages of vital importance: she could mobilise at a moment's notice, and her crews, kept in a state of constant and severe exercise and training, could be relied upon to carry out those tactics of manœuvring, ramming, and sinking the enemy's ships on which, and not on hand-to-hand fighting, Carthage relied for victory.

But in addition to the trireme, she had recently learnt to build a much larger class of vessels, Penteres, or quinqueremes, with five banks of oars, which occupied towards the trireme very much the same position as that taken by the Dreadnought towards the old line-of-battle ship. Each of these was manned by about twenty soldiers and three hundred rowers.

This new departure was the salvation of Rome, for it practically put the triremes, in which the great superiority of Carthage lay, out of the fighting line. Recognising that the smaller vessels were hopelessly outclassed by the larger, the Romans made no effort

[*Garrigues.*

OLD PORTS OF CARTHAGE.

to make up their deficiency in triremes, but, taking a stranded Carthaginian ship as a model, concentrated all their energies on the building of a hundred quinqueremes. In addition to this, realising that they were soldiers attacking sailors, they determined to make a naval battle as like a land battle as possible. For this purpose they placed on the prow of each vessel a flying bridge, and, to the crew of three hundred sailors, they added a complement of one hundred and twenty legionaries, or marines. So soon as a Punic vessel approached and tried to ram, the heavy bridge, armed with a sharp spike or hook, which gave its name of Corvus to the whole engine, was dropped on the deck, and the legionaries swarmed over and boarded her.*

The first enterprise ended in failure. In 260 B.C. the fleet was launched, and C. Cornelius Scipio, with a squadron of seventeen ships, tried to take Lipara. The Carthaginians overpowered him and captured the entire fleet.

The command was then entrusted to C. Duilius, and in a battle fought off Mylœ, near Palermo, fifty Carthaginian vessels, nearly half the fleet, were captured or sunk, largely by means of the terrible flying bridges. Duilius was awarded a triumph, and the strange honour of having a flute-player to escort him home from dinner. A Columna Rostrata—the first of its kind—was erected in the Forum and adorned with the beaks of the Carthaginian vessels.

* The description of the Corvus given by Polybius is minute but not clear. In the prow of the vessel was erected a mast, twenty-four feet high, with a pulley at the top. To this mast was attached by a ring, a gangway, thirty-six feet long and four wide, with a railing on each side as high as a man's knee. At the end was an iron spike. As the enemy drew near, the whole was hoisted to the top of the mast, so as to clear the bulwarks, and dropped on to the opponent's deck. If the ships lay side by side, the soldiers boarded where they chose; if they were prow to prow, the men passed, two abreast, by the gangway.

Four years later, 256 B.C., the Romans felt themselves strong enough, by sea as well as by land, boldly to carry the war into the enemy's country. A fleet of three hundred and thirty sail, carrying forty thousand soldiers, in addition to their complement of one hundred thousand rowers, was despatched for Carthage, under the command of the Consul, Marcus Atilius Regulus. Off Mount Ecnomus (Licata), which thrusts its huge bulk out into the sea thirty miles east of Agrigentum (Girgenti), they encountered the yet stronger fleet of Carthage. In the battle which ensued, not less than three hundred thousand men were engaged. The result was disastrous to Carthage; she lost ninety-four ships, and the Romans, although their losses were equally severe, achieved their purpose, and were able to pass on unhindered and effect a landing at Clypea (Kilibia), on the eastern shore of the promontory of Cape Bon, while the Carthaginian fleet, crippled but not put out of action, was awaiting them in the home waters to the west. Their coming was a signal for a general rising of the native tribes.

For a time the success of Regulus was brilliant and complete. Driving the armies of Carthage before him, he pushed his way victoriously round the gulf of Tunis, took the city of Tunis, and menaced Carthage herself.

Then came one of those sudden outbursts of enthusiastic heroism of which, under the stress of pressing danger, the Carthaginians, like all Oriental nations, showed themselves from time to time capable.

From Sparta they invoked the aid of the renowned General Xanthippus, and, under his leadership, Regulus was totally defeated, his army, with the exception of some two thousand men, exterminated, and himself taken prisoner, 255 B.C. Nor was this all, for a Roman fleet sent to his assistance perished in a storm on the

coast of Sicily, off Pachynus (Cape Passaro); and the Carthaginians, safe for the moment from foreign attack, were at liberty to settle matters at home. The rebellious tribes were subdued, and their sheiks, to the number of three thousand, crucified. It was the ordinary Carthaginian method of keeping up discipline or restoring order.

The scene of war then shifted finally to Sicily. Taking advantage of the defeat by land, and loss of ships by sea, which the Romans had suffered, the Carthaginians attacked and recaptured Agrigentum (Girgenti), and, in the following year, Drepanum (Trapani) also, of which the Romans had made themselves masters.

The war centred round Panormos (Palermo), the strongest city, with the finest harbour, on the north coast of Sicily. The city lies at the head of a little bay, from which the beautifully fertile valley of the Concha d'Oro (the Golden Shell) stretches inland, under the shelter of the hills now crowned with the glorious church of Monreale.

To the west the town and harbour* are sheltered and protected by the huge shoulder of Ercte (Monte Pellegrino), which was then connected with the mainland only by a narrow isthmus. Here the Carthaginians entrenched themselves, and the Romans, although they blockaded the city and soon starved it into surrender, were unable to dislodge them.

The year 351 B.C. was the turning-point of the war. After receiving strong reinforcements from Africa, the Carthaginians made a determined effort to recover the city. In this endeavour they were foiled and utterly defeated, and the triumph accorded to the Roman general, L. Coecilius Metellus, was adorned with their elephants. The Carthaginian commander, Hasdrubal, escaped to Carthage, only

* The original harbour is completely silted up.

to suffer there the death which was the ordinary fate of the defeated.

The Carthaginians now sued for peace and an exchange of prisoners. In hope of securing more favourable terms from the Romans, they sent Regulus to plead for them. But they had mistaken their man. Refusing to enter the Senate, or even Rome, he told the Senators who were sent to confer with him that men who had allowed themselves to be taken prisoners were worthless and did not deserve ransom, and exhorted the Romans to grant no terms of peace, but to press the war to the bitter end. Then, taking leave of his friends and family, he returned calmly to Carthage, in accordance with his promise, to face the unspeakable torture prepared for him.*

This happened in the year 250 B.C. Three years later, in 247 B.C., Hannibal was born.

For nine years longer the war in Sicily was continued by the genius of Hamilcar Barcas,† who now appears on the scene for the first time as a young man of about twenty years of age. In 247 B.C., with a small force of raw, half-savage mercenaries, he seized Ercte (Monte Pellegrino), and for three years baffled all the efforts of the Romans to dislodge him. He then, 244 B.C., moved with troops which had now become a formidable army, to the relief of Drepanum (Trapani), which was closely blockaded by the Romans. Seizing the town of Eryx, on the mountain of the same name, he entrenched himself there, and by means of his fleet established communications with the beleaguered town. Had he been adequately supported by Carthage, he might have made, by sea, that attack upon Rome herself which his son was obliged to attempt by the long and arduous overland march from Spain. For

* The scene inspired Horace (*Carm.* iii. 5) with some of the noblest verses he ever wrote. The truth of the story is very doubtful.

† Barcas = Barak = Lightning.

two years longer he maintained himself on his mountain fastness.

Then came the end. In 242 B.C., the Romans despatched an overwhelming fleet under the Consul Gaius Lutatius Catulus. He himself was wounded in an engagement off Syracuse, but on March 10 of the following year his Prætor, Publius Valerius Catulus, forced the Carthaginian fleet which had been sent to relieve Drepanum to accept battle off the island of Ægusa (Favignano), and won a brilliant and decisive victory which rendered the cause of Carthage in Sicily desperate. After crucifying their defeated admiral, the Carthaginians sent orders to Hamilcar to make peace on the best terms he could get. By these conditions they were compelled to evacuate Sicily, to surrender to Rome all the islands between Sicily and Africa, and to pay a war indemnity of three thousand two hundred talents (£800,000) in ten years.

Another condition was that Hamilcar and his army should pass under the yoke. This Hamilcar flatly refused to do. The matter was not pressed, and he marched out with all the honours of war.*

Three years later, taking advantage of the domestic troubles of Carthage, the Romans seized Sardinia also, at the invitation of the Sardinians.

Thus ended the First Punic War, in the year 241 B.C.

But peace with Rome did not bring tranquillity to Carthage.

The peace party was now in the ascendant there, and when Hamilcar landed with his twenty thousand mercenaries, his command was taken from him and given to his bitter enemy Hanno. While holding Eryx, Hamilcar had been unable to pay his troops, and long arrears were due to them. These arrears

* He had, however, to pay a ransom of eighteen denarii (twelve shillings) per head for his men.

Hanno refused to pay. A furious mutiny at once broke out, headed by Spendius, a fugitive slave from Campania, and Matho, an African who had distinguished himself greatly in the war. As usual, the mutineers were at once joined by the neighbouring tribes, and a war broke out which lasted for three years, and brought Carthage more than once to the brink of destruction. Through the incapacity of Hanno, defeat and disaster followed one another in rapid succession. Tunis was taken, and Carthage itself attacked. At last Hanno was superseded, and the command restored to Hamilcar. The magic of his genius and his well-known character for probity brought many of the mutineers back to their duty, and enabled him to secure the aid of the Numidian sheiks, and so threaten the enemy in front and rear. Tunis was retaken, Matho utterly defeated, and his army, to the number, it is said, of forty thousand, driven back into the mountains and hemmed in a defile known by the name of the Hatchet, to the east of Bou Kornein. Seeing that success or even escape was hopeless, Spendius now tried to come to terms. With nine others of the principal leaders of the mutiny, he met Hamilcar. They were received with the utmost courtesy; the only condition Hamilcar made was that ten men whom he should name should be surrendered to him. Astonished at such clemency, they at once consented. "Then I name you," was the reply, and they were at once seized and sent to Carthage.

In despair the mutineers prepared for a desperate resistance. When their supplies were exhausted, it is said that they ate their prisoners. At last, worn out with fatigue and starvation, they could hold out no longer, and were trampled to death beneath the feet of Hamilcar's elephants.

Thus, in the year 238 B.C., ended the War of the Mercenaries, known as the Truceless War.

The First Punic War, or, as the Romans called it, the Sicilian War, had ended inconclusively. For twenty-three years it had dragged on, with varying success, but, on the whole, greatly to the disadvantage of Carthage. Sicily, Sardinia, and Malta were lost to her, and the Mediterranean was no longer a Carthaginian lake, a *mare clausum*, as she had striven to make it.

This was much, but the moral results in the loss of prestige were much more serious and far-reaching. Rome had learnt two lessons—that it was not enough for the one mailed fist to wield the Trident, unless the other grasped the Sword; and, further, that the hold of Carthage on that Trident was not so firm but that it might be wrung from her. She had pricked the bubble of Punic supremacy at sea. She had done what Blake did for England when he formed her first navy, marched his soldiers on board, and swept Van Tromp and the invincible Dutch from the sea. She had learnt that she need not fear to meet even the terrible sea-captains of Carthage on even terms. The glamour of fear of Carthage, which rested on all who haunted the sea, was gone for ever.

A peace made after so inconclusive a war could be little more than a truce, and the breathing-space was short. In 238 B.C., Hamilcar Barcas, fresh from his tremendous vengeance on the Mercenaries,* landed in Spain. His business was to thwart Roman enterprise in the peninsula, and to build up there an empire which should compensate Carthage for what she had lost elsewhere. With him he took his son-in-law, Hasdrubal, and his little son Hannibal, a boy of nine years old, who had just taken, at the altar of God, the oath of undying hatred of Rome which he so faithfully kept. "When my father,

* Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say, "on the natives who had joined the Mercenaries."

Hamilcar," so he said to Antiochus long afterwards, " was setting out for the war in Spain, he called me to him and bade me lay my hand on the sacrifice and swear before the altar that I would never make peace with Rome (*nunquam esse in amicitia cum Romanis*). I took that vow, and have kept it." *

In nine years Hamilcar has subdued all south of the Tagus; then he fell in battle (229 B.C.). His son-in-law, Hasdrubal, took his place, and continued his course of conquest with little effectual opposition from the Romans, who were hampered by the invasion of the Gauls. Eight years after the death of Hamilcar, after founding New Carthage (Carthagena) and subduing all the country south of the Ebro, Hasdrubal was murdered (321 B.C.) and the command passed into the hands of Hannibal, now a young man of twenty-six—one of the two or three men of supreme military and administrative genius that the world has seen.

Unable to deny his greatness as a soldier and leader of men, the Roman historians have striven to belittle him by accusing him of savage cruelty and a more than Punic perfidy. To establish the latter charge they have been able to produce no evidence whatever. Of cruelty they adduce one instance: After the battle of Cannæ, some young Roman prisoners were set—no unusual thing—to fight against one another, the survivors being promised their freedom; on their refusal to fight they were all put to death with torture. But such barbarity seems to have been exceptional. As a rule, Hannibal's treatment of his prisoners was not marked by unnecessary rigour, while, in his respect for the dead, his conduct contrasts very favourably with that of the Romans themselves. The best witness to his genius and to his personality is that he never lost a battle in all his long Italian campaign, and that,

* Polyb. iii. 11.

although his army was a mixed multitude of barbarians of all nations and languages, and had been fighting, without rest, for sixteen years, they never failed him or murmured, and he never had to quell a mutiny.

Recognising that, if Rome was to be conquered, he must strike at the heart, Hannibal determined to force on a new war. For this purpose he attacked Saguntum, 219 B.C., a city which, though south of the Ebro, and therefore within the sphere of Punic occupation, was in close alliance with Rome. When ambassadors arrived from Rome to complain, he coldly referred them to Carthage, and, continuing his operations, took and sacked the town. Arrived at Carthage, the envoys found that, after nearly twenty years of peace and of careful husbanding of their resources, the temper of the Pœni was changed, and they were now as eager for war as once they had been clamorous for peace. Unable to obtain satisfaction, the Roman envoy gathered his toga into a fold and said, "Here we bring you peace or war—take which you please." "Give us whichever you like," was the answer. "Then take war." "We accept it gratefully." Thus in the year 218 B.C., began the Second Punic War.

Hannibal's plan of campaign was as simple as it was daring. To transfer the seat of war to Italy; to raise the country, only half subdued and wholly unreconciled to the yoke of Rome; to attack Rome herself if possible; if not, to push on to the south and join hands with Carthage across the narrow seas between South Italy and Africa.

So audacious a plan depended for its success upon the rapidity with which it was carried out. The command in Spain he entrusted to his brother, Hasdrubal Barcas, and left with him the entire fleet and fifteen thousand soldiers. Late in May, 218 B.C., he left Carthagena with an army of ninety thousand men, and pressed forward to the north. Overleaping

the Pyrenees, he evaded the Roman Consul, Cn. Scipio, who was watching the mouth of the Rhone, by crossing the river higher up, near its confluence with the Isere. Having secured the friendship of the Gauls, he pushed on unhindered to the foot of the Alps. Late in the autumn, in spite of the frost and snow and of the ceaseless attacks of the barbarians who hung like wolves upon his flanks, he "forced," to use Napoleon's* word, the pass of the Great St. Bernard, cutting his way through the snow-drifts and splitting, so we are told, the rocks with vinegar. It was the greatest military achievement of his great career, but it cost him dear. Two-thirds of the army, and all his elephants save one,† were left behind in the awful passes.

Descending into Italy, he found Scipio, who had crossed from Spain by sea, waiting to intercept him. Advancing along the left bank of the Po, he encountered him on the Ticinus, and the war opened with a cavalry skirmish, in which the Romans suffered heavily. Scipio himself was wounded, and was only saved from death by his young son Publius, the future Africanus. A dramatic incident indeed, if it be true, for the two men were not to meet again until they stood face to face at Zama.

Giving the enemy no time to recover, Hannibal pressed on, fell heavily upon the other Consul, Sempronius, on the Trebia, and defeated him also utterly. Then as the autumn was over, he went into winter quarters among the Ligurian Gauls. It was then, in the swamps of the Po, that he contracted the ophthalmia which cost him an eye.

In the following spring, Hannibal left his quarters, gave the Consul Fluminus the slip at Arretium (Arezzo),

* "Hannibal forced the Alps—I turned them."

† This, we are told, he kept for his own riding :

"Quum Getula ducem portaret bellua luscum."—Juv. x. 158.

ambushed him on the Lake Thrasimene, annihilated his army, and Rome lay, apparently, at his mercy.

Then, if ever, the gods fought for Rome, and she saw her terrible enemy pass without venturing to attack, with much the same feeling as, on the great day of England's deliverance from Spain,* Drake and Hawkins watched the Invincible Armada pass St. Helen's, and knew that Spain had lost her chance, and England was saved. As he passed, the Dictator Quintus Fabius Maximus, known as Cunctator,† with a new army closed in on his rear; for every Roman was a soldier. At Cannæ (August 2, 216 B.C.) the lion turned furiously upon the wolves and rent them with a carnage that was never forgotten or forgiven; seventy thousand out of an army of seventy-six thousand perished in the awful slaughter. But the Senate, never grander than on that day of deadly peril, merely thanked the defeated Consul, Terentius Varro, a plebeian and their political enemy, for not despairing of the Republic, and prepared for fresh efforts. Carthage would have crucified him.‡

Again the road to Rome was open, and Maharbal, the ablest of Hannibal's lieutenants, begged to be allowed to advance at once with the cavalry. "They shall know that I have come before they know that I am coming; within five days you shall be feasting on the Capitol." But permission was refused. "Hannibal," said Maharbal, "you know how to win victories, but not how to use them." §

The parallel of the Armada is curiously true in

* August 4, A.D. 1588.

† "Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."—Ennius (quoted by Vergil).

‡ The aristocratic Consul, Æmilius Paulus, refused battle, but the Consuls commanded on alternate days, and Varro accepted. Paulus was amongst the killed.

§ "Ut prius venisse quam venturum sciant."
"Vincere scis, Hannibal, victoriâ uti nescis."—Livy, xxii. 51.

another detail. Medina Sidonia did not dare attempt to land without reinforcements, and so pressed on to Calais, only to find that since the death of Mary Stuart France had changed her mind, and no help was ready for him; so was it now with Hannibal. For thirteen years (216–203 B.C.) he held his ground in South Italy, never defeated, it is true, but winning useless victories, with a dwindling army, and always looking in vain for help from Carthage, which never came. Capua was his Khartoum.

Once (212 B.C.) he marched on Rome, hoping to draw off the Roman force which was besieging Capua. In his camp on the Anio, three miles from the city, Hannibal was told how the place where his feet stood had been bought for its full value in open market, just as Jeremiah purchased the field of Hananiah in Anathoth when the Assyrians were encamped there. But the tide had turned. "God once gave me the chance of taking the city, but not the will; now I have the will, but not the chance." * He made a futile demonstration against the Capuan Gate and retired.

Once, also, his brother Hasdrubal made an effort to relieve him (208–7 B.C.), and advanced from Spain into Italy; but the despatches telling of his approach fell into the hands of the Consul Nero. Forsaking his duty of watching Hannibal, and marching day and night, he joined the other Consul Livius on the Metaurus, gave instant battle to Hasdrubal, defeated and killed him, hurried back and flung his head into the camp of Hannibal as, to use Danton's tremendous words, Rome's "gage of battle." Hannibal realised that the last hope of Carthage had died with his brother.†

* "Modo mentem non dari, modo fortunam."—Livy, xxvi. 11.

† "Occidit, occidit
Spes omnis et Fortuna nostri
Nominis Hasdrubale interempto."—Hor., *Carm.* iv. 4.

Meanwhile Rome was not content merely to keep Hannibal at bay. What the Carthaginians could attempt in Italy, that P. Scipio undertook to do in Africa.

Elected as Ædile in 212 B.C., he was sent two years later as general to Spain. There his masterly strategy enabled him to take Carthagena and defeat the incompetent generals who had succeeded Hasdrubal; while his firm and generous policy, and, above all, his absolute good faith, gave him unbounded influence over the native chiefs. By the year 207 B.C. little remained in the hands of Carthage save Gades (Cadiz). Passing over into Africa, Scipio visited Syphax, King of the Massesylians, at Cirta, and sought to win his alliance for Rome. It is said that he there met Hasdrubal Giscon, whom he had defeated in Spain, and that the two noble enemies parted with mutual respect and liking. The hand of Sophonisba, the beautiful daughter of Hasdrubal, kept Syphax faithful to Carthage, but cost her the allegiance of Masinissa, the great Numidian chieftain, to whom, it is said, Sophonisba had been betrothed. Scipio returned to Spain, in part thwarted, but with a new ally, who was thenceforward to prove himself the faithful and indomitable friend of Rome. During his absence in Africa a serious insurrection and mutiny had broken out in Spain, but Scipio speedily crushed both, drove the Carthaginians out of their last stronghold at Gades, and returned to Rome, where, in 206 B.C., in spite of being under the legal age, he was elected Consul by the unanimous voice of the people. When his term of office was expired, he chose Sicily as his province (206 B.C.), and at once prepared to carry the war into Africa.

With the exception of Cæsar, Scipio was the greatest general and citizen that Rome ever gave birth to. In military genius a worthy rival of Hannibal, he was

in personal character gentle and unassuming, loyal to his friends, generous to his enemies, of unimpeachable integrity, cultured and refined. It was well for Rome that, at the great crisis of her history, she had such a son to guide her counsels and command her armies.

And now the weakness of Carthage was revealed indeed. Crossing over into Africa, Scipio wintered at Utica, where he was joined by Masinissa. Syphax, in the meantime, was playing a double game. In reality the influence of Sophonisba kept him faithful to Carthage, and his army was practically supporting hers. Nominally, however, he was acting as intermediary between the two enemies, and there was, at least, a truce between him and Scipio. This truce Scipio was persuaded by Masinissa to violate. Dividing his army into two divisions, one under himself and one under Masinissa, he made a simultaneous night attack upon the camps of Syphax and Hasdrubal, and burnt them both. Two decisive battles followed. Syphax was utterly defeated and taken prisoner, and the Carthaginians were driven back in confusion on their base. The victory was complete, but the whole transaction rests as a blot, the only one, on the scutcheon of Scipio's honour.*

Cirta and the whole kingdom of Syphax were given to Masinissa; Carthage was invested and sued for peace. Terms of almost incredible moderation were imposed by Scipio. The *status quo* was to be accepted; Spain, already lost, and the Balearic Islands were to be formally ceded to Rome, Masinissa was to be recognised and left undisturbed at Cirta; all vessels of war, save ten, were to be surrendered, a war indemnity of five thousand talents (£1,000,000), was to be paid; all prisoners and deserters were to be delivered up.

* Syphax died in captivity before the triumph of Scipio.

These terms were formally accepted by the Carthaginian envoys and a truce declared, while the consent of the respective governments was being obtained.

Too late, Carthage repented of her desertion of the one man who might have saved her. Hannibal and his brother Magon were recalled. For three years, 205–3 B.C., Magon had been fighting in North Italy, striving in vain to effect a junction with his brother in the south, or at least to create a diversion. He had taken Genoa, but in a battle near Milan he had been seriously wounded, and although he obeyed the summons of Carthage, he died on the voyage.

After killing such of his Italian soldiers as refused to accompany him, Hannibal also obeyed; the Romans were too glad to see the last of their unconquerable enemy, to do anything to hinder his departure. The Senate celebrated the event by presenting a wreath of grass, the highest honour they could accord to any man, to Quintus Fabius Cunctator, now an old man of ninety years, the only man who has passed through those awful years of peril with credit. Fabius died in the same year.

And so, after thirty years of splendid service, Hannibal returned to the ungrateful country which had forsaken and ruined him. Weary and worn with service, maimed—for, like Nelson, he had lost an eye in the swamps of the Upper Po—his spirit crushed by disappointed hopes, and the strain of the long agony he had endured, he landed at Leptis with the shattered remains of his invincible army.

For the moment the spirits and hopes of the Carthaginians revived. They repudiated the terms of peace which they had just accepted; a Roman transport fleet was treacherously attacked and plundered, and a warship, with the Roman envoys on board, was seized. But it was hoping against hope. Hannibal's army consisted chiefly of raw levies, his

elephants were wild brutes untrained for war, and more dangerous to friend than foe. With such materials even his genius was unable to cope with the seasoned soldiers of Rome, led by such a general as Scipio. The issue could not be doubtful.* In the spring of 202 B.C., the two great commanders who had parted on the Ticinus met again at Zama, near Sicca Veneria (Kef), "five days' march west of Carthage." † The defeat of Hannibal was utter and complete. With a handful of followers he made his way to Hadrumetum, and so to Carthage, and advised the citizens to make the best terms they could with the exasperated Romans.

These terms were naturally harder than the former. In addition to these, the Carthaginians were to pay an annual tribute of two hundred talents (£48,000) for fifty years; they were not to wage war outside Africa, and, in Africa, they were not to advance beyond their own territory, or make war without the permission of Rome, or on the allies of Rome.

By Hannibal's advice these terms were accepted. Scipio returned in triumph to Rome, and for a time the land had rest.

Thus ended the Second Punic War. It had lasted seventeen years, from 218–201 B.C.

* A dramatic story is told by Polybius of an interview between the two generals at Naragara; it was not, however, found possible to come to terms (Polyb. xv. 5).

† Polyb. xv. 5. The site of Zama is unknown.

CHAPTER III

THE MAILED FIST, 201–146 B.C.

THE position of Carthage was humiliating, almost intolerable, but not desperate. Hannibal was still alive and soon proved himself not less able as a reformer and administrator than he had formerly shown himself as a general. Under his stern and impartial rule justice was once more dispensed, the revenue was honestly collected, abuses repressed, the finances reorganised, and the laws enforced. The heavy war indemnity laid upon Carthage by the Senate was paid off in less than half the time allowed, and generally the recovery of Carthage was so rapid as to arouse once more the jealous fears of Rome. Owing to her matchless position and great traditions, her trade and population, and with these her wealth and importance, increased by leaps and bounds. To Rome, the very existence of Carthage seemed a constant threat. She had never considered the conditions of peace sufficiently onerous; now she became alarmed, and although Hannibal had always honourably observed the terms of peace, the Senate demanded that he should be dismissed and surrendered to them. Carthage was utterly unable to refuse, and so, to save himself, Hannibal fled from the city he had served only too well, and disappears from our sight.

Meanwhile Carthage had other troubles, even more pressing and immediate, to deal with. Masinissa, restored to his kingdom at Cirta (Constantine), found in the weakness of his enemy, an excellent opportunity

for paying off old scores and enlarging his borders at her expense. In 160 B.C. he seized the province of Emporia, on the Lesser Syrtes, and when Carthage appealed to Rome, the commissioners sent to deal with the matter not only confirmed him in possession of the territory he had seized, but ordered Carthage to pay him five hundred talents (£120,000) in addition.

Encouraged by this, Masinissa proceeded, 157 B.C., to seize Tusca and the fertile plains watered by the Bagradas. Again Carthage appealed to Rome, and a second commission was sent, not to arbitrate, but to adjudicate. When Carthage demanded that, as matter of simple justice, the question of her legal right to the territory should be inquired into, the commissioners at once returned to Rome and reported the contumacy of the hated town. The chairman of the commission was Marcus Cato, and so impressed was he by what he saw of the wealth and prosperity of Carthage, that he made the destruction of the city the single aim of his policy. We are told that, from the time of his return, he ended every speech he made with the words, *Delenda est Carthago*, "Carthage must be blotted out," and the cry was taken up by Scipio Nasica, a near relative of Africanus. One day Cato brought into the Senate a basket full of ripe figs which had come from Carthage, to remind the Senators how near, within three days' journey, the dreaded rival was.

At last the continual and unprovoked aggressions of Masinissa, and the refusal of Rome to interfere, or even abide by the conditions of peace, compelled Carthage to arm in self-defence. Masinissa reported this to Rome, referred the whole matter to the Senate, and continued his attacks. The battle which ensued, 151 B.C., was witnessed by a young military tribune who had been sent from Spain to collect elephants for the army. He was grandson of Æmilius Paulus,

but upon being adopted into the family of the Scipios by his uncle, the eldest son of Africanus, he had taken their name, by which he is always known. He saw the shock of battle, he saw Masinissa, now an old man of eighty-eight years, vault upon his barebacked steed and charge at the head of the matchless Numidian cavalry, and was delighted with the sight. Nobody but the gods in heaven, he wrote home, had ever seen anything so beautiful.

In spite of his defeat, Hasdrubal continued the war, but at last, his army wasted with disease and famine, he was compelled to accept whatever terms Masinissa chose to offer him. One of these was that the army should pass through the enemy's camp unarmed, and the men with but one garment apiece. As they went, they were treacherously attacked and massacred; only a few, including Hasdrubal himself, escaped to tell the tale in Carthage.

But Husdrubal's troubles were not yet over. In the extremity of their terror and perplexity, the Carthaginians condemned to death both him and Corbulo, the governor of the city whose plea for justice had ended so disastrously, and despatched an embassy to Rome, imploring pardon and laying the whole blame upon them. Hasdrubal saved himself by flight.

The end was now drawing near. Rome had accepted the dictum of Cato, and made the destruction of Carthage the keystone of her policy. It was true that Carthage had been wilfully attacked by Masinissa, and, like the hippopotamus, had shown herself *très méchante*, only in that she had defended herself against his unprovoked assaults; it was true also that she had been defeated. Still, she had ventured to resist the ally of Rome, and, in her present temper, that was enough to enable Rome to resort to arms. Indeed, there was another reason. It was one thing to humble Carthage; it was quite another to allow a troublesome,

and possibly even dangerous, ally to increase his power and empire at her expense.

When one power has determined to attack another, it has never been found difficult to make or invent a pretext; and now Rome had found an excuse for doing what her mind was set upon. Then came another inducement. Utica, still smarting under the supremacy of her younger sister, sent an embassy to Rome, put herself unreservedly at her disposal, and, in fact, became the basis of operations in the war which soon followed.

Meanwhile, until Rome was ready to begin, diplomatic negotiations were kept up with Carthage. In 149 B.C. a last embassy was sent by the terrified Pœni with unlimited powers to accept any terms that might be imposed. "What do you want us to do?" they asked. "You must satisfy the Roman people." "But how?" "That you already know." And with this answer they had to be content. The news that the Roman fleet had sailed was the first intimation vouchsafed to Carthage that war had been declared.

Still one more despairing effort was made. Three hundred hostages, the children of the noblest families, were demanded, and surrendered to the Consul at Lilybœum. In return a promise was given that the Carthaginians should be left free and retain their land; of the city nothing was said. The details were to be settled when the Consuls landed in Africa. Thus began the third, and last Punic War.

Much had changed since Zama and all the great protagonists had passed away. The fierce old fighter, Masinissa, had died at last, at the age of ninety years, leaving a child of four*—just too soon to see the downfall of Carthage. Scipio, the great Africanus, had died dishonoured and almost in exile at his home in Campania, refusing with his last breath to allow

* Or one year old. *Cf.* Mommsen, III. vii.

his bones to be laid in the sepulchre of his fathers on the Appian Way, outside the gate of the ungrateful city. "Ingrata Patria, ne ossa quidem habebis." Such was the epitaph he desired to have engraved on his tomb. The ring—

"Cannarum vindex, et tanti sanguinis ultor"— *

had done its work, and Hannibal had died by his own hand, in exile, at the court of Prusias in Bithynia, 183 B.C., pursued to the last by the unrelenting hatred, the daughter of fear, of Rome.

But the old names reappear. Another Hasdrubal ruled in Carthage, and another Scipio was to lead the legions of Rome to victory final and complete.

The two Consuls, Marcius Manilius and Lucius Censorinus, one commanding the army, the other the fleet, landed at Utica unopposed, 149 B.C., and the Gerusia of Carthage attended in a body to know their fate.

The first orders were to disarm the city, to surrender not only the tiny fleet left her, but all materials for shipbuilding, all military stores, and all arms in public or private hands.

This was agreed to; all the ships, all the dockyard stores, three thousand catapults, and two hundred thousand suits of armour were delivered up.

Then, with a *perfidia plusquam Punicâ*, Marcius Manilius and Lucius Censorinus pronounced sentence. The Senate, they said, ordered that the city should be destroyed, but the inhabitants were left at liberty to build another wherever they chose, but not within ten miles of the sea.

When the Gerusia returned with the fatal news they were greeted with an outburst of furious resentment and indignation, which recalls that aroused by the approach of Regulus. The gates were closed,

* Juvenal, x. 165.

public and private buildings were destroyed, the stones were carried to the walls, and with the timbers new catapults were constructed, the ladies cutting off their hair to be twisted into thongs; and when, after a few days' delay, the Romans advanced deliberately to take possession of a defenceless city, they found it armed and prepared for resistance to the death.

By the surrender of her fleet, Carthage had lost the command of the sea, and with it the control of the isthmus which lay between the city walls and the mountains of the Djebel-el-Ahmor, the first line of defence with which nature had provided her. Still, the natural strength of her position and her almost impregnable fortifications made the task of the Romans one of extreme difficulty.

The city, as already said, occupied a triangular peninsula at the end of the isthmus. Its land frontage from Kamart to the Ligula was about six miles in length; its two sea fronts, from Kamart to Cape Carthage, and from Cape Carthage to the Ligula, were about four miles each.

The side towards the isthmus was defended by a line of fortifications so vast as to be described as a camp in itself; but about its exact nature there is some difference of opinion.

Along the sea front from Kamart, round by Cape Carthage to the height now crowned by Bordj-el-Djedid, the coast is mountainous, and a single wall of circumvallation was considered, and ultimately proved to be, protection enough. From the Bordj to the Ligula ran the quays of the city proper.

At a point now called El Kram, just above what we have called the Ligula, where the isthmus narrows down into the neck of land which shuts in the Lake of Tunis, the shore, bending sharply to the east, forms a little bay, from the farther point of which ran out

a great breakwater. Here was the sheltered entrance to the great harbours, which covered an area of about seventy acres. The entrance was closed by huge chains. The first harbour was a long quadrilateral—this was for the mercantile shipping; from this another cutting led into the Cothon, or naval port and dockyard. Both were artificial, like those at Thapsus, Hadrumetum, Utica, and Rusicade (Philippeville), and lay parallel to the seashore, from which they were separated by the quays.

The inner, and more interesting, Cothon was round and surrounded by two hundred and twenty docks, each large enough to hold a vessel of war. At the entrance of these were Ionic columns, so that the effect was that of one vast circular arcade. Behind lay the necessary buildings of an arsenal or dockyard, and the whole was enclosed by a wall, so lofty that no one in the town, or even in the outer harbour, could watch the work that was being done inside.

In the centre of this harbour was a round island connected with the shore by a jetty to the north—that is, opposite the entrance. On this stood the admiral's house, from which rose a lofty tower commanding a full view of the city and of the sea.*

From the breakwater to the foot of the hill now crowned by Bordj-el-Djedid, a distance of about two and a half miles, stretched the quays. How they were protected we are not told, but no landing was ever effected there, or even attempted, except on one occasion, when it failed.

From the end of the quays, under the Bordj-el-Djedid,† started the two lines of wall which constituted

* After events, in the course of the siege, seem to show that the great triple wall was carried down to the sea between the harbours, thus leaving the mercantile harbour unprotected; but this seems so unlikely on other grounds, that it is better to leave the question an open one.

† These details are uncertain, but this is the view taken by Tissot and Boissier.

the fortifications of the city proper. The first, dividing the city from the vast suburb of Megara, met the triple wall about half-way between Kamart and the Ligula. The second ran to Byrsa, and thence to the Ligula. This enclosed what may be called the fortress and arsenal; the whole of this is sometimes called Byrsa, just as both harbours are sometimes included under the name of Cothon.

The population of the city was about seven hundred thousand.

The army outside the walls was commanded by the Hasdrubal whose defeat by Masinissa has been related. Under him, as his lieutenant, was a brilliant young officer, Hamilco Phameas, whose audacity and enterprise made him the most dreaded of all the Carthaginian officers * The command inside the city was entrusted to another Hasdrubal, grandson of Masinissa. Fortunately we are saved from any danger of confusing the two by the fact that this latter was soon murdered in the Senate House, at the instigation of his namesake outside the city.

Against a city thus fortified, and defended by desperate men, the Romans were for a long time powerless. Manilius attacked the city from the land, but in spite of the fact that two of his engines were so huge that they required six thousand men apiece to work them, he was unable to make a practicable breach.†

By sea the Carthaginians, although they had surrendered their navy, more than once destroyed, or seriously damaged, the Roman fleets by means of fire-ships; and, when the wind was favourable, their allies succeeded continually in running the blockade, and kept the city well supplied with provisions.

For the space of two years the siege dragged on.

* The headquarters were at Nepheris, on the other side of the lake.

† They were called the Army and the Navy, from the men who worked them.

Manilius and Censorinus were, in due course, superseded by Lucius Piso and Lucius Mancinus, 148 B.C., but with no better effect. The Roman army still lay encamped helplessly before the city, but the end seemed no nearer. Discipline became relaxed, and such assaults as were delivered did more harm to the attacking party than to the defenders. But it was not the way of Rome to look back when she had on hand a piece of work on which her heart was set. She knew, or believed, that Carthage stood between her and the realisation of her dreams of free expansion of trade, and of the naval supremacy which she considered necessary for this expansion ; and so Carthage must go, at whatever cost to herself.

Still, though her determination never wavered. her patience was becoming exhausted. The elections were drawing near, and young Scipio — Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus Africanus Minor, to give him for once the full name and title by which he was afterwards known—who had been serving in the African army as military tribune, returned to Rome as a candidate for the post of Ædile. But the eyes and hopes of Rome were fixed upon him as the man who should bring the war with Carthage to a triumphant conclusion. He had won his spurs in Africa as well as in Spain. He had earned the good opinion of Cato, who, in the Senate, had applied to him the words which Homer used of Tiresias, " He only is a living man—the rest are empty shadows." Above all, he had shown that by his tact and probity he could win the confidence of barbarians. In Spain, it was said that a town which had refused to surrender to the Consul, opened its gates willingly to him ; in Africa he had gained the warm friendship and unbounded confidence of the wary Masinissa, who had appointed him executor of his will. Though under the legal age, for he was only thirty-seven, he was unanimously

elected Consul, 148 B.C., and, although by law the provinces were given by lot, Africa was assigned to him. This was in the year 147 B.C.

The first task of Scipio on his arrival in Africa was to rescue Mancinus from a very serious difficulty. Naturally anxious to win some signal success before his term of command expired, the Consul delivered a furious attack upon the city and succeeded in penetrating within the walls. Once there he found himself equally unable to advance or to retire. For some unexplained reason his colleague, Piso, made no effort to relieve him. Had it not been for the opportune arrival of Scipio—who advanced at once to his assistance, and extricated him from his perilous position, the Roman arms would have sustained a disastrous defeat.

The two outgoing Consuls then returned to Rome, and Scipio assumed supreme command, and proceeded to make mistakes on his own account. He knew the impatience at Rome, and was at least as anxious to celebrate his arrival by some great feat of arms as Mancinus had been to dignify his departure.

There were two weak angles in the defences of Carthage, the one on the Ligula, the other at the foot of Kamart, where the triple wall ceased and gave place to the single wall along the sea front. By an act of almost incredible folly or self-confidence, the Carthaginians had left standing, at this latter point, the tower of a private house, higher than the wall and commanding it. From the top of this tower some Roman soldiers passed to the wall, descended into Megara, and opened a neighbouring gate for the Romans. Scipio entered unopposed, with four thousand men, but found himself in the same position as Mancinus. Between him and the city proper lay a maze of narrow alleys winding between the lofty walls of villas and gardens, and even if he had succeeded

in fighting his way through these, he would have found his advance barred by the great wall of the city. Such a plan of attack would have involved enormous risks of failure, and even if successful would have been attended by a loss of life which he dared not face. He gave up the attempt as hopeless, retired from Megara, and sat down for a regular siege.

But, though it had failed in its immediate object. this assault was not without any result. Alarmed at such vigour and so near an approach to success, the army encamped on the isthmus, outside the walls, retreated into Byrsa, and left Scipio free for the work which he next took in hand. Hasdrubal, not unnaturally enraged at such cowardly insubordination, replied by the usual Carthaginian method of bringing all his prisoners on to the walls and there massacring them, with horrible tortures, in full sight of the Romans.

After restoring discipline in the camp, Scipio proceeded at once to make the siege an effective blockade by land and sea. Advancing his headquarters from Utica to the isthmus between Djebel-el-Ahmor and the city, he constructed across it, at a distance of a mile and a half from Carthage, a quadrilateral fortification, consisting, on three sides, of a deep fosse and bank strengthened by a stockade ; on the fourth side, facing the city, he built a great wall with towers, the central one being sufficiently lofty to command Carthage ; this immense work was completed in twenty days, and on the land side Carthage was effectually isolated.

An even more important work, and one for which he was specially fitted, was to win over her allies. A dramatic story is told of an interview with Phameas. They stood on either side of a river and discussed the question. At first Phameas, who had no exalted opinion of the honour or trustworthiness of Rome,

hesitated ; after consideration, however, the arguments and promises of Scipio, coupled with that persuasive confidence which he always inspired and deserved, prevailed, and the most active of her enemies became the firm ally of Rome, and was taken into the immediate service of the Consul.

But only half his task, and that the easier, was as yet accomplished, for Carthage was still receiving an adequate supply of provisions by sea. These came largely from Bithyas, a Numidian sheik who had recently joined the Carthaginians with eight hundred horse, and seems to have conducted much of the blockade-running between the camp at Nepheris and the city.

Scipio's next enterprise was to close the mouth of the harbours. Fighting his way up to the Ligula, he threw across the little bay, from the shore to the breakwater which protected the entrance to the ports, a gigantic jetty of hewn stones ninety feet wide, which effectually blocked the approach and rendered relief from the sea as impossible as from land.*

But the Carthaginians were not content to see themselves thus systematically hemmed in by sea and land without an effort to break the meshes of the deadly net which was being drawn around them. Working night and day with the feverish energy of despair, they built of such materials as they had, a squadron of fifty new warships, and cut an outlet through the quay, from the inner harbour or Cothon, to the sea.

On the very day the jetty was completed, the new fleet of the enemy broke with triumphant shouts into the open sea, and Scipio saw his work undone. Nor was this the worst. In the belief that the sea was clear, the Roman ships had been half dismantled,

* This immense work was accomplished in thirty days. Traces of the jetty are still visible.

the weapons of war had been removed to the siege works, and the crews had been landed to build the jetty. If the Carthaginians had attacked at once, they might have destroyed the fleet utterly, or at any rate struck a blow from which it would have taken the Romans long to recover. Instead of this, they contented themselves with making a noisy and harmless demonstration, and returned into harbour. For three days they remained inactive, and during that time Scipio was able to re-man and re-arm the fleet. At last they offered battle. The engagement lasted the whole day, and ended in favour of the Carthaginians. When returning to the harbour, however, the vessels were entangled in a mass of shipping which was issuing from the new outlet, and it was found necessary to beach them off the quays. Here they were again attacked by the Romans, and completely destroyed; Scipio at the same time furiously assaulted the entrance to the harbours, using his new jetty as a causeway for his troops. Once more Carthage owed her deliverance to the desperate valour of her children. Wading or swimming into the sea with burning torches, they set fire to the Roman ships and siege works and beat off the enemy, while the land attack by Scipio was repulsed by a frantic sally against which even the disciplined courage of the legionaries was of no avail. The outer harbour, however, remained in the hands of the Romans.*

Once more Scipio had to own himself foiled and be content to wait; but this time it was only for a season. The quarry was penned in safely by both land and sea, and the end was near and certain. Now he had an ally who could be trusted, and against whom all human valour was in vain. Of the three terrible handmaidens who wait ever upon War—Fire, Blood, and Famine—Scipio "chose the meekest maid

* It had been burnt by Hasdrubal, and, probably, rendered useless.

of the three," and she served him well. Afterwards came the turn of the other two. He had only to wait a little, while Famine and her daughter Pestilence did his work for him. The delay, however, was not wasted in idleness; his colleague Lælius, taking with him Gulussa, son of Masinissa, whom Scipio had attached closely to himself, cleared the country of the native allies of the Carthaginians. Bithyas was taken prisoner, the camp at Nepheris* was captured after a siege of twenty-two days, and the defenders, to the number of eighty thousand, put to the sword.

So passed the terrible winter of 147-6 B.C., the Romans keeping watch like wolves outside, and seven hundred thousand wretches starving inside the walls of the doomed city. When, early in the spring, "at the time when kings go forth to battle," Scipio renewed the attack, it was against an enemy gaunt with famine, decimated by disease, only the spectres of their old valiant selves, that he had to fight.

Once more he poured his legions over the jetty which he had built, on to the breakwater, and so by the harbour mouth into the city. Fighting his way inch by inch, he drove the enemy back upon the Cothon or inner harbour; this also he stormed, and that night he bivouacked in the Forum, within the innermost wall of the city. Thence to the foot of the fortress hill of Byrsa was a distance of about six hundred yards. You can walk it now in a few minutes, down a hillside blazing with tall yellow pyrethrum and sweet with wild mignonette, and so on through pleasant level fields of corn and barley. It took the Romans six awful days and nights of carnage to force their way to the foot of the citadel, burning and destroying as they went, sparing neither man, woman, nor child, trampling living and dead alike under their horses'

* Now Henchir-bou-Beker, between Bou Kornein and Djebel Ressas, in the Plain of Mornag.

hoofs, or burying them in the blazing wreckage of their ruined homes. Before them the glorious city, behind them a desolate wilderness.

Then at last came a pause in the butchery. Hasdrubal surrendered on the sole condition that the lives of the survivors should be spared, and fifty thousand miserable creatures, starving and half naked, came out of Byrsa to claim such mercy as an enemy flushed with victory and glutted with slaughter might show. They were sent over to Italy and sold as slaves.

There were, however, still in Byrsa nine hundred deserters who had been expressly excluded by Scipio from the promised amnesty. These shut themselves up within the great Temple of Eschmoun, and Hasdrubal with his wife and children remained with them. Next day the courage of Hasdrubal also failed him, and he too surrendered himself to Scipio.

Scipio, so runs the story, dragged the unhappy man, clad in royal apparel, to a place* whence he could see and hear all that passed in Byrsa. He watched the men whom he had deserted set fire to the temple and perish in the flames. After enduring the fierce reproaches of his wife, he saw her kill his children one by one and cast them into the fire, before leaping into it herself, like another Elissar. And so he was led away to be seen no more until the day when he graced the triumph of the conqueror in Rome. Finally, he and Bithyas were confined, as State prisoners, in the centre of Italy, and treated with tolerable kindness.

The work of Scipio, the younger Africanus, was done, and he returned to Rome to make his report and celebrate his triumph. When consulted by the Senate as to the future of Carthage, he declined to give any advice, though it was understood that his

* Probably the hill opposite Byrsa, now called the Hill of Juno. But the story is doubtful, and very unlike Scipio.

opinion was against the wanton destruction of what remained of the city. The Senate was, however, in no mood to listen to counsels of leniency even from Scipio, and it was finally determined that the city should be razed to the ground, the site ploughed over, and a solemn curse pronounced on any man who should build house or plant corn there for ever. Ten commissioners were appointed to give effect to the decree. But their task was an easy one. When the inhabitants of Megara found that the city was lost, they set fire to what remained. For seventeen days the conflagration raged—the funeral pyre of a dead city and civilisation. *Delenda est Carthago*, such had been the resolve; and now, *Carthago deleta est*—wiped out.

CHAPTER IV

THE MARCH OF EMPIRE, 146 B.C.-A.D. 40

"*Troja fuit.*" "Troy has been." So the Dido had said to Æneas; and now the same was true of her own city also.

But the Romans were more embarrassed than intoxicated by their success. Their rival was destroyed, their commerce was safe, the trade routes in the Mediterranean were theirs. This was what they had fought for and won, and the Senate did not desire, so Strabo tells us, more, or to take upon its shoulders the burden of a new foreign possession. That the fall of Carthage had given them an African empire; that it would be impossible for them to set any bounds to their advance short of those which nature had fixed in sand or sea—this they realised as little as the ordinary Englishman saw that the prize won by Nelson on the Nile, or at Trafalgar, was the overlordship of Egypt and India. But so it was, *Vestigia . . . nulla retrorsum.** When a nation has put its hand to the plough, it cannot look back, even if it would.

Meanwhile Rome fixed the seat of government at Utica, the base of the operations against Carthage, and waited.

But the site of Carthage was too famous and important to remain long unoccupied, or to be allowed to fall into other, and perhaps hostile, hands. Within twenty-four years of its destruction Caius Gracchus, 122 B.C., was entrusted with the work of

* Hor. Ep. I. i. 75.

occupying the accursed* site and founding there, with six thousand colonists, a new city of Junonia. Little, however, came of it ; † indeed, the main object of the Senate was to get rid of and discredit a dangerous man. Coins, however, have been found bearing Punic names and the Punic title of Suffete, which seem to belong to this period, and to show that the place was occupied by a population in which the remains of the Carthaginian inhabitants lived, on at least equal terms with the Romans. Cæsar slept there after the battle of Thapsus, 46 B.C., and in consequence of a dream, entered in his diary next morning, "Rebuild Carthage." His murder prevented his plans from being carried out, and the work was left for Augustus.

Meanwhile the Romans contented themselves with annexing the territory of Carthage, consisting of little more than the corner of Tunisia between the islands of Thabraca (Tabarka) and Kerkennah ; this formed Provincia Africa, and it was from this little angle of land that the name spread until it embraced the whole of the vast continent ; just as the whole native race of North Africa received their name of "Berbers" from the Brabra of the basin of the Nile—the first Africans with whom the Arab invaders came into conflict.‡

Beyond these narrow limits they troubled themselves with the affairs of their neighbours as little as might be. They were content that their little settlement should be surrounded on three sides by the

* It seems strange that the solemn curse should have been so soon forgotten or ignored. Probably it applied only to the city proper, and it was proposed to build the new city on the site of Megara.

† The lines drawn for the streets of the new city are still visible. "The Cardo and the Decumanus Maximus correspond with the road which leads north to the village of Kamart, and that which descends from Sidi-bou-Said towards the Lake of Tunis."—*Ruines de Carthage*, p. 23.

‡ This accidental renaming of a country is curiously common. Thus Canaan took its new name from the Philistines, Hellas from the Graii, Etruria and Latium from the Itali, Gaul from the Franks, Britain from the Angles, Caledonia from the Irish Scots.

kingdom of Numidia, which Masinissa had built up, and Mauretania kept her kings. The country was vast, difficult of access, and but little known, and the Senate preferred to leave the task of governing it in the hands of the native princes. The position was like that of England in India, where the native princes have been watched, advised, subsidised, and tolerated, just so far as was politically advisable, and just so long as they behaved themselves. The iron hand wore the velvet glove, but it was iron still.

For a time this attitude of detachment answered sufficiently well, but it could not last long. Masinissa was dead, and both interest and gratitude attached his successor, Mecipsa, firmly to Rome. He was a faithful ally in the sense in which the Senate understood the term: he welcomed the Italian merchants and bankers and allowed them to settle in his cities, even in Cirta itself; and his cavalry served in the Roman armies. But on his death, in 118 B.C., troubles began at once. His two sons, Hiempsal and Adherbal, were as tame as could be desired, but besides these he left a nephew, a natural son of his brother Mastanabal, who, after learning his business as a cavalry officer in the army of Scipio, was destined to revolutionise the Roman rule in Africa.

Jugurtha was a worthy descendant of Masinissa. A born fighter and hunter, brave, handsome, generous, he was the idol of his soldiers, and won a popularity which was enhanced by his barbaric virtues of crafty, unscrupulous ambition and a savage indifference to life. Unfortunately for Rome, he had learnt much in the camp of Scipio besides the art of war; he had fathomed the depravity of the masters of the world, and had been taught that, in dealing with such men, everything was possible to him who possessed sufficient audacity and money.

Events moved rapidly. In 117 B.C. Hiempsal

was murdered, probably by Jugurtha, and Adherbal, worsted in the war which ensued, fled to Italy to avoid a like fate, and to lay his grievances before the tribunal at Rome. After preparing the ground with liberal bribes, Jugurtha followed him, and also placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the Senate. Such tact and submission succeeded as they deserved, and he was acquitted. Commissioners were sent to Numidia to divide the country between the rivals. Jugurtha bribed them also and obtained the lion's share. On their departure he began the war again, took Cirta and murdered Adherbal, and with him the Italian soldiers and merchants who had taken his part. This was a fatal mistake, for the popular indignation at Rome compelled the Senate to declare war. The command was given to the Consul, Calpurnius. Him also Jugurtha bribed and obtained terms of peace so favourable that the Senate hesitated to ratify them. Once again Jugurtha had to visit Rome and explain matters by his one unfailing argument of gold. At Rome he found Massiva, son of the Gulussa who had done such yeoman service for Scipio in the siege of Carthage. There was some talk of sharing the kingdom between the cousins, so him, too, Jugurtha was compelled to murder. This was too much. Hitherto Jugurtha had worked on the assumption that everything was to be bought at Rome; "Urbem venalem," he is reported to have often said, "et mature perituram si emptorem invenerit."* Now the rule broke down, and although his safe conduct was respected, he was ordered to leave the city.

The favourite officer of Scipio knew the strength and the weakness of the army in which he had served, and against which he was now to fight. He knew also the character and resources of the country in

* Jug. 35. Again: "Certum esse ratus omnia Romæ venalia esse" (Jug. 20).

which the war was to be carried on. Avoiding pitched battles, he waged a guerilla war of perpetual skirmishes, ambuscades, surprises. South Africa has taught us how long and difficult a task it is for trained troops, in the enemy's country, to meet such tactics as these, especially if carried out by a commander of real military genius. In 110 B.C. he even succeeded in defeating the Consul Aulus, and made the army pass under the yoke.

However, in the end, against such men as Metellus, Marius, and Sylla, this strategy was in vain. Metellus forced him to make a stand on the Multhul and defeated him, much as Kitchener did the Mahdi at Omdurman, and besieged and took his cities one after the other. Marius drove him back into the extreme south, and again defeated him and his ally and father-in-law, Bocchus, King of Mauretania. The diplomacy of Sylla won over Bocchus. Jugurtha was betrayed into the hands of the Romans, and after figuring, like Hasdrubal, in the triumph of his conqueror, was lowered into the "cold bath" of the Tullianum* and starved to death.

Again Rome disdained to fly upon the spoil. Bocchus was rewarded for his treachery with the country west of Numidia, and the rest was left in the hands of Gunda, the grandson of Masinissa, who reigned in peaceful obscurity at Cirta.

Tribal jealousies and ambitions have always rendered the Berbers incapable of united or sustained patriotic action. After the fall of Jugurtha, the petty kings and princes were far more anxious to obtain the help of Rome against their rivals than to unite with those rivals and secure liberty for Africa. And thus it happened that the feuds at Rome between

* The Tullianum is now known, wrongly, as the Mamertine Prison, of which it was at first the well, and then, when drained into the Cloaca Maxima, the place of execution for important political prisoners such as Catiline. The prison, important fragments of which still remain, stood above it.

Marius and Sylla, or Pompey and Cæsar, were taken up eagerly in Africa and often fought out on African soil. Hiempsal II., the son of Gunda, who had succeeded to the throne of Numidia, espoused the cause of Sylla. He was deposed by the lieutenant of Marius and reinstated by Pompey, who thus secured the adherence of himself and his son Juba I. for the Senatorial party in the war with Cæsar. When, after the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar's lieutenant was killed, and Africa occupied by Attius Varus on behalf of the Senate, Juba at once joined him. While Cæsar was busy in Egypt and Pontus, the Pompeians massed their scattered forces in Africa. At the head were Q. Metellus Scipio, Afranius, and Cato, who crossed over from Italy with what troops he could collect, and joined them from the south, marching from Cyrene along the shores of the Syrtes. The adhesion of Juba to the Pompeians secured the alliance of Bocchus and Bogad, kings of Mauretania, for Cæsar; and on the west the forces of the Senate were kept in check by their troops, under the command of a Roman adventurer, P. Sittius, until such time as Cæsar himself might come. This was not until the autumn of the year 47 B.C. In April 46 B.C., Cæsar won his complete and final victory at Thapsus (Ras Dinas), on the coast between Monastir and Metidia, a hundred miles south of Carthage. Juba and Cato committed suicide, the one on the field of battle and the other at Utica, and Cæsar returned in triumph to Rome, taking with him the little son of Juba, who was to reappear later on as Juba II. The boy was treated with no ordinary distinction, kindness, and wisdom. He was entrusted to the care of Octavia, Cæsar's own sister, and widow of both Pompey and Anthony, one of the very noblest of the ladies of Rome in rank and character, and in time was given in marriage Cleopatra Selene, the daughter of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Thus fell the kingdom of Numidia, and for a time even the name was blotted out. The country was divided into two provinces: all west of the Great River, the Ampsaga, was given to the kings of Mauretania, while all to the east, though formally annexed under the name of New Africa, and placed, fortunately for us, under the governorship of Sallust,* was formed into a quasi-kingdom with its capital at Cirta, and given to P. Sittius, who was thus rewarded for his timely loyalty to Cæsar.

The indecision and hesitation of Roman policy in Africa were only the reflex and outcome of the uncertainty which reigned in Rome itself as to its own future. The death-struggle of the dying Republic with the coming Empire gave her but little time or taste for foreign adventure. When this was over, and the Empire was firmly established in the hands of Augustus, the prudence and caution remained, but the hesitation vanished. In the division of territory between the members of the Second Triumvirate, in 43 B.C., all Africa was assigned to Octavius. True to the old principle of using native rulers so far as possible, he restored for the moment the old kingdom of Numidia, giving it the name of Numidia Provincia, and setting over it (30 B.C.) the young King Juba II. This arrangement, however, did not last for long. Five years later the throne of Mauretania became vacant, and was given to Juba, with Iol, an old Carthaginian town on the coast, thirty miles west of Algiers, as his capital. Here he built Cæsarea (Cherchel), the only great Roman city west of Citra, and reigned for nearly fifty years over a kingdom which included the whole of Morocco and the greater part of Algeria. A thorough Roman by education and training, a man

* Sir Lambert Playfair speaks of an inscription, found in the gorge of the Rummel, which contains the words, "FINIS FUNDI SALLUSTIANI," "The Boundary of the Estate of Sallust." His house on the Quirinal was enriched with the spoils of Cirta and neighbouring cities such as Calama, Thagaste, and Hippo.

of culture and intellect, the husband of one of the most notable women in the world, Juba made his new capital the most splendid city in Africa, if second to any, second only to Carthage itself, *terrarum decus*,* and the rival in glory of Imperial Rome. Some scattered ruins on a little plain between the hills and the sea are all that now remains of this magnificence ; but the beauty of the statues found there, the delicate carving of the capitals, and the lovely pillars which adorned the Arab mosque,† bear witness to the cultured taste of its founder, while the enormous Thermæ and the vast amphitheatre and circus testify to the less intellectual side of Roman civilisation.

On his death in A.D. 19 he was succeeded by his son Ptolemy ; but the splendour of his Court in the west of Africa and the growing importance and power of the Roman Proconsul in the east, aroused the jealous fears of Caligula. The power of the latter he effectually curbed by placing the army under the command of a Legatus Proprætore, appointed by and responsible to himself alone. Ptolemy he summoned to Rome, and there, rendered doubly jealous by his youthful beauty, his popularity, and, as we are expressly told, the magnificence of his dress, he murdered him and finally annexed his kingdom.‡

* Aur. Victor Caes. 19. † Since the Military Hospital.

‡ Three portrait busts have been found at Cherchel, and are now in the Museum at Algiers, which are supposed to represent the three Jubas. If this identification be correct, a comparison between them is interesting.

Juba I. has a long, lean, wild face, with strongly-marked, aquiline features, and a long beard.

Juba II. is essentially Roman in appearance. He is clean-shaven, with a round head, broad forehead, square chin, bull neck, and blunt Berber features, so far as we can judge, for the nose is missing.

Juba III. (Ptolemy) is utterly decadent and sensual. He has returned to the beard, which, however, is carefully trimmed ; the cheeks are prominent, and the nose, pinched and hooked, is sunk between them ; the mouth is small and the lips are full. There is little to justify the alleged jealousy of Caligula, yet this is, I believe, the best authenticated of the three busts.

Thus ended the march of the Roman Empire, stopped only, like the marauding foray of Sidi Okba, by the Atlantic waves. It had spread over two hundred years. After the fall of Carthage, 146 B.C., Provincia Africa had been annexed; after the battle of Thapsus, 46 B.C., Numidia; and now, on the death of Ptolemy, A.D. 40, Mauretania also. From the Syrtes to the Pillars of Hercules, all owned the sway of Rome.

This gradual, inevitable extension of the Roman Empire, by the very force of circumstances, presents an interesting parallel to the building up of our own. Judging from the wide extent of their conquests, we are apt to think of the Romans as insatiable in their ambition, and determined to make themselves the masters of the world. This was a kind of flattery which tickled the ears of Emperors, and so it was offered them in abundance by Court poets and other sycophants—

"Romanos, Rerum dominos, Gentemque togatam";*

and again—

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento."†

So wrote Vergil, while the flattery offered by Horace was more fulsome because more personal.

In fact, they were a prudent, stolid, rather stupid people, like ourselves, with little imagination, no wild dreams of empire, and small liking for unprofitable adventure. But the necessities of trade carried them far and wide, one war led to another, a new province had to be conquered to insure the safety of an old one; and so the empire was built, almost against the will of the empire-builders.

Then, as now, public opinion was divided. There were wild Imperialists and timid Little Romans. When

* *Aen.* i. 282. † *Aen.* vi. 851.

Hannibal was defeated at Zama, questions were asked in the Senate as to the value of Carthage if they annexed it. On the fall of Carthage, there were not wanting politicians who were for withdrawing the troops and leaving Africa to itself. This was no mere passing phase of opinion. So late as the reign of Trajan, serious historians discussed the question whether it would have been better for Rome to have abstained from occupying Africa, or even Sicily, and to have contented herself with Italy only. But, for good or evil, perhaps for both, world history is not made like this, and nations, like men, sometimes have greatness thrust upon them. The advance of the Roman arms was embarrassed, delayed, thwarted by such counsels as these, but not stopped ; hopeless struggles for liberty were encouraged, much blood was shed, and bitter ill-will engendered and kept alive, but the end was inevitable, and it came, bringing with it to Africa two centuries of such prosperity as she has never known, before or since, safe under the ægis of the *Immensa Romanæ Pacis Majestas.*

But it was not enough to annex North Africa ; it had to be garrisoned also.

The nucleus or unit of the Roman army of occupation was the Legion, which corresponded more closely with our division, or even army corps, than with the regiment. The legion was territorial in the sense that it was raised and recruited in some one part of the Empire, but the duties assigned to it were usually in some far distant province, and from this it was never moved. The saying of Seneca, *Ubicunque Romanus vicit habitat,** " Wherever the Roman has conquered he settles," was in a special sense true of the soldier. Veterans, when their time of service with the standards was over, did not return home. The Senate planted them somewhere as a colony, for every legionary was,

* Cons. ad Helv. 7.

ipso facto, a Roman citizen; it provided them with land, slaves, and oxen; it exempted them from taxation, and, in return, retained some claim upon their services for purposes of defence or police. There they married and settled. The wisdom of this policy is obvious. The men were provided for, and every settlement became a semi-military centre of loyalty to Rome. Traces of these colonies are to be found in all parts of North Africa. Thamugadi (Timgad) was built, at the command of Trajan, for the veterans of the XXX. Legio Ulpia Victrix, as a reward for their services on his Parthian campaign; the soldiers of Marius found a home at Uci Majus (ed-Douemis) on the Medjerba; others were established by Augustus at Saldæ (Bougie), others at Ammœdara (Haidra), and yet others, by Nerva, at Sitifis (Setif).

The task of holding North Africa, and especially of guarding the passes which led through the Aures Mountains from the Tell to the Sahara, was entrusted by Augustus to the III. Legio Angusta. It had been raised in the eastern provinces of the Empire, and strengthened with some cohorts of Commagenians from the army of Antiochus. It was now stationed in the west in accordance with the policy already noticed. It took up its work in North Africa at the very beginning of our era, and remained there long enough to play its part in the rebellion of the Gordians, A.D. 238, and to carry out the execution of Cyprian twenty years later.

But a single legion of six thousand men was manifestly inadequate to a task which, difficult at first when the Roman territory was but small, became overwhelming as by degrees Rome extended her dominions farther and farther to the west; and so round the legion there was collected a native army of auxiliary forces. The natives all round formed splendid material for soldiers; the Romans had

learned to respect their prowess as enemies, now they enrolled them as comrades. Some were formed into *alæ* of cavalry, some into cohorts, officered by Romans; some took their names from the weapons they used, Sagittarii, or Archers; Funditores, or Slingers; some from their nationality; thus the important pass Calceus Herculis (El Kantara) was manned by a force from Palmyra, coming, that is, from the same part of the Empire as the legionaries themselves.

Even when thus strengthened by these native troops, the standing army of Rome was never very large, considering the work it had to do. At the death of Augustus there were only twenty-five legions; under Vespasian, thirty; under Septimius Severus, thirty-three—that is, about two hundred thousand men of all branches. It was clearly impossible to spare more than one legion for North Africa, though at times of pressure others might be sent for some particular piece of work.* The legion was, under ordinary circumstances, held in reserve, the ordinary work being done by the native forces; these were in this way kept busy and loyal, and, as they had the pick of the fighting, they were happy.

To the south of the Roman provinces of Africa and Numidia runs the great range of Mons Aurasius —the Aures Mountains. Here the legion began its work by closing the easy passes which led down from the high plateaus to the level plains of South Tunisia. For this purpose they built at the eastern extremity of the range the strong fortress town of Theveste (Tebessa) on the site of an old Libyan stronghold which had been captured by Carthage just before the outbreak of the First Punic War. It was rebuilt

* Thus, on the pass of Kunga, an inscription has been found relating how the road was made by the Sixth Legion, in the reign of Antoninus Pius.

and fortified by the Byzantine general, Solomon, in A.D. 535, and is now strongly held by the French. Here the legion was stationed for nearly a century. Then their headquarters were moved by Trajan from the eastern end of the Aures to the western, from Theveste to Lambæsis, to block the way of the Nomad marauders from the Oases of the Ziban into the fertile Roman territory. Between the two they built and fortified Mascula (Khenchela).

The great western gate of the desert, the "Foum es Sahara," the Mouth of the Desert, as the Arabs still call it, was the gorge "Calceus Herculis," cloven through the mountains by the heel of Hercules, according to the Romans, or by the sword of Sidi Abdullah, according to the later Moslem fable. It takes the modern name of El Kantara from the Roman bridge which spanned the Oued Ksour, or Kantara. The beauties of this wonderful gorge have often been described. So narrow that the Roman bridge had but one arch, it leads us down in less than half a mile from the cold, grey, rocky plain to the hot sands of the Sahara. In a few minutes we pass through a chaos of crags and precipices, from winter to summer, from grey to gold, from a treeless waste to the waving palms of the oases of the Ziban.*

The first work of the legion at its new station was to form a temporary camp, the remains of which can still be traced. It then proceeded to erect the great permanent camp of Lambæsis (Lambessa), which is to-day the most perfect example of a Roman camp of the first class that remains to us. Between the construction of these two camps—that is, about the

* Later on, the outlet into El Outaya, the Great Plain, was closed by a fort, Burgum Commodianum, built by Marcus Antonius Gordianus; farther still to the south-east lay Vescera, or Bescera (Biskra), with a suburb, Ad Piscinum, at the hot springs, now known as Hammam-es-Salahin, the Holy Baths.

years A.D. 100–110, the legion was employed in the building of the town of Thamugadi (Timgad).*

A drive of about eight miles across a level windy plain, along a straight military road, planted on each side with trees, brings us from the French garrison town of Batna to the Penitentiary, built by Napoleon III. for political prisoners, which now, with its garden, covers all the south-east quarter of the great camp. The plain lies at a level of three thousand six hundred feet above the sea; to the south, the Aures range shelters it from the parching winds of the Sahara, and it is sufficiently watered by snow and rain, as well as by the streams which run among the hills. Doubtless it was once a district of extreme fertility, and bids fair to be so once again under the skilful husbandry of the French.

To our right, as we approach the Penitentiary, lie the meagre vestiges of the first camp; to our left, the very important ruins of the second.

A tower stood at each of the four angles of the camp; each of the longer curtain walls was further strengthened with five similar towers, each of the shorter with four. These all projected inwards,† so that the external face of the walls was unbroken, save by the flanking towers which protected the gates. Inside the walls ran the Pomœrium or broad Boulevard. The gates were four in number, one in each of the walls. Those facing north and south occupied the centre of the walls. Those to the east and west lay much to the north of the central point, so that the road which connected them ran along the northern side of the Pretorium, the great parade ground which occupied the centre of the camp. This road, called the Decumanus Maximus, was a broad, finely paved

* This seems the most probable order. Possibly, however, Lambæsis was built before Thamugadi.

† This distinguishes Roman from Byzantine work. In the latter the towers project outwards.

[*Levy, Sons & Co.*

PRETORIUM AT LAMBESSA.

street, lined on each side with porticoes, and was the only thoroughfare through the camp.

The principal entrance was by the north gate. From this gate to the Decumanus Maximus, a distance of about one hundred and forty yards, ran the Cardo, another paved and porticoed street. Over the intersection of these roads stood a magnificent triumphal arch, usually, but wrongly, called the Pretorium, of which it was, in fact, only the gateway. This wonderful arch stands almost uninjured. To the north and south it had three openings, to the east and west four. Each face was adorned with Corinthian columns carrying a pediment, but these have been destroyed. Externally it gives the impression of having been two storeys in height, for over the central arch in each face is a large opening like a window ; but internally there is no trace of a floor ; neither, although there are vaulting shafts, is there any trace of a vault. Probably it had a wooden roof which has perished ; possibly it was open to the sky.

Through this arch we pass into the Pretorium proper, the most important and interesting part of the camp. This was an enormous court or parade ground, paved, and surrounded on three sides by a colonnade. On to this colonnade opened a series of chambers which are shown by inscriptions, stones for projectiles, and other remains found in them, to have been magazines and offices of the headquarter staff.

Beyond this courtyard, on the side opposite the triumphal arch, two lateral stairs led to a second court on a higher level, of the same length as the first, but so narrow as to be little more than a terrace or vaulted antechamber to the buildings which opened on to it.

In the centre, larger, higher, and more ornate than the others, stood an apsidal chamber, or chapel,

resting upon a crypt divided into five vaults; in the middle stood an altar. This was the garrison church, in which were guarded the consecrated colours, the eagles, and other insignia of the legion.* The undercroft, which in some degree shared its sanctity, was probably the military treasury. To the right lay the *cornicubium*, to the left the orderly room of the equites; another chamber was the *tabularium* where the records and archives were stored. Others were meeting-places for the clubs formed by the *optiones* and other inferior officers of the legion.

To the south-east lay the Thermæ. The south-west quarter is covered with the buildings and garden of the House of Correction; this part has not been thoroughly examined, but the beauty of the mosaic floors which have been found proves that it was covered with buildings of importance, possibly the quarters of the commanding officer. The rest of the camp was occupied with the ordinary buildings necessary in a great barrack: quarters for the men, stables for the horses, guard-rooms, sheds for the chariots and military engines, stores for ammunition for the catapults, and other buildings the purpose of which cannot now be determined.

Such was a permanent Roman camp in the first century of our era.

But such a camp could not long stand alone. Soon, naturally and inevitably, it became the centre of a considerable population. First there gathered, as near as military considerations permitted, merchants, contractors, camp followers, and so on, who supplied the needs of the troops. Then the soldiers were permitted to marry, and houses were required for their wives and families. Then, when peace was more assured, Septimus Severus gave the married

* There was no other temple within the camp, just as, at Timgad, there was only one, in the Forum.

men permission to live with their families outside the camp; at last it would seem that the camp was used for military purposes only, and was left untenanted, save by the necessary guards.

And so, by the side of the camp, there grew up by degrees a great Roman town, with all that such a town needed to make it beautiful and happy. A triumphal arch to Commodus spanned the road to Timgad, and another, of three bays, to Septimus Severus, testified to the loyalty of the legionaries to the Berber Emperor. An aqueduct brought the waters of the Ain Drinn to the spacious Thermæ; a theatre and amphitheatre supplied amusements; a Forum for business and pleasure, temples for worship and the town was complete.

Of the temples, the most important, here as elsewhere, was the Capitol, dedicated to the three supreme gods of Rome—Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva—whose vast temple looked down from the Capitoline Hill at Rome on to the busy Forum and stately Palatine. It bore testimony to all the world that here, on the extreme frontier of the Empire, Lambæsis was heart and soul Roman still; for with Rome then, as with England now, devotion to the Mother Country increased with distance from it, and the flame of patriotism, which burnt very dimly at home, blazed up in the distant colonies.

The Capitol of Lambæsis stood in the midst of a porticoed enclosure. In front, as at Rome, there were eight pillars. The Cella, which was seventy feet wide by thirty-four feet deep, was divided by a partition wall with two arches, into two chambers; at the end of each was a square niche for a statue—a most unusual arrangement, which makes it hard to understand how the images of the three divinities were distributed.

Another temple, to Æsculapius, requires notice for

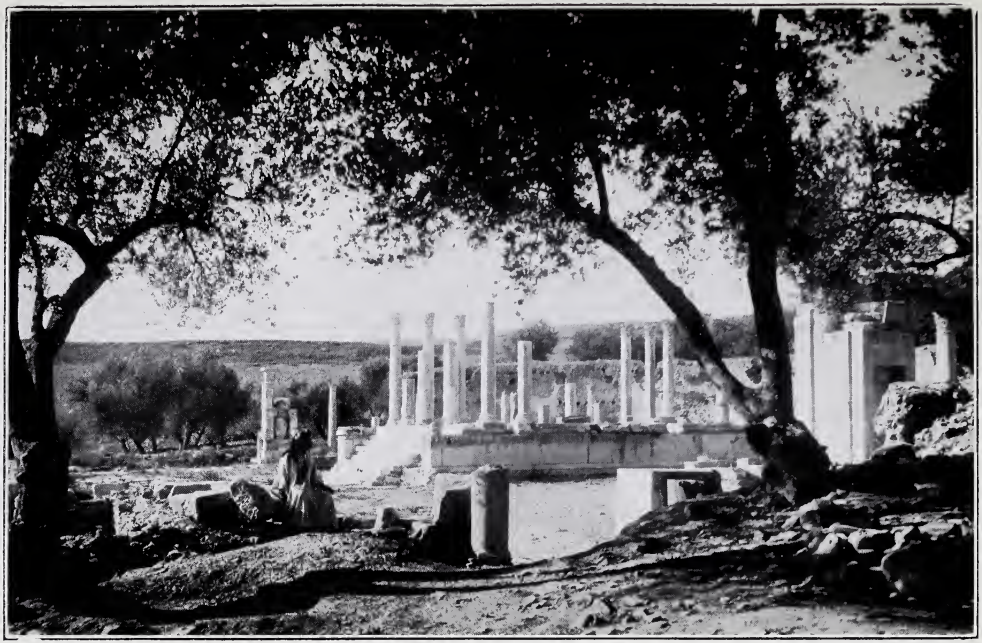
the strangeness of its plan. The actual sanctuary, which held the statue of the god and of his companion Hygieia, stood, like the Temples of Cœlestis at Dougga and elsewhere, in the middle of a semicircular portico flanked by chapels dedicated to Jupiter Valens and Silvanus, while a series of little shrines of different deities lined the north side of the avenue which led to the great temple. The mosaic floor of the second from the Temple bore the legend :

"BONUS INTRA MELIOR EXI."

The general arrangements seem to connect the temple with Libyan worship rather than with Roman, but Eschmoun, with whom Æsculapius was identified, was a Phœnician, not a Libyan, god, and the presence of the other gods mentioned above, and the fact that the temple was built over some hot springs, seem to point to a Roman worship of the god of healing.

There were another temple and two more triumphal arches, one over the road to Verecunda (Marcouna), but their dedication is uncertain. At Verecunda, which was a sort of suburb of Lambæsis, there was another arch to Marcus Aurelius.

Such, with its dependencies, was Lambæsis, the bridle of the marauding tribes of the Saharas, as Stirling was of the turbulent Highlanders.



TEMPLE OF CŒLESTIS AT DOUGGA. [*Lehnert and Landrock.*

CHAPTER V

A FRONTIER TOWN

A COLD, for the road lies nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and somewhat dreary drive of nearly twenty miles brings us, through the folding hills of the treeless and half-desert plateau, to the Roman colony of Thamugadi (Timgad).

The town did not grow by degrees and at haphazard, as most towns do. It sprang into being all at once, like Minerva, equipped and armed, and bears upon the surface evident traces of its origin. In the year A.D. 100, Trajan, wishing to reward the Legio Ulpia Victrix for its services in his Parthian campaign, determined to establish a settlement of veterans here, and entrusted the work of preparing a home for them to the Third Legion at Lambæsis, and its commander, the Imperial Legate and Proprætor, L. Mutatius Gallus. How well the work was done the noble remains still testify.

It is usual to describe Timgad as an African Pompeii. Both are ruined towns, partly excavated, but beyond that the comparison does not take us far. Fortunate in its misfortune, Pompeii has the romance of the awful catastrophe which destroyed it, and the beauty of its matchless position between the purple sea and the vine-clad slopes of its terrible neighbour Vesuvius; Timgad stands lonely and desolate in its austere surroundings of treeless mountain and desert plain. Pompeii was a watering-place for wealthy idlers, Timgad, one of the outpost fortresses of the Empire; and so, in place of the large, luxurious

houses of Pompeii, with their gardens and peristyles, the houses of Timgad, or, at any rate, those within the walls of the city proper, are small, compact, and cramped. In the one place all speaks of pleasure, in the other of stern defence.

Fortunately the town has never been used as a quarry by later builders. It survived the Vandal invasion almost uninjured, for its walls had been removed long before, and the conquerors did not, as a rule, injure the towns themselves. On the approach of the Byzantines, in A.D. 535, the natives from the mountains hastily burnt and wrecked it, to deter the enemy from settling there. Solomon, however, built a great fortress on the south slope of the hill on which the city is built, and the inhabitants seem to have crept back. The Arab invaders never settled near the spot, and so the town remains pretty much as Solomon found it—the roofs burnt, pillars and walls thrown down, but the stones left lying where they fell, covered and preserved rather than injured by the drifting sand, and waiting only to be unearthed and raised into their places again.*

The site chosen by Gallus for the new colony was on the north slope of a rather steep hill, intersected by a little stream, and commanding the entrance to the gorges by the Oued Abdi and the Oued el Abiod. Built by soldiers for soldiers and for a semi-military purpose, it is natural that in general plan it should resemble a camp, and much that has been said of Lambæsis applies to Thamugadi, except that the place of the Pretorium, in the centre of the camp, is here occupied by the Forum and theatre.

As originally designed, the town was an almost perfect square; its sides measured three hundred and seventy yards by three hundred and forty, and faced the four points of the compass. No traces of the

* This is being done by the French rapidly and with rare skill.

original walls remain; only the gates and the broad boulevard or Pomœrium which surrounded the town on both sides of the walls, mark where they stood.

The gates were four in number. The principal, to the north, opened upon the Cardo, which led direct to the Forum, where it stopped short, or, more precisely, was deflected much to the right. From the east gate to the west ran the only thoroughfare, along which passed the great military high road from Lambæsis to Maxula (Khenchela) and Theveste (Tebessa); this was the Decumanus Maximus. It was a broad paved road, lined on each side with porticoed footpaths; its great paving-stones were, as usual, laid aslant, not at right angles to the paths, to prevent the chariot-wheels from cutting into the crevices between the stones; in spite of this precaution, it is deeply rutted, like the streets at Pompeii, the gauge of the vehicles being the same in each case.

In addition to these main roads, the town, except where the arrangement was interrupted by the Forum and theatre, was divided into identical squares, or insulæ, by eighteen other parallel streets, nine running in each direction.

The entire town, including the suburbs outside the walls, covered an area of about 150 acres; of these about 30 have been excavated.

Outside the north gate, which is still the principal entrance, lie the most important baths or thermæ, large, handsome, and complete, built with the same precise symmetry, and almost on the same plan as those of Caracalla at Rome. Just inside the gate stands, to the right, a fountain which has been completely restored, and, to the left a little Berber Church. Higher up, to the right, a larger Basilica with atrium and Baptistery. Higher still, on the left hand, we come to one of the most beautiful and interesting

buildings in the town. A graceful pillared portico opens into a semicircular shrine with niches for statues. The purpose is uncertain; perhaps it was a Schola, perhaps a library; more probably it was the Lararium Publicum, the Temple of the Lares, or household gods, of the city. If this is correct, the central niche held a shrine of the Genius Augustus, the Emperor being represented with his toga drawn over his head, offering an oblation; to his right and left stood the Lares of the city, in other niches, probably Ceres and Venus. This building was not a part of the original plan, for it cuts into the adjoining roads.

Where the Cardo meets the Decumanus Maximus, a flight of marble steps and a portico lead into the Forum. This is a paved court, fifty yards long by forty-four wide, surrounded on three sides by a colonnade lined with shops. Standing between the columns and encroaching on the space of the court, stood a vast assemblage of statues of gods, including, of course, Marsyas with his wine-skin, emperors, local celebrities and benefactors. At the east end lay the basilica, a fine hall of the ordinary shape—that is, square at one end, with an apse at the other. An unusual feature is that the tribunal, with seats for the judges, was at the square end. In the niche opposite stood a statue, undoubtedly of Trajan.

The west end is the most varied and interesting. In the middle, interrupting the line of the cloister, stood a little Ædicula or shrine, like that at the entrance of the Atrium Vestæ at Rome. The inscription tells us that it was erected to Fortuna Augusta by two sisters in accordance with the will of their father. To the south stood the Rostra, and, behind them, a little tetrastyle temple, probably to Victory; in front of it stood two statues erected by a soldier of the Third Legion to commemorate the Parthian Victory of Trajan, *Victoriæ Parthicæ Augustæ Sacrum.*

[*F. G. Newmarch.*

ARCH OF TRAJAN, TIMGAD.

By the side of the temple was a little waiting-room for the use of the orators.

In the south of the temple lay the Curia, a beautiful hall adorned with marbles and mosaics; attached to this were a guard-room and prison cells.

The south side of the Forum was occupied with shops, and a flight of steps leading up to the theatre.

On the pavement of the Forum, amongst a number of *tabulæ lusoriæ*, or little gaming-tables, which remind us of the Basilica Julia at Rome, is a curious inscription:

VENARI LAVARI
LUDERE RIDERE
OCCE EST VITA

"Hunting, bathing, gambling, laughing—this is life." A variation of the old epitaph—

CORPORA CORRUMPUNT
BALNEUM VINUM VENUS
SED VITAM FACIUNT

"The bath, wine, love, destroy the body, but make life worth living."

Above the Forum lies the theatre, the Auditorium, as usual, when practicable, being hollowed out of the crest of the hill. The seats had been displaced and the pillars had fallen, but these have been restored, and it is now, with the exception of that at Dougga, the handsomest and most complete theatre in North Africa. Enough will be said on this subject elsewhere.

To the east of the Forum, in the Decumanus, lies a graceful little market. From the street-portico an apse opens into a court, the far side of which is formed by two semicircular arcades, each divided into five stalls or shops. The front of each of these is closed by a stone slab or table, under or over which the merchant had to climb. The point where the two arcades meet, opposite the entrance, was occupied by an altar; in the court itself were two semicircular basins, either fountains or flower-beds.

Adjoining the market are some small Thermæ and a tiny basilica. Other Thermæ stand lower down the street near the east gate.

Over the Decumanus, where it enters the city on the west, rises the magnificent arch called the Arch of Trajan. It received its name from some inscriptions which have been found near it; judging, however, from the architecture, it was probably not erected until about A.D. 200. It has three openings, like that of Constantine at Rome. The small lateral arches are surmounted by square-headed niches for statues. In front stood four Corinthian columns resting upon lofty bases. They rose to the height of the central arch and carried a bold cornice, which, running in a straight line over the main entrance, bent into graceful curves over the lateral niches. The attic has vanished.

With the exception of that at Tebessa, it is the most perfect and beautiful of all the countless triumphal arches of North Africa.

Outside the arch, to the right, lay the temple of the genius of the colony. "GENIO COLONIAE THAMUG," so runs the inscription on an altar.

Three flights of steps led from the street into the very irregularly shaped court of the temple. Round it was a colonnade containing a number of statues of gods: Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Bacchus, Mars, Liber Pater, Silvanus, Deus Patrius, and others. In the centre stood the altar; behind this, raised upon a lofty podium, was the Cella, which has perished; four of the columns of its porch have, however, been re-erected.

On the other side of the road lay the great market. This, as numerous inscriptions tell us, was the gift of Marcus Plotius Faustus, surnamed Sertius—a Roman knight, an officer of the auxiliary troops, a Priest of Rome, and Flamen of the Emperor—and of his wife,

Cornelia Valentina Tucciana. It was a large, handsome court, surrounded as usual by a colonnade. In the centre was a fountain; at the north end stood six shops. At the opposite end two steps led up into a great apse like the tribunal of a basilica; round this, spreading out like a fan, were seven shops, each closed by a big stone counter like those of the eastern market. Close by was another, the cloth market, *Forum Vestiarium*, and some more Thermæ.

Higher up still, and dominating the city from the brow of the hill, rose the huge mass of the magnificent Capitol. We enter it by a vast porch, erected, after the destruction of the old one, by Publilius Ceironius Cæcina Julianus, a man of senatorial rank and governor of the province of Numidia. The other three porticoes which surrounded the court of the temple and were erected at the same time, have fallen. The work is late and bad. The court itself measures nearly one hundred yards by seventy, and is barbarously paved with carved and inscribed pieces of friezes and architraves and other fragments. In the centre stood an immense altar; beyond it, at the top of a flight of thirty steps, rose the temple itself. Its proportions, though not to be compared with those of the temple at Girgenti, where a man can stand in one of the flutings of the columns, are considerable. Technically, the temple is what is called hexastyle peripteral stylobate—that is, there were six columns in front, and a complete colonnade of similar detached columns ran round the building, which stood upon a platform or *podium*. Each column was forty feet high, the capital adding another six feet; they are therefore about the same size as those of the Templum Castorum in the Forum at Rome. The Cella of the temple had three niches for the great Roman triad, or else was divided into three chambers. The central statue of Jupiter was twenty-three feet high. This

statue, which is now in the Louvre, was seated; the other two—that of Juno to his right, and Minerva to his left—were standing.

One of the smallest, and certainly the loveliest, of these temples is at Thugga (Dougga). The inevitable inscription informs us that it was built in honour of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, Juno Regina, and Minerva Augusta, by two brothers, Lucius Marcius Simplex and Lucius Marcius Simplex Regillanus, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus. In the centre of the pediment, which rests on four columns, is a curious carving of an eagle carrying a man up to heaven, probably an imperial apotheosis. Standing at the top of the almost precipitous hill on which the city is built, and silhouetted against the sky, this little temple is perhaps the most beautiful ruin in Africa.

"Minervæ Augustæ." This epithet of "Augustus" is very commonly applied not only to emperors, but also to deities and to those personified virtues to which, or to whom, the Romans were fond of dedicating temples ever since the day when, in 354 B.C., Atilius Calatinus dedicated the Temple of Hope, the ruins of which now lie under the Church of S. Nicolo in Carcere at Rome.

At Dougga the neighbouring temple is dedicated to "Cœlesti Aug.," another is to "Pietati Augustæ," another to "Fortunæ Augustæ." At Tebessa we read "Apollini Aug. Thevestin," and again "Virtuti Aug. Thevest." "Saturno Augusto" is the usual phrase on the votive tablets which are found, literally, in hundreds. At Lambæsis we find "Genio Virtutum Marti Augusto"; another, "Genio Augusto." This introduces another interesting word "Genius," and this also is common. We have noticed one at Timgad, "Genio Coloniæ Thamugadensium"; the Capitol at Lambessa is dedicated "Genio Lambæsis," as well as

[*F. G. Newmarch*

FORUM, TIMGAD.

to the great triad. This cult of Genii, a sort of pre-Christian guardian angel or patron saint, became universal in the Roman Empire, as it still is in the Roman Church; every community or association of men, for whatever purpose, political or professional, had one.* At Rome a special shield to the Genius of the city hung in the Capitol, bearing the comprehensive inscription with which many are familiar on the altar at the foot of the Palatine Hill—"SEI DEO SEI DEIVÆ SACRUM." It is little wonder that from the Imperial city it spread even to the little towns of distant Africa.

Timgad was never a large or important city. To us it is interesting because the circumstances of its foundation left its builders free to carry out their plans unembarrassed by conditions of space, or consideration for existing buildings; and more especially because the remoteness of its site and the circumstances of its decay have saved its ruins from later destruction, and from being drawn upon for the erection of more modern towns.

* In the Forum at Rome is a slab inscribed "Genio aquarum."

CHAPTER VI

COUNTRY LIFE

*Mare sævum, littus importuosum, ager frugum fertilis, bonus pecori, arbori infecundus cælo terraque penuria aquarum.** "A dangerous sea, a coast with few harbours, good arable and pasture land, but badly wooded owing to shortage of water, insufficient rainfall, and a scarcity of springs or rivers." Such was Sallust's description of North Africa, when he saw it before the Roman occupation had become effective; and it is true and exact now that the Golden Age has passed away. Now, as it was then and always will be, the difficulty is the water supply. The land, even the sand of the Sahara, is fertile; all it needs is water—as in the vision of Ezekiel, "Everything shall live whither the river cometh." This difficulty the Romans faced and overcame with astonishing energy, perseverance and success.

To-day, after thirteen hundred years of Arab devastation and neglect, recovery seems to be, and largely is, hopeless. It is difficult, even in imagination, to recall the days when, to Horace,† an African farm was a synonym for boundless fertility, prosperity, and wealth. Hour after hour, sometimes day after day, the traveller passes through desert and treeless, because waterless, wastes. From the hills which skirt the horizon, stripped of their forest clothing by fire and wanton destruction, the rains have washed

* Jug. xvii.

† *e.g.* "Si proprio condidit horreo.
Quicquid de Libycis verritur areis."—*Carm.* ii. 11.

down all the soil into the plains below; and now they rise against the sky grim and barren, mere splintered skeletons of what they once were, but can never be again. Here and there some relics of their former glories remain. Splendid cedars still tassel the heights of Teniet-el-Had in the Ouarsenis, of Tourgour and above Khenchela in the Aures, and of the Atlas above Blidah. Vast forests of cork-trees still clothe the Djebel Edough near Bône, and the beautifully wooded gorge of the Medjerba, between Souk Ahras and Mdaourouch, gives an idea of what North Africa was in the days of its prosperity.

Originally, what is now an exception must have been, in many parts, the rule. Large tracts of mountain and plain, now barren and treeless, must have been well wooded with forest or jungle. Elephants* were common and formed the strength of the Carthaginian armies; Juba lost the battle of Thapsus because his elephants had only recently been brought in, wild, from the forests and were untrained for war—*bellorum rudes et nuperi a silvâ*;† wild animals, especially deer, abounded; the mosaics in the houses show us pictures of hunting scenes in which the game are not only hares and deer, but lions, tigers, leopards, and wild boar. At Kef (Sicca Veneria) Flaubert places his historically true episode of the multitude of crucified lions; not only the amphitheatres of Africa, but even the Colosseum of Rome, were supplied from these sources.

Still, in spite of the amount of forest which this

* The word "elephant" is Libyan, "Fil," adopted by the Greeks, first as "Ephelas" then as "Elephas." I have found no representation of elephants in mosaic.

The first notice that I can find of camels is that Cæsar's booty after the battle of Thapsus included twenty-two camels. Later on, in the third and fourth centuries, the Roman generals in Tripoli requisitioned them by thousands for the carriage of water.

† Flor. vi. 2, 67.

implies, and the fact that, so far as Punic occupation extended, the cultivation of the country had been thorough and scientific, the difficulties which the Romans had to face were serious, and they met them in the only possible way—by the systematic storage and distribution of the water.

Not less wonderful than the countless ruins of cities and private houses are the ruined waterworks—ruins which strew not only the fertile plains, but also the high desolate plateaux, where to-day the half-nomad Berbers find it hard to eke out an existence. Every stream or river which now pours its wasted waters into *chott* or sand or sea, shows signs of having been carefully barraged at frequent intervals and the water distributed far and wide by subsidiary canals. Every country-house had its wells and tanks, every city and town its vast system of cisterns and aqueducts.* Carthage drew its supply from the hills of Zaghouan, sixty miles away; the arches of its aqueduct can still be seen striding across the plain near Oudna, and the tunnels bored through the intervening hills are still in use for their old purpose; the enormous cisterns where the water was stored still exist at La Malga and near Bordj-el-Djedid; the latter are still in use, the former house a colony of natives and their cattle.

At El Djem (Thysdrus), where now the lonely amphitheatre rises forlorn in the midst of a desert, an inscription tells us that a certain magistrate brought water in such abundance that, after providing for the wants of a city with a population of about a hundred thousand, enough remained to supply private houses on payment of a water-rate.

On agricultural questions, the Romans, profiting

* Aqueducts have been found at Constantine, Timgad, Lambessa, Sbeitla, Dougga, Khamissa, Tebessa, Chemtou, Souk-el-Arba, Mactar, Simittu, Oued Maliz, Cherchel, and Tipasa.

by the experience of their predecessors, took as their guide the writings of the Carthaginian, Magon. In the broken land and clearings they bred sheep and goats, saddle-horses and huge oxen, strong to labour. Olives, date-palms, and figs yielded their fruit; the vine was cultivated for raisins as well as for wine; in the deep soil of the plains they grew corn, so luxuriant that Pliny* tells us of a procurator who sent to Augustus a single ear containing four hundred grains, and in such quantities that Africa became the granary of Rome. Thence came the *annona*, the daily bread of the vast capital, which was so dependent upon it that the man who held Africa could starve Rome. So precious was this supply that it was deified and became a goddess; the vast granaries which we still see at Ostia were built to contain it; it set the worthless, unemployable rabble of Rome free to amuse themselves in circus or amphitheatre.† What Canada and America are to England, that, and more, Africa was to Rome.

As the country had been conquered, the land was treated as the property of the victors. Large tracts, especially in the neighbourhood of the towns, were divided into farms, and either sold to great Roman capitalists or assigned to the veteran legionaries who were planted there to colonise the country. The natives were in such cases either deported to other parts of the province or driven up into the mountains, to be for ever a standing menace to the plains. If they were allowed to remain, they had to be content to cultivate the waste, because poorer, lands, living in their little *mapalia*, or huts, like Peggotty's boat at Yarmouth, *quasi navium carinæ*.‡

* H.N. xviii. 21. Another, containing 360 grains, was sent to Nero.

† "Parce et messoribus illis
Qui saturant urbem circo scenæque vacantem."—Juv. viii. 115.

‡ Jug. xviii.

But this did not last long. Even in those days when "competition," as we know it, could hardly be said to exist, a man did not become a skilful farmer simply by being put in possession of a small holding. In Italy one agrarian law had soon to be followed by another; and in Africa the small farmers were soon swallowed up by the great landowners, such as Pompeianus at Oued Atmenia; the Pullæni, who dispossessed the Marian veterans at Uci Majus; the Arrii Antonini at Mileve; or the Lollii at Oued Smendu near Constantine. It was in Africa that Cælius gathered the fortune which his son wasted. Cornelius Nepos* tells us of a certain Julius Calidus who was prosecuted in order that his immense possessions in Africa might be confiscated. An inscription informs us that Julius Martianus, who had commanded the Third Legion as Legate of Numidia, had great possessions, on which he held a market, at Mascula (Khenchela). Meanwhile the old independent yeomen either deserted the land or became *conductores* or tenant farmers; and by the same process the free *coloni* or peasants sank gradually into the position of serfs (*vernulæ*), tied to the soil and bought and sold with it, or gave up the struggle in despair and flocked into the towns to swell the ranks of the unemployed, and to be fed and amused at the town's expense.

Writing in the first century of our era, the elder Pliny† deplores the change as the ruin of the Empire.

Fortunately, although the great country-houses have perished, we are not left without guidance in forming an idea of their appearance, and of the occupations of their inhabitants. Africa is, above all others, a land of mosaics, and what the inscriptions are to the towns, the mosaics are to the country. And so, taking these for our guides, let us try to picture the daily life and surroundings of one of these country

* Vit. Att. xii. † H.N. xviii. 75.

magnates, of the men who laid them down, and trod them day by day. The best are, for the most part, preserved in museums—in the Bardo at Tunis, at Sousse, Timgad, Tebessa, and elsewhere. This is fortunate and necessary, for most of them rested upon little pillars over hypocausts—that is, hot-air chambers—and so were liable to be broken, even without the assistance of the omnipresent Arab treasure-hunter.

For the most part, and this is significant, they deal with outdoor, not with indoor life. In the Bardo at Tunis is one of the few which belong to the latter class. It represents a dinner-party: nine tables have been laid, at each of which sit three guests, all men. In the centre, men are dancing to an accompaniment of drums, pipes, and large metal cymbals and castanets. We can still hear the same music, played on the same instruments, by the negro clowns from the Soudan.

In another way these mosaics help us to picture the homes of the wealthy Romans, by giving us an idea of the size of the rooms they were designed for. Many of them must have been large, some very large. One mosaic, representing the Triumph of Neptune, comes from Sousse; it measures seventy feet by fifty-four. For the most part these houses were like mediæval palaces—spacious reception-rooms, and small rooms to live in.

As already said, the majority of the mosaics deal with outdoor life and sports. A large example, found at El Djem, and remarkable for the freedom and excellence of the drawing, gives a series of hunting scenes. The first shows us two men on horseback with a beater between them. The horses are bridled, but have no saddles. The riders are bare-headed, and hold whips in their hands, but they are unarmed, as they are hunting nothing more formidable than a

hare. The second contains two scenes; first we see a keeper scarcely able, with all his strength, to hold in two large hounds who are straining at the leash; then the hounds are split, and are baying at a hare which is lying in its form. The last represents the kill. The two hunters are in full cry, and the hounds are close upon the hare, which—a curiously natural touch—has doubled back to the form.

Bathing and fishing were favourite subjects. In one mosaic a number of boys are bathing. One stands hesitating on the bank; another has taken a header, and is just striking the water; another is swimming with a long, easy side-stroke; while another is being swallowed by a huge fish. Yet another is fishing from the bank and has just hooked a big octopus.

Mosaics which represent fishing are common, but, as a rule, they treat it as a bit of work and business, not of amusement or pleasure. It is done with long heavy nets which are being dragged in, usually by men, but in one case by oxen.

From Tabarka comes a series of three semicircular mosaics, which originally filled the recesses of a trefoiled room. They represent a farm, and all the varied work connected with it. In the centre of one is a large building with two towers and great open gateways; it stands in a rose-garden, planted with olive-trees, under which pigeons, pheasants, and partridges* are feeding; below is a lake with swans, geese, and ducks, swimming, drinking, or flapping their wings. A second shows us the farm with olives, vines, and pigeons. The third gives the stables; horses are tied up ready to be groomed; in the corner a woman is sitting spinning; all round are olives and vines, with sheep and partridges.

Another, still more elaborate, shows men ploughing; a shepherd is folding his flock of sheep and goats;

* Or, it may be, guinea-fowl.

a horse is being groomed; another is being watered, at just such a well as we still see in the fields; a man, on his hands and knees, disguised, apparently, in a skin, is driving partridges into a great snare net; men and dogs are chasing a wild boar which has turned at bay; other men, on horseback, are hunting a tiger; while more gentle swains are sitting under the trees piping to their flocks.

By far the most complete and interesting series of such mosaics was discovered in 1878 at Oued Atmenia, about twenty miles from Constantine on the road to Setif. Unfortunately they have been entirely destroyed by the Arabs in their search for treasure; but before this they were carefully examined and copied by the Archæological Society of Constantine. Some have been reproduced in colour by the Society. Two are shown by Tissot in his *Géographie comparée de la Province Romaine d'Afrique.*

The building first discovered was the Thermæ; this was so vast and splendid that it was thought that it must belong to some large town; but further excavations proved that this was not the case, and that it was simply part of a private house belonging to a man called Pompeianus.

In the Laconicum, or hot chamber, the mosaic is divided into four compartments, one above another. The upper two show the house and garden, the other two the favourite horses from the stud of the owner.

In front is the house with the owner's name over it, POMPEIANUS. It is a timbered structure, very Elizabethan in appearance. The main building is two storeys high, with a lofty roof; in the centre is a parapeted tower rising to the height of four storeys—that is, one storey clear above the roof of the house itself. At the two extremities are projecting wings, also with high roofs. Beyond these are two pavilions or porches, opening into the garden which

lies behind; over these are palm-trees. The garden itself is a *hortus inclusus* walled in, and laid out in beds of a stiff, formal geometrical pattern; in the middle of the back wall is a sort of Casino or summer-house.

Below, in the other two rows, are six horses tied to mangers; in each row two horses share a manger, while the third has one to himself; as usual, over each horse is its name, sometimes with a few words of praise or affection. In the first row are DELICATUS, with a manger to himself; then PULLENTIANUS and ALTUS. The last is thus apostrophised: "ALTUS UNUS ES UT MONS EXULTAS"—"Altus, there is none like you; you skip like a mountain." In the bottom row are SCHOLASTICUS, by himself, TITAS and POLYDOXUS. While Altus was the favourite hunter, Polydoxus was evidently the favourite race-horse. Over him we read: "VINCAS NON VINCAS TE AMAMUS POLYDOXE"—"Whether you win, or not, we love you, Polydoxus."

From the Laconicum a door leads into the Sudarium, or sweating-room. On the floor near the door are the cryptic words, "INCREDULA VENILA BENEFICA."

In the Sudarium itself are two mosaics. Over the first are the words, "FILOSO FILOLOCUS." The simplest explanation is that they stand for *Philosophi Locus*, "The Place of the Philosopher," but it is hard to believe that in such elaborate work as this, two mistakes should have been made, and allowed to stand, in two words. Still, the obvious is not always wrong, and it is hard to suggest any other interpretation. If this be the case, the incomprehensible words above may be mistakes also.

The mosaic represents a garden or *Viridarium;* on each side are trees; the background is green. To the left are three pavilions brightly coloured; to the right, under a palm-tree, laden with ripe fruit, a lady

is sitting in an arm-chair (*cathedra*), holding a fan (*flabellum*) in her right hand. By her side stands an attendant; with his left hand he holds a parasol (*umbella*) over the lady's head; in his right, the leash of a little pet dog; behind are other trees, with vines and bunches of grapes. Can this scene of idle ease represent the School of Philosophy, as understood in the country-house of Pompeianus, and can the attendant be the philosopher himself? It is quite possible. We know that every big house kept its private philosopher, just as a nobleman used to keep his private chaplain or jester; and the poor philosopher was put to very base uses and treated with as scant respect or consideration as a Court chaplain received from the wife of one of the Georges.

The other mosaic in the Laconicum, separated from the first by the wall of the garden, represents the park.

At the top are two circular basins with fish and aquatic plants in flower; above are the words "SEPTUM VENATIONIS," the "Park or Enclosure for Hunting." It is ringed in with a high deer-fence or net supported by strong stakes. Inside are three gazelles chased by a couple of hounds. The smallness of the space enclosed, and the absence of any hunters, give the impression that it is a snare for catching deer rather than a place for hunting them.

By the side of this enclosure for deer is another for cattle—"PECUARI LOCUS,"* the "Place of the Herdsman." This part of the mosaic is injured, almost destroyed.

Adjoining is the Atrium. Here the mosaic shows a hunting-lodge, or possibly the great house itself, and hunting scenes.

The house at the top of the mosaic is two or three storeys high, and is flanked on one side by a rich

* Another misprint for PECUARII.

pavilion, on the other by a lofty tower and balcony; above this is written, "SALTUARII JANUS," "The Ranger's Gate."

The roof, above which are trees, is of red tiles (*tegulæ*); in the roof of the central building are four openings in red and black. What they are is not clear; if we could be sure they were chimneys, the question whether Roman houses had chimneys or not would be settled, and, with it, the meaning of the word *caminus*.

Below, in three rows, we see a party hunting gazelles. It consists of horsemen with spears in their hands: CRESCONIUS, VERNACIL, CESSONIUS, NEANTUS. In front are the hounds FIDELIS and CASTUS, while close up to the hounds, in his proper place, rides POMPEIANUS himself, the only one who is unarmed. Others, beaters, are on foot—LIBER, DIAZ, and an Iberian boy who, like Liber, has thrown his short mantle, *sagum*, loose over his left shoulder. The horses are saddled, bridled, and fully caparisoned. The riders are lightly clad; they wear flat bonnets (*galeri*), entirely covering the head, short mantles thrown back over the shoulder like hussars' jackets, and trousers tied in at the knees. At the close of the hunt, the hunters are invited to rest under the pleasant shade of trees.

Also in the Atrium are two other strange mosaics. In each are three women, naked, save that long mantles hang from their shoulders down their backs; round their necks are strings of pearls, and they wear bangles on their arms, wrists, and ankles. The woman in the middle of one of these mosaics holds a sunshade in her right hand. They sit on carved couches, two of the legs of which represent the head and legs of a stag or some fantastic animal; the others are a series of balls, increasing in size as they approach the ground.

Apart from these last two mosaics, and making some necessary allowance for the inevitable conventionality of treatment, we cannot but be struck, not only by the very pleasant, but also by the singularly modern picture which all this gives us of the daily life of the Roman gentry. We should only have to take the lady away from her walled garden and her philosopher, and put her on horseback by the side of her husband.

All this, pleasant and attractive as it is, gives, unhappily, only one side of the picture—the life of the rich; that is, of the few. There was another side very different and very cruel, of which we know little—the deep sighing of the poor, the death in life of the slaves. Of these latter a few, the most favoured, were attached to the personal service of their masters. The vast majority worked and died in the fields under the lash of their taskmasters. We must imagine for ourselves the hopeless horror of their lives; perhaps the most awful comment upon it is that no record remains. Their misery must be measured by the luxury of their masters, their poverty by the wealth of Africa, their hopelessness by their silence.

Besides these private estates, there were the Imperial domains or *saltus*, a word which is interpreted by Ælius Gallus as meaning wood and pasture land (*saltus est ubi silvæ et pastiones sunt*). Pliny has told us how the Emperor Nero became possessed of some of these; others passed into the Imperial hands in a more normal way. In every colony a part of the land was reserved as public or common land (*publicus ager*), and it was, perhaps, natural that, especially in Crown colonies, this should in time come to be considered and treated as the property of the Emperor himself.

On the hills which surround the valleys of the Oueds Arkou, Memcha, and Ermouchia, between

Dougga and Kef, lay a cluster of these *saltus*—the Blandiensis, Udensis, Lamianus, Domitianus, and Sustritanus. Each of these was managed by an Imperial agent or *procurator*, under a procurator-general who had his office at Carthage. Under the procurator were the *conductores*, or tenant farmers, to whom the farms were let on a five years' lease, with the right of sub-letting. The relations of these were governed by the standing law of Hadrian—the *Forma Perpetua* or Model Lease; copies of this, accompanied sometimes by a sort of commentary, giving the details of the local usage, have been found in various places, engraved on slabs or pillars or altars.

Here is one of the commentaries,* discovered by Dr. Carton, near a spring called the Ain Ouarsel, not far from Uci Majus:

"See how our Cæsar, with untiring solicitude, watches over the interests of mankind.

"1. Concerning all the lands planted with olives or other fruit-trees in the centuries of the Saltus Blandianus and Udensis, and in the parts of the Saltus Lamianus and Domitianus, which adjoin the Saltus Sustritanus:

"Neither the fact that they cultivate these centuries, nor the fact that they hold them from the *conductores*, gives to the occupants the right of possession, to enjoy their revenues or to leave then by will to their heirs, a right which the Law of Hadrian gives to virgin soil and to land which has lain waste for ten consecutive years.,

"2. On the other hand, the crops on the lands in the Saltus Blandianus and Udensis, let by the *conductores* to the occupants, shall not be more heavily rented than in the past. The rent shall be one-third of the produce of the land.

* *Le Pays de Dougga*, G. Balut, p. 62. A copy of the Law of Hadrian is inscribed on an altar.

"So also the parts of the Saltus Lamianus and Domitianus adjoining the Saltus Sustritanus shall pay the same rent as in time past.

"3. If one of the *possessores* shall plant or graft olives, the produce shall be free from all impost for the first ten years.

"In the same way, fruit-trees shall not be taxed for the first seven years after they have been planted or grafted.

"In any case, the fruit of trees which are not thus exempt shall not be taxed unless the said fruits are sold by the *possessores*.

"The rents arising from the dry products of the soil shall be paid by the *occupatorius* for the five years following the cropping of the land, into the hands of the *conductor* who occupies the land.

"After that time, they pass into the hands of the State."

* * * * *

Besides these tenants and sub-tenants there were the *coloni*, the peasantry, for the most part natives, who occupied such land as no one else wanted. These men were drifting fast from the position of peasants into that of serfs, attached to and almost belonging to the soil. Since the soil belonged to the Emperor, they claimed that they also, in a sense, were his, and had therefore a claim upon him and a right of appeal to him. It is curiously like the *Clameur de Haro*, with which a suppliant Norman cried to the first pirate duke that wrong was being done: "*Haro! Haro! A l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort.*"*

In addition to some rent, which of course varied with the circumstances, they were obliged to give six days a year free labour, or corvée, to the farmers, at the busiest times of the year—two for ploughing, two for sowing, and two for harvesting. It is easy to understand that this opened the door to much unjust

* *Rouen*, by T. A. Cook, p. 146.

exaction and oppression. A curious memorial of this has been discovered on the Saltus Bururitanus (Henchir Dacla, near Souk-el-Kemis) in the valley of the Medjerba, inscribed on slabs of marble which are now in the Bardo at Tunis.*

Resenting the unjust exactions of the farmers, and despairing of obtaining justice of the procurators, the peasants determined to appeal direct to the Emperor himself. Their first letter fell into the hands of the Procurator-General at Carthage, who, furious at finding his administration thus impugned, sent soldiers to the spot, who imprisoned or flogged the audacious complainants.

Nothing daunted, the *coloni* sent another appeal which reached the Emperor. In this they describe themselves as his people, *vernulæ*, born upon his land, *alumni saltuum tuorum*, and give an account of their wrongs. An autograph reply came from the Emperor himself, righting their wrongs, and insisting that the Law of Hadrian should be respected, and no more free labour exacted from them than was due. And this Emperor was Commodus the Gladiator.

If in 1864 the negroes of Jamaica had had equally easy access to the throne, a very ugly page would have been blotted out from our history.

Overjoyed, the peasants had their letter and the Emperor's answer, the new Magna Carta of their liberties, engraved on slabs of marble, and set up on the estate.

The Emperor's reply deserves to be given at length :—

(IMP CA)ES M AURELIUS COMMODUS AN
(TONI)NUS AUG SARMAT GERMANICUS
MAXIMUS LURIO LUCULLO ET NOMIN A
LIORUM PROCC CONTEMPLATIONE DIS
CIPLINÆ ET INSTITUTI MEI NE PLUS
QUAM TER BINAS OPERAS CURABUNT
NE QUIT PER INJURIAM CONTRA PERPE
TUAM FORMAN A VOBIS EXIGATUR
ET ALIA MANU SCRIPSI RECOGNOVI.

* C.I.L. 10570.

"The Emperor Cæsar Marcus Aurelius Commodus Antoninus, Augustus, Sarmaticus, Germanicus Maximus, to Lurius Lucullus and the other procurators: In conformance with my direction and ordinance, you shall not exact more than two days' free labour, thrice in the year, or inflict any injury contrary to the standing orders. This and the rest I have written with my own hand and verified."

* * * * *

It will be easily understood that the management of these vast estates required the services of an immense staff of officials. Two cemeteries have been discovered at Carthage, near the cisterns of Malga, set apart, one for the free men, the other for the slaves attached to the Administration. Two hundred and eighty-nine epitaphs have been discovered in the one cemetery, two hundred and ninety-five in the other.

The strange construction of some of these tombs, with funnels for libations, and the still stranger use to which these funnels were put, will be noticed elsewhere.

The epitaphs are interesting as supplying us with the titles of the various members of this Imperial Familia.

First come the *Procuratores*, or Imperial agents; then there come the *Pedisequi* or runners, and *Medici*, doctors who were attached to the persons of the great officials. Others were office clerks, *Notarii*, or *Librarii*, or *Tabularii*; others surveyors, *Mensores* or *Agrimensores* and *Agrarii:* many are soldiers, others *Pædagogi*, one a philosopher, another a nurse, another a dancer. These were all free, and probably Roman citizens, even if they did not come from Rome. The messengers and couriers, *Collegium Cursorum et Numidarum*, were natives and, probably, slaves.

CHAPTER VII

LIFE IN THE TOWN

THE traveller in Eastern Algeria and Tunisia cannot fail to be impressed by the enormous number of ruined Roman towns which he passes, and the density of the population to which they bear witness. Sometimes the very name of the ruins is forgotten; sometimes an inscription reveals the name, but everything else is lost; sometimes a ruined arch or huge monument such as the amphitheatre of Thysdrus (El Djem) rises in the midst of a desert, like the temples of Egypt. A single day's drive from Medjez-el-Bab (Membressa) to Kef (Sicca Vineria) carries us through no less than twenty towns, and even this takes no account of the private and Imperial estates, the *prædia*, *fundi*, and *saltus* which lay between them. The thickness of the population was, of course, uneven; it depended upon the supply of water and the distance from the sea. This latter point may be stated almost in terms of the law of gravitation, the number and importance of the towns varying inversely with the square of the distance from Carthage or some other seaport. It is difficult, almost impossible, to realise now, as we pass through leagues of treeless waste, by ranges of bare rocky hills, that those hills were once clothed with forests, that those plains once supported a teeming population, and were the granary of Rome.

And not less remarkable than the number must have been the splendour of these cities. A single

illustration of this must suffice—the Triumphal Arches which are so marked a feature of the Roman ruins. Other buildings, theatres, amphitheatres, fora, temples, aqueducts, were more or less necessary, and ministered to the pleasures, if not to the absolute requirements, of the people; these arches were purely ornamental, and so bear a clearer witness simply to the wealth and taste and liberality of those who erected them. Often only a foundation is left; sometimes, as with the great four-fronted arch at Constantine, only a tradition remains; sometimes, as at Medjez-el-Bab (the Ford of the Gate), only the name now tells us of the gateway outside which Belisarius defeated the rebel Stotzas.

Often these arches are only ornamental gateways in an existing city or temple wall, or carry an aqueduct, recalling the Porta Maggiore or the so-called Arch of Drusus at Rome; such are found at Lambessa, at Tebessa, and in the Capitol of Sbeitla. But more frequently they stand in solitary grandeur entirely detached from any other building.

Commonly they have only one opening, like the Arch of Titus at Rome, but even these are often of great dignity and beauty; such are the Arches of Diocletian at Sufetula (Sbeitla), of Commodus at Lambæsis (Lambessa), of M. Aurelius at Verecunda, one of the Arches at Thibilis (Announa), and especially the very splendid Arch of Septimius Severus at Ammœdara (Haidra).

And here it may be remembered that Severus was himself an African, born at Leptis, and had therefore a double claim on the loyalty of Africans, Roman and Berber.

Very rarely these arches had two openings, but it was found difficult to treat this form successfully, and it was hardly ever adopted; a solitary instance is to be found at Thibilis (Announa)—the only one, at any rate, that the present writer has found.

A more elaborate form has three openings; to this class belong the Arch of Septimius Severus at Lambæsis, the entrance Arch of the Capital of Sufetula (Sbeitla), dedicated to Antoninus Pius, and the great Arch of Trajan which bestrides the Decumanus Maximus at Thamugadi (Timgad).

The most perfect, the most beautiful, the most intricate, the most costly, and therefore the rarest form, is the four-sided arch, like the so-called Temple or Arch of Janus in the Forum Boarium of Rome. Such an arch still stands in Tripoli, and once stood in Cirta (Constantine). The only remaining instance in Africa is the Arch of Septimius Severus at Theveste (Tebessa).

The arch is a perfect square of thirty-six feet. On the keystones of the arches which crown the openings on the four sides are carved medallions: that on the west, a divinity, with an Egyptian headdress; that on the east, Minerva. On the frieze are four inscriptions—one to Caracalla; one to Septimius Severus, who was dead when the arch was erected, and the third to Julia Domna, *Matri Castrorum et Sen. et Patriæ*, "Mother of the Camp, of the Senate, and of the Fatherland." The fourth face was left blank. This is common, almost universal in inscriptions to Septimius Severus—either a blank, or, as in the case of his arch in the Forum of Rome, an erasure. In every case the cause was the same. It reminds us that in the year A.D. 212, the year after the death of Severus, Caracalla murdered his brother Geta, preferring, as he said, to worship him as a god than to have him as a living rival—"Sit divus dum non sit vivus."* The blank where the inscription to Geta

* The Roman Emperors did not take their apotheoses very seriously. *Væ, puto Deus fio*—"Alas! I am going to be made a god"—were the words of Vespasian when he lay a-dying. It is to the homely wit of the same Emperor that we owe the maxim which is the Great Charter of modern society, "Money does not smell."

should have been fixes the date of the arch. It was erected, or at least dedicated, between the years A.D. 212 and 217. When Solomon came in A.D. 535, he made the arch the principal gateway of his great fortress, and erected an inscription for himself, " the most glorious and most excellent Commander-in-Chief Solomon, Prefect of Libya and Patrician," in the vacant place.

The most remarkable and beautiful feature of the arch is that it was vaulted, and that on each of the four faces of the arch stood, resting against the central dome, a graceful little shrine, like the Ædicula at the entrance of the Atrium Vestæ at Rome, doubtless to shelter a statue. The whole is so sumptuous and rich, that it is curious that it has never been copied.

How are we to account for this marvellous profusion of splendid buildings and monuments? How came it that not only great cities, but even small and unimportant towns, were so richly adorned? The answer to these questions is simple and interesting. They were not built out of the rates, or by public subscription; they were, almost without exception, the gifts of private individuals—expressions, that is, of loyalty to the Emperor, and of love and pride in the city itself. Sometimes it was a governor or some great landowner, more frequently it was some wealthy officer in the army, who, either while he was alive, or by will, devoted part of his substance to the expression of his patriotism and to the beautifying of his home.

To these men *Civis Romanus sum* was no unmeaning phrase or boast—it was a patent of nobility; it bound these distant members to the great city which was the heart of the Empire and of the world—sometimes we hear it still, and from strange lips, *Io sono Romano di Roma.* And each colony or town, with its capital and forum, was a little Rome to its

inhabitants. From the splendour of the very ruins we learn to realise what Roman patriotism was, and to understand the contempt and hatred with which the Roman officers and citizens regarded the disloyalty, as they deemed it, of those who refused to take the oath of allegiance by burning incense to Cæsar.

But there was more than this. Municipal offices, especially that of perpetual Flamen, or Priest at the Imperial sacrifices, were, in their degree, as much objects of ambition as it was to be consul or tribune then, or M.P. or J.P. now. In England "The County" has yet to learn not to despise "The Town." To serve on a town council has until recently been considered almost a degradation: a wealthy merchant, when asked why he declined to serve, replied that "he wanted to keep himself respectable." Things are, happily, improving in this respect, but we are still very far from sharing the intense pride which the Roman citizen felt in his town or municipality. Each office had its fixed price, the *summa honoraria;* the city did not pay its magistrates—they paid the city for the honour of serving. The result was natural, and the list became a long one. A single fragment of an inscription found in the Curia at Thamugadi (Timgad) gives the names of no less than seventy citizens whom the *Respublica Thamugadensium* had admitted to the *splendidissimus ordo* of *Decuriones*, or town councillors. Rich men were eagerly sought after for this purpose; sometimes a man could boast that he was *Flamen Perpetuus* at both Thamugadi and Lambæsis.* A freedman, who could not, on that account, be made a Decurion, was elected an honorary member of that august body, and was allowed to wear the robes and regalia and to occupy the reserved seats in the theatres. There was a regular tariff. The price of the Duumvirate—the highest dignity—

* C.I.L. 2407.

at Thamugadi was £32, of an Ædileship £24. In certain cases this price was increased *ampliatâ taxatione*. It was only after this had been paid that bribery began. This usually took the form of a promise to erect some building "to adorn the Fatherland" (*exornare Patriam*).

These benefactions were not always confined to buildings: philanthropy had its place also. A citizen of Sicca Veneria (Kef) left a sum of one million three hundred thousand sesterces (£150,000), for the support and education of five hundred poor children, three hundred boys and two hundred girls, between the ages of three and fifteen years.

But civic duties, however honourable and onerous, could not fill the time of the busy and enthusiastic citizens. Something lighter was needed also.

Happiness comes from God, but men have to make their pleasures for themselves, and apparently it is these unnecessary things which, in the opinion of most, make life worth living.

We have seen the Roman citizen in his home in the country, hunting, boating, fishing, swimming—living, in fact, very much the life of an English country gentleman; it remains for us now, in dealing with town life, to speak of the public games, which occupied in the life of the people a place even more important than that which they fill nowadays. Thus, in announcing the victory over Firmus, the Emperor Aurelian writes: "Attend the public games, spend your time at the Circus, and leave politics to us. We will undertake all the trouble for you; you shall have all the pleasure."

Some of these amusements were inherited from the Greeks; these were the Circus and the Theatre; the one which the Romans invented for themselves was the Amphitheatre.

The Circus

The Circus was merely the Latin form of the Greek hippodrome, and, as its Greek name implies, was originally intended chiefly, if not solely, for chariot racing. In the Homeric poems, Agamemnon, Achilles, and Ulysses were charioteers, not horsemen. It was as a charioteer that Hector won the name by which Homer loves to describe him, "The Chivalrous Hector," and it was to its first great builder, the Etruscan King Tarquinius Superbus, that Rome believed that she owed her first circus, the Circus Maximus. The great difference between the hippodrome and the circus was that, among the Greeks, the drivers in the races were the great men who owned the horses, whereas amongst the Romans, at any rate in the days of the Empire, of which we are now speaking, the charioteers were paid professionals.

From the first days of Roman history, when the legendary Romulus was fabled to have held equally legendary races in the Field of Mars, to the days when riderless horses were raced, in the same place, down the Corso, permission to race Jews having been withdrawn, *Panem et Circenses*, "Free food and races," have been the chief demands of the Romans. And if it was so in Italy, much more was it the case in Africa, where the love of horses was indigenous;* it was from the African grooms that St. Jerome heard the saying which was passed into an English proverb: *Equi dentes inspicere donati*—"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth." This was an interest in which conquerors and conquered, Roman and Berber, were united. Wherever the Romans settled in any numbers they constructed first a theatre, then, if possible, an anphitheatre and a circus. They did so in the east at Carthage, Dougga, El Djem, Leptis Magna, and

* According to Herodotus, "The Greeks learnt from the Libyans to yoke four horses to a chariot" (iv. 189).

Sousse ; at Constantine, and in the far west at Cherchel. In a mosaic from Gafsa, now in the Bardo at Tunis, we see the *spina* and *metæ*, round which the chariots are racing ; by their sides are horsemen, the *jubilatores*, cheering on the teams, while above, in long rows, are the eager faces of the spectators—men and women—for to the circus both were admitted on equal terms, a fact which doubtless added much to the popularity of those games. Ovid has told us how he took a girl to the races, how he shielded her face from the sun with his card of the races, how he admired her ankle and wished he could see more.

Another even more interesting mosaic from Dougga, also in the Bardo, represents a victorious charioteer *Eros*. In his left hand he grasps the reins, in his right the whip and olive crown ; over the heads of two of the horses are inscribed, as usual, their names, *Amandus* and *Prunitus ;* to the right are the *Carceres*, which took the place of the starting-post ; over the charioteer's head runs the pretty, punning compliment : *Eros omnia per te*—"O love (*Eros*), all things are won by thee."

Another beautiful mosaic, preserved in the Kasbah at Sousse, represents the racing stables of a certain Sorothus. The hopes which Pompeianus centred in his horse Polydoxus have been already recorded.

The importance and wealth of a successful charioteer are shown in many ways. Martial compares the beggarly handful of coppers which was all he could earn in a day, with the fifteen bags of gold won by the charioteer Scorpus in a single hour.* The largest and costliest house yet excavated at Carthage belonged to another, Scorpianus, while a very curious inscription, discovered at Rome and described by the Contessa Lovatelli, tells us how Crescens, an African by birth, belonging to the faction of the Blues, won

* x. 74.

his first race in the consulate of Vipstanius Messala, on the anniversary festival of the divine Nerva (A.D. 115), with the horses Circius, Acceptor, Delicatus, and Cotynus, and his last, ten years later, in the consulate of Glabrion, at the festival of the divine Claudius (A.D. 124); and that between these two he won forty-seven first prizes, one hundred and thirty second, and one hundred and eleven third. The prize-money amounted to 1,558,346 sesterces, or £14,340.

The racing world was divided into four parties or *Factiones*—the Green (*Prasini*), the Red (*Russati*), the Blue (*Veneti*), and the White (*Albati*). Four chariots, one of each colour, raced in each heat (*missus*). We find them all in a mosaic in the Thermæ of Diocletian at Rome. The men wear round caps, close-fitting jerkins of their proper colour, tight breeches, and high boots. Round their bodies are laced the thongs which represented the ends of the reins, and added greatly to the interest of the races by insuring the death of any one who was thrown.

To one or other of these factions every Roman belonged. Nero belonged to the Green, and himself raced in their colours, and lodged the charioteers and grooms in the *Domus Gelotiana* on the Palatine, that he might be able the more easily to enjoy their society. To which of them any one belonged was, for the most part, as much an accident of birth, or station, or surroundings as the politics of an ordinary Englishman, but when once chosen there was no changing; in this, as in other matters, men atoned for the accidental character of their original choice by the obstinacy with which they clung to it. Such a change on the part of a charioteer was so rare that, when it occurred, it was thought worthy of a public monument. In the court of the Church of St. Irene at Constantinople stands a four-sided monument

adorned with reliefs and inscriptions. It is dedicated to a certain Porphyrius, a famous charioteer of the beginning of the sixth century. In one of the inscriptions his secession from the Blue faction to the Green is recorded; while in one of the reliefs we are shown Porphyrius himself, in his chariot, with, as usual, the names of the horses over the head of each.

A few years later the change, if made at all, would hardly have been made in this direction. Justinian, who loved horse-racing, with an even more passionate devotion than even law or theology, belonged to the Blues (there were then only two factions), while the Empress Theodora was suspected of a sneaking attachment to the Greens and heresy. At any rate the Blues constituted themselves champions of Church and King and assailed the Greens with a relentless ferocity which became a matter of political importance. Secure in the protection of the Emperor, masters of the city, almost of the world, they instituted a veritable reign of terror.* Clad in cloaks of rat-skins, with long tangled hair and moustaches, recalling by their appearance the ferocious Attila whose savagery they strove to emulate, they wandered in armed bands through the streets plundering, ravishing, or slaughtering whomsoever they would; their proudest boast was that they could kill a man with a single stroke of the dagger. If a judge were so ill-advised as to attempt to do justice and condemn an offender, the guilty wretch was sure of a free pardon from the Emperor, while the judge was reprimanded, and, if he repeated his offence, his contumacy was punished by removal from his post and banishment to some distant province of the Empire. Meanwhile the unhappy Greens, massacred by their rivals and deserted by the judges, fled from the city and became banditti,

* It is said that, on one occasion, thirty thousand were killed in the Circus.

preying without mercy on those from whom they had received none.*

The interest taken in the races at Carthage is illustrated in a curious way. Elsewhere I shall speak of the funnel tombs in the cemetery of the Roman officials, near the cisterns of La Malga, and of the love and other charms which were dropped into them. With these have been found a number of thin sheets of lead, called *tabulæ execrationis*, on which were scratched in Greek or Latin, sometimes in both, imprecations upon the horses and drivers of various factions. For comprehensiveness and minuteness of detail they are worthy of a place by the side of the famous Rochester Curse, printed by Sterne in *Tristram Shandy*, and parodied by Barham in *The Ingoldsby Legends*. This was the curse which aroused the pity of tender-hearted Uncle Toby:—

"'I declare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness.' 'He is the father of curses,' replied Dr. Slop. 'So am not I,' replied my uncle. 'But he is cursed and damned already, to all eternity,' replied Dr. Slop. 'I am sorry for it,' quoth my Uncle Toby."

Sometimes these imprecations were attached to a *cippus*, or gravestone, by a strip of leather; sometimes they were dropped into the tomb itself. One has been found between two skulls, apparently of men who had been beheaded, as no skeletons were found with them, and they had no relation to the ashes on which they lay. The sheets are naturally small and thin; on one, which measures only three inches by two and a half, the writing is so minute that it can be read only through a magnifying-glass.

The writing runs on a square round the four sides

* Proc. vii.

of the sheet and so round and round until it reaches the centre.

On one, not the most venomous, we find a drawing of the *spina* of the circus; at the top is a rough drawing of a cock's head; below are the *carceres*. On each side is a list of horses—*Sidereus, Igneus, Rapidus, Impulsator,* and so on—nineteen on one side and eight on the other, which is injured. The imprecation below begins as follows—I give it in the original to show the ignorance of the writer :—

" Ixcito demon qui ic conversans trado tibi os equos ut deteneas illos et inplicentur ec se movere possint."*

The invocations are varied and interesting; one begins as follows :—

" I invoke Thee, whosoever thou art, Spirit of the dead, dead before thy time, by the seven enthroned with the King of the under world, &c."†

Another :—

" I adjure Thee, O Demon, by the Holy Names, Salbal, Bathbal, Authierotabal, Basuthateo, Aleo, Samabethor, bind fast the horses of the Greens, whose names I give Thee," &c.‡

Sometimes they descend to personalities; on one the charioteer Dionysius is called, wherever the name occurs, " the gorging glutton." §

The following may be given at length, not because it is the most detailed or the most savage, but for its curious ending. ‖

The text, which is surrounded with cabalistic figures, runs as follows :—

" I invoke Thee, by the Great Names, to bind fast every limb and every nerve of Biktorikos (Victoricus), whom Earth, the Mother of every living soul, brought forth, the Charioteer of the Blues, and his horses which

* C.I.L. 12504.

† C.I.L. 12510. ‡ *Ibid.*, 12508.

§ *Ibid.*, 12508. ‖ *Ibid.*, 12511.

he is about to drive, belonging to Secondinas, Ioubenis (Juvenis) and Atbokatos (Advocatus), and Boubalos and Lauriatos, and those of Biktorikos, Pompeianos and Baianos and Biktor (Victor) and Eximios, and those of the Messalians, Dominator, and as many as shall be yoked with them. Bind fast their legs that they may not be able to start or to bound or to run. Blind their eyes that they may not see. Rack their hearts and their souls that they may not breathe. As this cock is bound by its feet and hands and head, so bind fast the legs and hands and head and heart of Biktorikos, Charioteer of the Blues, to-morrow, and his horses which he is about to drive, belonging to Secondinas, Ioubenis and Atbokatos and Boubalos and Lauriatos, and those of Biktorikos, Pompeianos and Baianos and Biktor and Eximios, and those of the Messalians, Dominator, and as many as may be yoked with them.

"Again I adjure Thee by the God of Heaven above Who sitteth upon the Cherubim, Who divided the Earth and severed the Sea, Iao, Abrico, Arbathiao, Sabao, Adonai,* to bind fast Biktorikos, Charioteer of the Blues, and the horses which he is about to drive . . . . to-morrow in the Circus. Now, Now, Quickly, Quickly."

In size these enormous structures differed greatly; the Circus Maximus at Rome, after its final enlargement by Trajan, would hold nearly half a million spectators; that at Carthage would accommodate about half that number; that of Maxentius, on the Appian Way,† about seventeen or eighteen thousand. In plan, however, they were all alike. That at Carthage, which concerns us most, may be taken as a type of them all.

It was a vast enclosure, seven hundred and forty

* These names are in Greek; the rest is in Latin.

† The most perfect existing example.

yards long, and three hundred and thirty broad—about the same length, that is, as the Circus Maximus, but only half the breadth. One end was semicircular, the other straight. Round three sides ran the tiers of seats, rising from the ground, like those of an amphitheatre, to a height of three storeys. In the middle of the semicircle was a gate, known as *Libitina*, an euphemism for Death, for it was a sort of " emergency exit " by which those who were killed or injured in turning the goal* could be carried out; for no amusement pleased the Romans which did not at least contemplate such accidents as these.

The other end was the starting-point. It was straight, but, instead of being set at right angles to the sides, inclined to the right, so that all the chariots, whatever their position, might reach the *spina*, round which the course ran, at the same moment. In the middle of this side was the grand entrance, flanked on each side by six stalls, or *carceres*, from which the chariots started. At either end was a tall tower called the *Oppidum*. Down the middle of the course, not parallel with the sides, but at right angles with the *carceres*, ran the *spina*, a barrier three hundred and thirty yards long, splendidly decorated with pillars, statues, altars, and, at Rome, obelisks. At the two ends of the *spina* stood the goals or *metæ*, the turning-points for the chariots; on these were placed marble dolphins and eggs, seven of each, corresponding in number with the laps of the race, one being removed as each lap was completed; the dolphins probably represented the sea-horses of Neptune,† who was commonly represented in a chariot, while the eggs recalled the legend of Leda and the Swan—Leda, the mother of the great twin-brethren, " Castor,

* In the imprecation on Dionysius (C.I.L. 12508), there is a special prayer that he may be thrown out " at the turnings."

† Or, more exactly, Consus, the *Neptunus equestris* (Livy, i. 9), whose altar stood on the *spina*.

swift with the car," and Pollux, who watered their horses at the Lake of Juturna in the Forum, after the battle of Lake Regillus, and who now stand by the side of their fiery steeds in the Piazza del Quirinale on the Monte Cavallo at Rome.

Of all this splendour nothing remains now save a few heaps of earth and some broken stones. At Dougga the line of the *spina* can still be traced; elsewhere there is little but a name, and perhaps an inscription, to tell of what once has been.

The Amphitheatre

More dear to the Greeks even than the hippodrome was the stadium for foot-races and other contests, in which the choicest of the Hellenic youth competed. From the games held at Olympia the years were dated, as from the consuls at Rome; to win the parsley crown of victory was a deed worthy to be immortalised in an ode by Pindar or to be used as a metaphor by St. Paul. But for such harmless sport, save for their own private exercise and amusement, the Romans had little liking. The so-called stadium on the Palatine was probably a garden; at any rate, it was private, and there is no trace of a stadium, public or private, in North Africa. In place of such we find the purely Roman amphitheatre, more popular even than the circus, if we may judge from the number, size, and magnificence of the buildings. In Africa all that was necessary for the shows was easy to obtain; elephants, lions, and other wild beasts abounded in the forests and on the mountains, gladiators were not dear, and slaves and Christians were always at hand. Happily the nature of these sports and of the places dedicated to them is so familiar that no detailed description of either is necessary; especially as, in North Africa, there have as yet been found no im-

portant mosaics representing them, like that of the gladiators in the Lateran Museum; or statues such as that of the Boxer in the Thermæ of Diocletian.

In the absence of mosaics, the following may be quoted as interesting. The comic element at the games was supplied by a buffoon, who, dressed as Mercury, went round with a red-hot iron to make sure that the gladiator, or martyr, as the case might be, was really dead. Tertullian, in his *Apology*,* refers to this custom, "*Risimus et inter ludicras meridionarum crudelitates Mercurium mortuos cauterio examinantem.*" A representation of this has been found on one of the *tabulæ execrationis* discovered in the Amphitheatre at Carthage. It portrays a monstrous beast, and a man disguised as Mercury; his knee is on a gladiator lying prostrate on the ground, whom he is piercing with a weapon like a chisel or dagger—no doubt the hot iron used to certify the death.

Amongst the largest and by far the most perfect amphitheatre in North Africa is that at El Djem, the ancient Thysdrus, approaching the Colosseum itself in both size and completeness. The first sight of it is strangely impressive. The road from Sousse (Hadrumetum) to Sfax (Taparura) climbs slowly up a long hill; as it reaches the summit, a vast, desolate tract of treeless desert comes in sight. The land is either bare or covered with scrub, save where, here and there, a patch of green tells that it is yielding a scanty return for the ineffectual scratching of an Arab plough. In the distance are a few olives, lately planted by the French, and in the centre of this desolation, closing, at a distance of some six miles, the dreary vista of a long straight stretch of road, there rises out of the wilderness the enormous bulk of the amphitheatre. It is like the lonely Church of Apollinaris, which marks, like a huge gravestone,

* xv.

the place where rests the vanished city of Classis. What has become of the mighty city, of the teeming population, which required so prodigious a playground? In the third century of our era, to which the building belongs, Thysdrus, with a population of one hundred thousand, was one of the most important cities of Roman North Africa. It was here that in A.D. 238 the pro-consul Gordian was proclaimed Emperor; according to tradition, the Berber heroine, the Kahenah, made this her fortress in her long fight for liberty against the Arab invaders. Now all is gone. As we passed through the squalid Arab village which nestles under the wing of the rugged walls of the amphitheatre, some navvies who were making a new railroad had just discovered the beautiful mosaic floor of an old Roman house; they offered it to our party if we could remove it. This was, of course, impossible, and it was destroyed. So late as the close of the seventeenth century the amphitheatre was almost intact. Then the natives rebelled, refused to pay taxes, and shutting themselves up, like the Frangipani at Rome, in their fortress, stood a regular siege from the troops of the Bey of Tunis. Victorious in the end, the Bey destroyed a large section of the building to prevent such another happening.

But though now by far the most perfect, the amphitheatre at El Djem was not the only one worthy to be compared with the Colosseum. That at Carthage approached it in size, and was, moreover, five storeys in height instead of three. Fifteen miles south of Tunis, at Oudna (Uthina), was another, hollowed out of the hill. Utica possessed another, larger still, but, like that at Oudna, hollowed out of a hill. Others are found at Henchir Fradiz (Aphrodisium), Ras Dinas (Thapsus), Oued Maliz (Simithu), Bulla Regia, Sbeitla (Sufetula), Lambessa (Lambæsis),

[*Garrigues.*

AMPHITHEATRE AT EL DJEM.

Lamta (Leptis Parva), Thyna (Thœna), Constantine (Cirta), and, in the far west, Cherchel (Cæsarea). Doubtless there were others, but even this number is remarkable when we consider the vast bulk of such buildings, and bears witness to the terrible fascination of the games.

What this fascination was, Augustine tells us in his *Confessions*. A pupil and friend of his, Alypius, had gone to Rome to study law. One day some friends coming home from dinner met him and dragged him, against his will, to the Colosseum. At first he kept his eyes shut. "Would God," says the writer, "he had stopped his ears also! For in the fight, when one fell, a mighty cry of the people striking him strongly, overcome by curiosity, he opened his eyes . . . and fell more miserably than he upon whose fall that mighty noise was raised . . . For so soon as he saw the blood he therewith drunk down savageness, nor turned away, but fixed his eye, drinking in frenzy unawares, and was delighted with that guilty fight, and intoxicated with the bloody pastime. Nor was he now the man he came; but one of the throng he came with . . . Why say more? He beheld, kindled, shouted, carried with him thence the madness which should goad him to return not only with them who first drew him thither, but also before them, and to draw on others."

In A.D. 177 Marcus Aurelius promulgated two rescripts against the Christians. On July 17th, A.D. 180, some poor peasants who had been arrested as Christians in the village of Scillium, were brought before the Proconsul, Vigellius Saturninus, at Carthage. They were twelve in number—seven men and five women; but the names of only six are recorded. The whole story shows that the task was distasteful to the judge, and that he tried to get such a retractation from the prisoners as might enable

him to dismiss the case. "We," he says to one of them, "are religious men, like you, and our religion is very simple; we swear by the genius of our Lord the Emperor, and pray for his safety, and you ought to do the same." Unable to win the submission he required, he offered them thirty days' grace in which to consider the matter. This they at once refused. At last he was compelled to pass sentence: "Speratus Nartzalus, Cittinus, Vestia, Donata, Secunda, and the others have confessed that they are Christians. They have been invited to return to the religion of Rome, and they have obstinately refused. Our sentence is that they die by the sword." "Thanks be to God," they all exclaimed. "And so," runs the record, "they together received the crown of martyrdom; and now they reign with the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit for ever and ever, Amen."

It is supposed that the basilica which was raised over their place of burial stood on the little knoll now called Koudiat Tsalli (The Hill of Prayer) near the amphitheatre. Their bones, according to Père Delattre,* have recently been discovered in the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo on the Cœlian, in Rome.

In A.D. 202 an edict of the new Emperor, Septimius Severus, gave a fresh impulse to the persecution. We hear of Jucundus, Artaxius, Saturninus being "burnt alive," of Quintus who died in prison, of Emilius and Castus, a girl Guddena, and Mavilus of Hadrumetum (Sousse). To this time belongs the martyrdom of Felicitas and Perpetua, who are to day honoured as the patron saints of Carthage.

Towards the end of the year A.D. 202 five persons were arrested at Thuburbo Minus (Tebourba) and brought to Carthage, on a charge, not of being Christians, but of proselytising. Three were men—Satur-

* *Ruines de Carthage*, p. 10.

ninus, Secundulus, and a slave Rebocatus (Revocatus). Two were women—a lady of rank, Vibia (Fabia) Perpetua, and a slave girl Felicitas. It is probable, if not certain, that Perpetua, and perhaps the others, were Montanists. Another, Saturus, followed them to Carthage and gave himself up. The Proconsul, Minucius Timinianus, had just died, and the case came before the *interim* governor, Hilarianus. The *carcer castrensis* where Perpetua was confined is still shown near the modern buildings of St. Monnica. The prisoners were tried and condemned in the Proconsular Palace in Byrsa, and on the day before their martyrdom they were taken to the amphitheatre. There they together shared their last meal, the *Cæna Libera*, to which spectators were admitted. "Look at us well," cried Saturus, turning fiercely on the gaping crowd, "look at us well, that you may be able to recognise us at the Day of Judgment."

The account of their martyrdom is so simple and natural that it may be accepted as true, possibly even as the report of an actual eye-witness.

Before the games they were stripped of their clothes, sacrificial fillets were bound on their heads, and they were given the robes of priests of Hammon, or priestesses of Tanith. These they refused, so they remained naked. The men were exposed first to the attack of a leopard, then of a bear. For the women, as an insult to their sex, a wild cow was provided. They had both recently had children, and the sight of the milk running down from the breasts of Felicitas touched, for a moment, the hearts of the multitudes. In obedience to the shouts which arose, they were led back and their own clothes were restored to them. Perpetua returned first; she was tossed by the cow and fell upon her back. Her dress was torn, and, as she lay on the ground, she drew it over her limbs again and tried to fasten up her hair,

which had come down. She then raised herself, and seeing Felicitas lying, stunned and bruised, she dragged herself towards her and tried to lift her up. The people were again touched with pity, and cried out that their lives should be spared, and they were led out by the gate called *Sanavivaria.* It s a curious touch, as showing the spiritual exaltation of the martyr, that the first words of Perpetua were a question, when the martyrdom would begin. Later in the day the mob changed their minds, and demanded that they should be brought back to suffer. After giving one another the kiss of peace, they awaited the sword in silence. Saturus suffered first : Perpetua last. The executioner was a novice ; the first blow failed, and she uttered a cry. Then, seeing that the man was overcome and trembling, she took the dagger in her hand and herself placed it at her throat.

In the arena, a cross has been raised to their honour, and a large vault, possibly the one in which they were placed before the martyrdom, dressed as a chapel. Between St. Monnica and La Marsa, a very ancient *memoria martyrum* has been discovered ; it runs as follows :—

. . . . . NT MARTY . . . . . .
SATURUS SATUR . . .
REBOCATUS . . . . . .
FELICIT . . . PER . . . .

In the Museum at Carthage is a sepulchral slab, said to be that of Perpetua. The inscription runs :—

PERPETUE FILIE
DULCISSIMÆ.

If this be true, it would show that she was reconciled to her family, who remained pagan ; but the name was not uncommon, and the attribution is more than doubtful.

At Dougga a very interesting memorial has been found of certain martyrs of whom we know neither the names nor the date. Near the roadside on the slope of the hill which is crowned with the Temple of Saturn are the ruins of a Christian church, built of stones from the temple. Close by, and certainly connected with the church, fragments of an inscription have been discovered, imperfect, indeed, but the meaning of which is clear. It is addressed to "The Holy and most Blessed Martyrs," and speaks of four *cubicula* or crypts which Mammarius, Granius, and Epideforus had built at their own expense for funeral feasts, *symposia* or *convivia*. In Etruscan times these chambers and feasts were common; a very remarkable example of such a chamber is found in the tomb of the Velimni at Perugia. But, in the Christian Church, this seems to be a solitary example.*

The inscription is as follows :—

SANCTI ET BEATISSIMI MARTURES PETIMUS IN MENTE HABEATIS UT DONENTUR VOBIS . . . . SIMPOSIUM MAMMARIUM GRANIUM EPIDEFORUM QUI HÆC CUBICULA QUATTUOR AD CONVIVIA PRO MARTURIBUS SUIS SUMPTIBUS ET SUIS OPERIBUS FECERUNT.

The Theatre

An amphitheatre or circus was a luxury, a theatre was almost a necessity of every self-respecting town. Hollowed, whenever possible, out of the summit or flank of a hill, we find their remains not only in great cities such as Carthage or Sufetula (Sbeitla) or Hadrumetum (Sousse), but in little frontier fortresses like Timgad or Tebessa, and country towns such as Dougga.

For four hundred years the theatre maintained its popularity, but it did so only because it was content

* *Convivia* held in honour of martyrs, at their graves, are mentioned by Theodoret (A.D. 429); and Augustine complains of excessive drinking at these feasts. Vide *Egypt and Israel*, p. 133.

to follow rather than to form popular taste; and popular taste, at any rate among the Romans, fell very low.

In truth, the Romans never took kindly to the Greek drama, whether tragic or comic. The solemnity of the themes chosen, the restrained majesty of the poetry, the elaborate and balanced melody of the choruses, all this required an elevation of mental training and a sensitiveness of ear of which a Roman audience was as incapable as an English one would be to day; and so Tragedy became Drama and Drama Melodrama. In the days of the Republic, while "Matron" was still

> "Magnum et venerabile nomen,
> Gentibus, et nostræ multum quod profuit urbi,"

dramatists kept their hands off the subject; but under the Empire, when women counted the years by their divorces instead of by the Consuls, problem plays became the rage.

The decay of Comedy was even more rapid and complete; the fall from Comedy to Farce, from Farce to Burlesque, and from Burlesque to mere buffoonery was unbroken, until at last the legitimate Drama became little better than a variety entertainment. "There," says Apuleius,* "the Mimic plays the fool, the Comedian chatters, the Tragedian rants, the Pantomimist (actor in dumb show) gesticulates, the Acrobat risks his neck, and the Conjurer does his tricks." By degrees the old Drama, in which many characters had their balanced parts, was broken up into monologues; sometimes the choirs occupied the orchestra and accompanied the actor as he declaimed, "through music"; sometimes the choir played and sang while the actor did his part in dumb show. Then there was the Mimic who imitated common actions and vulgar people; or the rough-and-tumble work of

* *Flor.* 1–5.

the Clown, with the Pantaloon, *stupidus gregis*, who took all the kicks and buffetings; or the comic business, like the harlequinade of old-fashioned pantomine, between the thief (*Laureolus*) and the policeman. Here there came a touch of tragedy, for since Roman propriety required that the law should triumph in the end, it was necessary that eventually the poor knave should be caught and crucified. Under Domitian this sentence was actually carried out on the stage, to the great content of the audience, who, then as now, loved realism.*

Lastly, the performance ended with a general *tombola* or scramble, in which the weaker were thrown down, trampled on, suffocated, and sometimes killed. Fruit, sweetmeats, cakes, money, coins, and medals, with filthy devices, struck for the purpose, were showered upon the rows of seats. At last it was found necessary to give lottery tickets (*tesseræ*) to the respectable folk, and let them leave before the horse-play began.

As last signs of decadence, *encores* were allowed, and a *claque*, *laudiceni*, employed.

To turn from the performances to the buildings is like coming out of darkness into light; it is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful and gracious than some of the African theatres.

It is sometimes said that whereas the Greeks placed their theatres high up, amid beautiful scenery, as at Taormina, or Syracuse, or Segestus, the Romans were indifferent about the surroundings. Certainly this is true of the two principal theatres of Rome, those of Pompey and Marcellus, as it is of some in Africa, such as those at Bulla Regia, Colonia Julia Assuras (Zamfour), or Althiburos (Medeina), and always for the same reason that they had to be erected on level ground; but whenever possible, as at Thamugadi, or Carthage, or Thugga, they were hollowed out of the summit, or,

* *L'Afrique Romaine*, p. 259.

at any rate, the flank of a hill, and commanded a view hardly inferior to the famous panoramas from the theatres of Sicily. Since, except in detail, they very closely resemble one another, let us take as an example that at Dougga, as being the most perfect as well as the most beautiful both in structure and in situation.

As is the case with all Latin theatres, and it is one of the points which distinguish them from the Greek, the auditorium, or *cavea*, is a perfect semicircle, the diameter in this case being seventy yards and the radius thirty five. The *orchestra*, or pit, is surrounded by five steps, on which were placed seats for magistrates and persons of importance. Access to this part of the theatre, which was separated by a wall from the rest, was given by two arched entrances or *vomitoria*, one on each side. Over that to the right, as you face the audience, was the royal box, or *pulvinar*, which was occupied usually by the man who bore the expense of the spectacle. The rest of the *cavea*, which was hollowed out of the hill, was formed of twenty five rows of seats. These were divided into three classes, one above the other, by walls and passages; access was given by a grand staircase down the middle and four other staircases which divided the seats into six *cunei* or wedges. Round the top ran a handsome pillared portico or arcade. The portico, which had five doors, one opposite each staircase, bore, as usual, a great inscription. This informs us, with much detail, that Publius Marcius Quadratus, on the occasion of his elevation to the post of Perpetual Flamen of the divine Augustus, by the Emperor Antoninus, presented the entire theatre to his country; that he also gave in it scenic representations, a distribution of food, a feast, and a show of gymnastics.

Let us now turn to the stage.

In front of the stage, or *scena*, beyond the passage between the two *vomitoria*, stood the *pulpitum;* this

was a wall about three feet high, in which were a series of seven recesses, alternately square and semicircular; in the middle recess, which was semicircular, stood the altar, which in a Greek theatre would have stood in the centre of the *orchestra;* it reminds us that, even in its worst days, the performance never altogether lost its religious character, and for this reason men had to attend in full dress, that is, wearing the *toga*. Tertullian created such a scandal at Carthage by breaking this rule and going in his *pallium* only, that he was obliged to publish an elaborate explanation and apology. In the last recess at each end was a staircase, by which, if necessary, the choir or performers could reach the *orchestra*.

Behind this was the curtain, the *auleum*. As a rule, this was like our drop scene, of a single piece, but it worked on a roller which lay below the stage, so that it was dropped at the beginning, and raised at the end of the performance. On the bottom of it were painted or worked figures of Britons, so that as it rose it seemed as if they were raising it—

"Purpurea intexti tollunt aulea Britanni." *

On the stage of the theatre of Timgad there are still sixteen holes for the supports on which the roller rested.

The arrangement at Dougga was somewhat different, in that a series of small curtains took the place of one large one; but it has been found necessary to rebuild the front of the stage, and the method of working the curtains is not clear.

The stage itself, which is about seventeen feet deep, was covered with mosaic, except in the middle, where there were four trap-doors, for the sudden appearance of gods or ghosts, "'*Mater te appello*' *dictitantes*," † and other similar stage business.

* Verg., *Æn.* i. 282. † Cic., *Pro Cluentio.*

All this is not very unlike a modern theatre, and has been imitated with success at Bayreuth. The great difference is in the solid wall which took the place of our movable scenery, at the back of the stage. This was as high as the gallery which ran round the top of the *cavea*, and must have been of two, if not three, storeys, of great splendour and beauty.

Across the stage, from side to side, ran a low wall about four feet high, on which rested an arcade of thirty-two pillars. The wall was not straight, but, like the *pulpitum*, followed the line almost universally adopted by the Imperial architects, and was bent into a semicircular apse in the centre, flanked by a square recess on either side. In the centre of each of these was a staircase, rising from the stage in front, and dropping to the green room, or part reserved for the actors, behind. By the side of each of these flights of steps were four pillars, rising to the height of the others, but resting on the stage. The arcade of pillars undoubtedly carried a cornice; how these large pillars were crowned is uncertain: perhaps they carried statues. The upper storey or storeys of the *scena* have perished.

Such is the theatre of Dougga; but the whole place is so interesting, and is so good an example of a prosperous Roman country town, as to deserve a somewhat more detailed notice than can be given by a description of the separate buildings.

THEATRE, DOUGGA. [*Lehnert and Landrock.*

CHAPTER VIII

A COUNTRY TOWN

THE journey from Tunis to Dougga is rather wearisome. For the first forty miles the train takes us along the banks of the Medjerba to Medjez-el-Bab, the Roman Membressa. It was on the plain, south-east of Membressa, that in A.D. 536, Belisarius defeated the mutineers under his former lieutenant Stotzas. Of the gateway which gave the place its modern name, "The Gate of the Ford," nothing remains. In fact, with the exception of a few capitals, and the stones of which the modern bridge has been constructed, nothing remains of the old Roman settlement. The Arab village was founded in the fifteenth century by the Moors who had been driven from Andalucia. The rest of the journey, lasting six to seven hours, has to be made in a covered cart, called by courtesy a diligence.

The road runs along the lower slopes of the Djebel Djebs, between which and the Djebel Krab the Medjerba flows, through Slouguia (Chiddibia) to Testour (Tichilla). Both these villages were also founded by the Moors from Spain. The open spaces, the wide straight streets, the tiled houses with pent houses in front—above all, the white complexion of the Andlas, as the inhabitants are called, give the villages a strangely European appearance.

Another five miles and we reach Aïn Tounga, which once bore the sonorous name of *Municipium Septimium Aurelium Antoninianum Herculeum frugiferum Thignicæ*. The ruins are very extensive and interesting;

they include temples to Mercury, Saturn, Cœlestis, and an unknown deity ; the remains of cisterns, a triumphal arch, a church, and a huge Byzantine fortress.

Leaving the Siliana, which we have followed for some miles, we follow the Oued Khalled through Sustri (Civitas Sustritana) and Aïn Golea to Teboursouk (Thubursicum Bure). Here we stay for the night.

Teboursouk was at one time a town of some importance, but little of the old Roman colony remains, except two triumphal arches, which have been built up in the walls of the vast and very interesting Byzantine fortress, and part of the old city wall. It is built high up against the rocky hill of Sidi Rahma. A deep ravine protects it in front.

From Teboursouk a drive of about six miles brings us to Dougga. The road climbs higher and higher along the flank of a great amphitheatre of hills, the Kef Teboursouk and the Kef Dougga, to a lofty cape, pushing out into the plain, on the farther slope of which the ruined city lies. Climbing up the precipitous side of the hill to the plateau which crowns it, we find ourselves among the scattered dolmens of some forgotten race. They much resemble those at Roknia, but are less numerous, less perfect, and therefore less interesting. Beyond them lies the *spina* of the circus. It was two hundred yards long, but, except the *metæ* at the ends, little now remains. To the left of it lay a temple ; then a group of cisterns fed by a little aqueduct, and then the great Byzantine enceinte which ran from the edge of the precipice to the capitol, which crowned the other slope of the hill.

Scrambling over the Byzantine wall, we find ourselves in the Temple of Saturn, and at our feet, low down by the side of the road, lies an interesting Christian basilica, built with the stones of the old temple. It must have been a pretty little building of the usual type, a nave with aisles and arcades of

pillars, and a semicircular apse at the east end; two flights of steps led up to the *presbyterium*, and two others down to the very perfect crypt below. Several sarcophagi have been found *in situ;* on one we can still read the name:

VICTORIA SANTIMONIALE IN PACE.

Two annexes lie to the north and to the south. Close by was found the inscription to the "Holy and Happy Martyrs," printed elsewhere.*

A few steps from the Temple of Saturn bring us to the great central entrance to the arcade, which encircled the topmost row of seats in the theatre. We pass on, and pause for a moment to look at one of the most beautiful scenes that North Africa has to show.

The morning had been wet, and, though the sun had broken through and was shining brightly, heavy masses of cloud still floated across the sky and threw dark patches of purple shadow over hill and valley before us. To the left stretched the long fertile valley of the Oued Khalled, through which ran the road from Carthage, through Sicca Veneria (Kef) to Theveste (Tebessa). It was along this road that Matho and Spendius led the mutinous mercenaries, and it was here that they found the multitude of crosses bearing crucified lions. Somewhere near lay Zama. Under Roman cultivation it must have been a tract of immense fertility, as indeed is shown by the incredible number of Roman towns, villas, and stations which lay in all directions. Even now the fields of wheat and barley, the vineyards, and above all the great olive gardens, show that its richness is returning. On the other side the wide open valley is shut in by the heights of the Djebel Abdullah Cherid. Higher still, in the far blue distance, start up the wild crags of Zaghouan.

Close in front, and to our right, lay the wonderful ruins

* *Vide* p. 125.

of the wealthy Roman town, *Colonia Licinia Septimia Aurelia Alexandrina Thugga.* It took its name from the Libyan village of " Tucca," " The Pastures."

Immediately below us, just outside the theatre, lay the squalid little Arab village of Dougga, which unfortunately occupies much of the site of the old town. In a sheltered spot close by, an Arab sheik, in gorgeous apparel, was exercising his horse, in readiness for the Fantasia which was to be held at Tunis on the following Sunday, in the presence of the Bey and of the French authorities. The horse was richly caparisoned. The head-piece, blinkers, and reins, and the high saddle, rising almost to the shoulders of the rider, were of red leather, worked in gold. The feet rested in broad, square stirrups, the sharp corners of which acted as spurs. But in addition to these, the rider wore murderous-looking prick-spurs, nearly a foot long, with which he could stab his unfortunate horse in the very tenderest places, and make it prance and rear, not from spirit, but from sheer agony. In a corner against a wall squatted a musician, to the sound of whose pipes the horseman was trying to make his horse keep time. All round stood or crouched a group of natives, watching his evolutions with the languid curiosity which is all they ever vouchsafe to show.

To the right of the theatre lies the Forum, consisting, not of a single court as at Timgad, but of a series of small spaces, esplanades, and staircases, in the centre of which stands the Capitol. We follow an old road, only partly excavated. To our left as we enter the Forum is a little semicircular shrine dedicated to Pietas Augusta. Close by are the foundations, now overgrown with shrubs, of a rectangular building, probably a Temple of Fortune, according to an inscription found close by : " FORTVNAE. AVG VENERI CONCORDIÆ MERCVRIO."

Thus we reach the upper court of the Forum, called the Place of the Rose of the Winds. In front rises the wonderful Capitol: to the right lies the Temple of Mercury. The sanctuary consisted of three cells, preceded by a portico of ten pillars carrying a long inscription, telling us how Quintus Pacuvius Saturus, his wife Nahania Victoria, and their son Felix Victorianus built this Temple to Mercury. Another text shows that it was built between the years A.D. 160-220.

On the pavement of the Forum, in front of the temple, is cut a curious chart or compass of the winds, from which the place takes its name. It is a large circle, divided into twenty-four segments. In every other one of these is carved the name of the wind which blew from that quarter. Here are the names: SEPTENTRIO (N.). AQVILO. EVROAQVILO. VVLTVRNVS (E.). EVRVS. LEVCONOTVS. AVSTER (S.). LIBONOTVS. AFRICVS. FAVONIVS (W.). ARGESTES. CIRCIVS.

Beyond the Forum stands high against the sky the beautiful portico of the Capitol. Then past the Arch of Severus, known as the Roman Gate, Bab er Roumia, and beyond another cluster of cisterns fed by an aqueduct, fed with the waters of the Aïn-el-Hamman, we catch a glimpse through its sheltering olives of the lovely Temple of Cœlestis.

A little below the Forum rises the striking gateway of the Dar-el-Acheb, or House of Ahab, as it is called from the name of its owner. Its former purpose is unknown.

Immediately in front of us, the ground drops so abruptly that it reaches to the second storey at the back, of houses which open on the roadway in front. The beautiful mosaic floors of many of these remain *in situ*. Others are at Tunis. Amongst these is that of the charioteer "Eros" * and a very large one of three colossal Cyclopes working in the cavern-forge of Vulcan. The mosaic is much injured, but the Cyclopes

* *Vide* p. 111.

are almost perfect. They are wielding sledge-hammers. The hammer of one has just struck the anvil. The second holds his high over his head poised in the very act of bringing it down. The third is leaning backwards with his hammer thrown behind him, gathering his full strength for the stroke. The rhythmical swing of the three hammers is admirable ; while, for the freedom and vigour of its figure-drawing, this wonderful mosaic deserves to rank with a fresco of Michael Angelo.

Perhaps the most beautiful of these houses is that which is called, from the shape of one of its rooms, " The Trefoil." The house consists of a court planted with trees and shrubs, and surrounded by a portico formed of columns covered with stucco, on which rested a wooden ceiling. The floor is covered with a rich pavement of mosaics, representing two masques, tragic and comic, a pigeon, and leafy vine branches encircling a horse. The house is approached from behind by a beautiful staircase with landings enriched with mosaics.

To our right as we descend the hill lie the great public thermæ, supplied with water by cisterns which are themselves fed by an aqueduct. To our left are the imposing ruins of another arch to Septimius Severus.

Passing on, through an olive garden in which are the remains of some huge dolmen tombs, formed of dressed stones, and of a much later date than those near the Temple of Saturn, we see the imposing mass of the great Libico-Punic mausoleum of Ataban, about which so much has been said.* Surrounded by olives of immemorial age, it looks out calmly over the green valley and on the great road, first made when itself was old, along which so many civilisations have stormed and passed away, leaving the old Berber stock almost where and as they found it.

* *Vide* p. 21.

SITE OF THE ROSE OF THE WINDS, DOUGGA. [*Lehnert and Landrock.*

CHAPTER IX

LACHRYMÆ ECCLESIÆ, A.D. 150–391.

THE beginnings of Christianity in North Africa are lost beyond the reach, not merely of history, but even of tradition or legend. All we can say is that, when light first breaks in, late in the second century, we find a vigorous and active Church, widely spread and fully organised, with bishops in all the important towns. Agrippinus, Bishop of Carthage, summoned* a synod of seventy. In general character it resembled the Eastern churches, such as those of Asia Minor, more than the Church of Rome, especially in the position assigned to the bishops, which was, at any rate after the time of Cyprian, essentially autocratic and monarchic, rather than constitutional, as it has always been at Rome ; no body of priests, for instance, ever claimed or gained the position occupied at the Imperial city by the College of Cardinals. It treated with Rome as a sister Church ; sometimes submitting to it its difficulties for solution, sometimes itself called in to give its decision in some difficult case. Thus in the time of Cyprian, A.D. 251, the claims of the rival Popes, Novatianus and Cornelius, were referred to him for adjudication. The Church was Eastern too, in its fiery turbulence and restless activity, but with the great difference that the questions which divided it were not intellectual, but disciplinary.

The history of the Church gathers round three or four outstanding men—the fiery apologist, Tertullian ;

* *Circ.* A.D. 215.

the great Bishop, Cyprian; the schismatic, Donatus; the learned theologian, Augustine. It will give coherence as well as colour and interest to what follows, to make it centre, so far as possible, in these names.

Tertullian was born at Carthage about the year A.D. 150, and died there about sixty years later; that is all we know. His father was a Proconsular centurion; he himself was brought up to be a lawyer. He was converted to Christianity in the year A.D. 192, and ordained deacon and priest; in A.D. 199 he joined the schism of Montanus, driven to it, he says, by the envy and contumeliousness of the clergy. Such, in bare outline, was his life. Its importance lies in the period it covered, and in the writings which his surroundings called forth.

The Golden Age of the Empire died with Marcus Aurelius in A.D. 180. The Age of Iron began with his son Commodus, the Gladiator. Still, both he and his successors, Pertinax and Didius Julianus, in spite of the efforts made by the priestesses of Cœlestis to influence Pertinax, were friendly, or at least neutral, towards Christianity. With Septimius Severus (A.D. 193-211) began the military despotism, and with it a time of persecution.

Severus was a Berber, born at Leptis, and raised to the purple by his army. Not unnaturally, he relied upon the army which had placed him on the throne. "Enrich the soldiers," he said; "never mind the others." His interest in North Africa, and her pride in him, are writ large on the face of the country, in the many triumphal arches erected in his honour, at Tebessa, Lambessa, the two great camps on the slopes of the Aures, at Haïdra (Ammædara), Dougga, and elsewhere. During the civil war which occupied the first years of his reign, he was busy about other things, and the Church in Italy had peace; but in

Africa there were intervals of sharp and cruel persecution. At last, with peace to the Empire, came times of trouble to the Church; in A.D. 198, when Vigellius Saturninus was Proconsul, the sword was definitely unsheathed.

The apology, or defence of Christianity, which this called forth, is the best known and most famous of all the writings of Tertullian, and this not merely because of its impassioned eloquence and vigour and dialectical skill. More remarkable than any of these is the tone adopted and the absence of any "apology" in the modern sense of the word. There is no plea for mercy, but a demand for justice; no cry for pardon for hidden crime or disloyalty, but a claim for praise and honour for conspicuous virtue. Christians are the best citizens,* the truest patriots. It is in such paradoxes as these that he delights; we find them on every page: "Lie to be true," "God is great when little"; or, to take the most celebrated of them all, "The Son of God died; it is credible because it is foolishness; buried, He rose again; it is certain because it is impossible." "*Mortuus est Dei Filius, prorsus credible est quia ineptum est; Et sepultus resurrexit, certum est quia impossibile est.*" Well may Pusey say of him, "His writings were thunderbolts, the fire which kindles and the beacon which warns"; or, in his own words, "O wretched man that I am, always consumed with the fever of impatience." "*Miserrimus ego, semper æger caloribus impatientiæ.*" It is easy to understand why he set so deep a stamp upon the character of the African Church, and how it was that men like Cyprian and Augustine fell so completely under his sway.

* "We are made brothers," he declares, "by those very questions of money which with you set brother against brother. We are of one heart and soul; that is why we are so ready to share our goods one with another. We have everything in common, except our women." (*Apol.* 39.)

To fight against them is useless; to destroy them is impossible; they multiply under persecution, and, in his own great words, "the blood of Christians is the seed" of the Church. With fierce eloquence he defends God Himself for permitting persecution and martyrdom. It is not death—it is salvation; God is killing death by death, and is justified in doing so. "What you call perversity, I call reason; what you call cruelty, I call kindness." "*Perversitas quam putas Ratio est, quod sævitiam æstimas Gratia est.*"

A very *Malleus Hæreticorum*, his pen was always at the service of the Church, even after his own lapse into the schism of Montanus.

Whatever his subject, he was always vehement, always in extremes, often powerful. Sometimes he descended to personalities. In his answer to a painter, Hermogenes, who had ventured to write a pamphlet in defence of Gnosticism, "If your pictures," he says, "are like your book, you are the sorriest painter that ever lived."

Later on the Church itself came in for its share of castigation. How far the assault was deserved, or what deduction we must make for a constitutional tendency to exaggeration, it is difficult to say. A few quotations may be given.

Christians who escape persecution by flight or payment: "I do not know whether to weep or blush when I see on the police lists, among publicans, pick-pockets, thieves, gamblers, and pimps, the fines paid by Christians. I suppose that the Apostles organised the episcopate provisionally, in order that the bishops might enjoy the revenues of their sees in safety, under pretence of ruling them." As to the poor laity: "Their guides themselves—deacons, priests, and bishops—are in full flight; now the people know what is meant by 'flee from one city to another.'

When the officers desert, who among the crowd of soldiers will dare advise others to keep their ranks?" As to these officers: "Doubtless they are packing their boxes, to be ready to fly 'from city to city'; that is the only text they remember well; . . . their pastors! I know them; lions in peace, stags in war."*

He deals with equal fathfulness with the Pope. "Whence did you receive the rights you usurp for your Church? Do you pretend to believe that you have inherited the power of binding and loosing—that is to say, you and the Church which traces up to Peter? Who are you who destroy and alter the manifest intention of our Lord, who gave this power to Peter personally! How does all this apply to the Church, at any rate to yours, O man of the flesh?"†

To attend the games was to go "*de cœlo in cœnum*," "from the sky to the sty."

For the benefit of theatre-goers, he relates how a woman once came home from the theatre possessed of a devil; and how the evil spirit, when cast out, complained bitterly, protesting that he had every right to her, as he had found her trespassing on his domain. "*In meo eam inveni.*"‡

Under Hilarion, A.D. 202–203, persecution broke out again. The occasion seems to have been the refusal of a Christian soldier to accept the laurel crown (*donativum*) presented by Severus and Caracalla;§ but it took a new form—the refusal to Christian dead of their own proper place of burial: "*Areæ non sint*," "No cemeteries." Severus had given leave to all classes to form burial clubs, and the Christians took advantage of this permission to register themselves as an association of this kind, and so bring themselves and their places of meeting under the protection of

* *De Fuga*, 11–13.
† *De Pudic.*, 21.
‡ *De Spect.*
§ *De Corona.*

the law, and become possessed of a cemetery of their own. As a matter of fact, the Christians were using the law for a purpose for which it was never intended; but it was equally true that their persecutors stretched the law also; for the edict of Severus did not condemn a man for being a Jew or a Christian, but only for becoming one—it was intended to prevent proselytising. "*Judæos fieri*" (not *esse*) "*sub gravi pœnâ vetuit. Idem etiam de Christianis sanxit.*" Under Julius Aspar there was peace for some five or six years; on the death of Severus, trouble broke out again.

Some five or six years after Tertullian's death, about the year A.D. 220, was born a disciple who was to prove greater than his master, Thascius Cyprianus. He was a man of rank, position and wealth. His home was at La Marsa, the pleasant valley which leads down to the sea between the Beacon Hill of Cape Carthage and the heights of Djebel Khaoui and Kamart. Then, as now, it was the pleasantest and most fashionable suburb of Carthage. Large-minded, generous in money matters, eloquent, able, popular, and ambitious, he lived for five and twenty years the ordinary life of a Roman gentleman. Then in the year A.D. 245 he was converted to Christianity by an old priest, Cæcilianus, and baptized by the name of Cæcilius, after the man to whom he owed his conversion. He at once sold his estates and villa at La Marsa and gave the money to the poor. His friends bought in the villa, but he was with difficulty restrained from selling it again. It was to this villa that he was confined just before his martyrdom. Four years later, in A.D. 249, the unanimous voice of the people, never more truly than on that day the voice of God, called him, sorely against his will, to the difficult, dangerous, and thankless post of Archbishop of Carthage and Pope of the African Church.

But with these had come, perhaps inevitably, a widespread relaxation of discipline; and the disorders and scandals within the Church, which had driven Tertullian into schism, had grown rank and monstrous.

In A.D. 249 Decius became Emperor, and in the following year he promulgated an edict requiring all Christians formally to recant within a certain time. Many stood firm; the names or office of some of these are known; a young reader endured torture and exile; a priest, Numidicus, Paulus, Mappalicus, Celerinus, and others sealed their faith with their blood; but the falling away was general. Day after day, Byrsa was besieged by crowds of Christians thronging to make their submission before the time of grace expired.

Cyprian fled and remained in hiding for sixteen months, until the worst was over. Doubtless he was right—his life was of more value to the Church than his death. Doubtless also, to a man of his proud nature and dauntless courage, to live under the stigma of cowardice was far harder than to face the danger, and, if necessary, to die. During his absence, a violent opposition to his return sprang up under a certain Felicissimus. A terrible pestilence which broke out soon after, in which Cyprian showed himself a very Carlo Borromeo in his generosity, courage, and loving care of the sufferers, whether Christian or not, made his position unassailable.

In a letter written at that terrible time, he exhorts his flock to courage, faith, and resignation, and bids them not to weep too sorely over those who die: "We have not lost them; they have only gone before. Like travellers we may regret their departure, but not lament over them. Put on no mourning here for those who, on high, are clothed in white. There, on high, await us our parents, our brothers, our children, who in serried ranks lament our absence; sure of their

own salvation, they are only anxious about ours. What joy for them to see us again and embrace us! There you will see the glorious company (*chorus*) of the Apostles, the army of prophets, the innumerable throngs of crowned martyrs, virgins who have overcome the temptations of the flesh and of the body, the charitable who have exchanged the good things of this world for the treasures of heaven."*

Then came the end. The legions in Gaul had made Valerian Emperor (A.D. 253), a man whom all thought worthy of reigning until he reigned—"*vir omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset*" †—as Tacitus says of Galba. In August A.D. 257, he issued a first edict of persecution, closing the cemeteries, forbidding all assemblages of Christians, and ordering all to join in the official worship. On August 30 the Proconsul, Paternus, summoned Cyprian before him, and on his refusal to conform, banished him to Curubis (Kourba) across the Gulf, on the east coast of Cape Bon. There he remained for nearly a year. It was at Curubis in the autumn of that year that he composed his last treatise: an exhortation to martyrdom.

In July of the following year, A.D. 258, from the far east where he was fighting, Valerian issued another edict more terrible still, aimed directly at the heads of the Church. To this persecution belong the massacres at Utica, known as the *Massa Candida*, the martyrdom of Theogones, Bishop of Hippo, of Jacobus and Marianus at Cirta, of Lucius, Montanus, Julianus, Victorinus, Flavianus, and others at Carthage.

At last the Proconsul, Galerius Flavianus, was compelled to take action against Cyprian himself. He had already recalled him from Curubis and confined him to his villa at La Marsa, in the earnest hope, we cannot help thinking, that he would seize the oppor-

* *De Mart.* † *Hist.* i. 49.

tunity thus offered him and escape. This time, however, the path of duty was clear, and Cyprian refused to fly. "A bishop," he said, "must confess his Lord among his flock." On September 13 he was brought to the Villa of Sextus (*ad Sexti*) at La Marsa, near the site of the present British Consulate, to which the Proconsul had retired on account of illness. Flavianus was, however, too unwell to conduct the trial on that day, and he was remanded. He passed the night with his friends in the quarters of the chief officer who had charge of him, in or near the Proconsular Palace on Byrsa. In the morning he walked back to the *Ager Sexti*, a distance of about two miles, and was taken to a large hall, called the *Atrium Sauciolum*, where the trial took place. The officer in charge, seeing that his robes were wet with perspiration, offered him others. "Never mind," replied the Bishop, "all will be set right to-day."

The Proconsul was surrounded by his guard of the famous Third Legion. The trial was short and dignified, worthy of two men who respected and, perhaps, knew and liked one another.

"Are you Thascius Cyprianus?"—"I am."

"Pope of these impious men?"—"I am."

"The holy Emperors order you to sacrifice."—"I will not sacrifice."

"Be on your guard." ("*Consule tibi.*")—"Do what you are commanded to do. In so clear a case there is no room for hesitation."

The Proconsul then pronounced sentence of death. Cyprian replied, "Thanks be to God."

He was led out to a spot not far from the house, evidently frequently used for executions, for the people knew the spot and had assembled in multitudes to see the death of the friend and benefactor of all, the foremost citizen of Carthage. Arrived at the place, he held the handkerchief to his eyes, and

as it was being tied, he bade his friends, in his lordly way, give twenty-five pieces of gold (£15) to the executioner. Utterly overcome, perhaps by the vast concourse of people, perhaps by the generosity and dignity of the great man he was called upon to kill, the soldier was unable to hold the sword ; the centurion took it from his trembling hand and struck the blow.*

So died Cyprian. He was thirty-eight years old ; he had been a Christian for fourteen years, and a bishop for nine.

All day his body lay where he had died. In the evening the Christians were allowed to remove it, and with great pomp and many torches bore it to the cemetery of Macrobius Candidianus (" *ad areas Macrobii* "), near the huge cisterns of Malga (*juxta piscinas*), where it was buried. The exact spot is unknown, but a cross has been erected on the little mound known as the Koudiat Sousou, near the cisterns, in memory of the greatest of all North African Churchmen.

The wild, untamable Berber nature, with its incapacity for sustained unity of action, its devouring passion for freedom, and its love of extremes, rendered the problems which faced Cyprian and those who came after him very different from those which had to be dealt with elsewhere. The righteous anger of Tertullian at the evils which he saw in the Church drove him first into the schism of Montanus, and then into practical isolation ; and this was only the beginning of that spirit of uncompromising and inflexible intolerance which rent the Church asunder. A man who will not forgive must himself need no forgiveness, and this certainly was not the case with those whom we know as Donatists, men who had only reached the familiar level of those who have religion enough

* Archbishop Benson, in his *Life of Cyprian*, was the first to notice this incident.

to make them hate, but not enough to make them love one another.

So matters remained during the years of comparative peace which elapsed between the death of the great Archbishop and the persecution ordered by Diocletian, A.D. 293.

In A.D. 315 Majorinus died, and his place was taken by Donatus, from whom the whole movement took its name. He was a man of great learning and ability, eloquent and earnest, but hard, proud, unloving, and overbearing. Now also the Donatists, in their struggle against the authority of the Emperor, began to make common cause with the Circumcelliones,* who were destined from thenceforth to be both the strength and the scandal of the party.

The origin of this wild sect of fanatics is unknown. They are supposed to have got their name from their habit of wandering from house to house begging, like the Marabouts of to-day. Their distinguishing marks were their wild extravagances, and their contempt for life—their own or anybody else's. In the distant villages of Numidia and Mauretania, amongst a savage, half-nomad race, never really subdued to Rome, and only half converted to Christianity, their doctrines were received with enthusiasm. Driven from their homes by the officers of justice, the wild peasantry dropped easily and gladly back into a nomad life of idleness and plunder. Carrying no swords, for these they held to be forbidden by Divine authority, but armed with heavy clubs which they called *Israelites*, they haunted the fringe of the desert in marauding gangs which were the terror of the open country. As with David in Adullam, "Every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered them-

* Or "Agonistici" as they preferred to call themselves.

selves unto " * them. Giving and receiving no quarter, they were not afraid to meet even the Imperial troops in open battle. Their contempt for law and order was only equalled by their scorn and hatred of their brother Christians. Every convert was rebaptized, after doing open penance. If a church fell into their hands, the walls were scraped, the wooden Altar burnt, the holy vessels melted, and the consecrated elements given to the dogs.

Tired out with their excesses, and despairing of gaining peace by force, Constantine exhorted the Proconsul Ursacius to try to come to terms with them, but their only reply was that they would have nothing to do with " his fool of a Bishop." In A.D. 330 Donatus held a synod at which two hundred and seventy bishops were present. Soon his followers, representing as they did the cause of opposition to the hated authority of Rome, became the popular party throughout North Africa.

Meanwhile the links which bound Africa to Rome were wearing very thin. Driven to despair by the enormities of the Roman Governor, Romanus, Firmus (A.D. 366), one of the most powerful of the Berber princes, raised a revolt in the west, which it needed the presence of Theodosius himself, fresh from his triumphs in Britain, to quell ; a service to the Empire which was repaid by his judicial murder at Carthage.

It is strange that of the three great men who made the Church of Africa illustrious, no one was born or brought up a Christian. Two were frankly pagan, and the third a Manichee. For our present purpose, it is enough to say that the teaching of Manes was an attempt to graft on Christianity the Persian doctrine of the eternity of Evil as well as of Good, each being the attribute of an eternal principle or God. Although under the teaching of Ambrose of Milan, Augustine

* 1 Sam. xxii. 2.

escaped from thîs heresy, his views to the end were strongly influenced by it. Of his doctrines of predestination, acquiesced in by the Church when presented under the ægis of the saint, but repudiated when they were revived by Jansenius and developed logically by Calvin, we need say nothing; but his views as to the inherent evil of matter, both of the world and of the body, concern us because they led him to introduce, and, so far as he was able, to develop, monasticism in Africa. Ambrose had influenced him profoundly; his teaching had made him a Christian, and the splendour of his rule at Milan made him through life a model to his young convert. Especially Augustine had seen there and studied at first hand the practice of the monastic life, which, with its austerities and its implied teaching that holiness could only be sought in separation from an evil world and the crushing of the appetites of the body, appealed strongly, not only to his ardent African temperament, but also to the taint of the old Manichean teaching from which he never wholly freed himself. On his return to Africa, he resolved to put in practice what he had seen and admired. Arrived at his old home and birthplace at Souk Ahras (Thagaste), he sold his possessions, with the exception of a house near the gate of the city; there he installed himself with his two friends, Alypius and Evodius. Later he founded a regular monastery at Hippo, in a house put at his disposal by the Bishop Valerius, by whom he was ordained priest, A.D. 391. Several bishops were chosen from among the inmates, Augustine himself among the number, and these carried the rule into their dioceses. Supported by the great name of Augustine, such establishments spread with extraordinary rapidity. Fulgentius founded four in the Byzacene—one in the mountains of Mididi; another at Ruspœ near Sfax; a third on the islands of Kerkennah, on the coast of Tunisia, off Sfax,

famous as the place of refuge for Hannibal, and perhaps even more as being the fabled home of Circe, as Djerba, a little farther south, was of the Lotus Eaters; the site of the fourth is not known. By the end of the fourth century, Carthage had its convents, and soon the country was covered with them. At Lamta (*Leptis Minor*), Sousse (*Hadrumetum*), on the islands of El Kneis and Thabarka; near the present Kairouan; at Kairin and Monastir; at Sbeitla (*Sufetula*) and Haidra (*Ammædara*); at Tebessa and Timgad. That at Timgad is now in course of excavation; it is remarkable for the grandeur of the church and the richness of the mosaics of the baptistery; that at Tebessa, the most important of all, is described elsewhere.

CHAPTER X

CADAVER URBIS *

CARTHAGE

BEFORE saying farewell to Carthage, let us climb the steep street of Sidi bou Said, which lies on the slope of Cape Carthage,† and from the lighthouse, which has taken the place of the old Pharos, look out on the scene of the tragedy of nearly three thousand years.

With the exception of the village below us, and of certain buildings which Cardinal Lavigerie erected on Byrsa and elsewhere, all must now be strangely like what Elissar saw before the first stone of her city was laid. Beyond the fan-shaped peninsula where Carthage stood, we look over the isthmus between the Lake of Tunis and the Sebka er Riana to the range of Djebel Sidi Ahmor, which cut it off from the mainland. Where the mountains touch the lake, lie the white houses and domes of Tunis between the waters of the lake on one side and those of the Sebka er Sedjoumi on the other. Farther to the left, over La Goulette, the palisades which shut in the lake, lie the little watering-places of Rades (Maxula) and Hammam Lif; above these rise the crescent heights of Bou Kornein, and, higher still, the distant crags of Zaghouan, from which Carthage drew its supply of water. The fine ruins of the Nympheum still mark the spot where the aqueduct started from the springs. Somewhere in the hills behind Bou Kornein lies the defile of the Hatchet, where Carthage executed her vengeance on the mercenaries, and the site of the camp and town of Nepheris. Farther still to the left are the blue waters of the Gulf of Tunis, shut in by the

* "Uno loco tot oppidum cadavera projecta jaceant."—Cic. Ep. iv. 5.

† The cape rises to a height of 393 feet above the sea.

range of mountains which end in Cape Bon. There it was that Regulus landed and Cyprian was banished.

To our right and left, as we stand on the lighthouse, run the hills, but the plain before us is unbroken save by two or three insignificant knolls, of which Byrsa, crowned by the new cathedral, is the highest. The levels are green with barley, the more broken land is covered with rank grass, sweet with wild thyme, asphodel, and mignonette nearly five feet high. Here and there, especially on the slopes of Byrsa, is a gorgeous blaze of golden pyrethrum. And that is all. Two vast cities have run their course there; of the former no traces remain save two little ponds, some tombs, and a layer of ashes; of the latter only some foundations—"*etiam periere ruinæ.*"

To our right as we stand on the Pharos, the ground sinks rapidly, and a little valley opens from the plain to the sea. Where now stands the pleasant little watering-place of La Marsa, with the palace of the Bey on one side and the *Residence de France* on the other, lay the villa of Cyprian. Here it was that he was arrested. The *Ager Sexti*, where he was tried and martyred, lay a little farther inland where we now see the English Consulate. Farther still, between us and Byrsa, stands a cross on the little mound called Koudiat Sousou, which marks, as near as may be, the *Area Macrobii*, the Cemetery of Macrobius, where he was buried.

Beyond La Marsa the ground rises again, almost as rapidly as it fell, into the heights of Djebel Khaoui, the Hollow Mountain, ending in Cape Kamart. All this ground was covered with the villas of Megara; the wealthy merchants of Tunis are beginning to replace them with houses of their own. Where Kamart looks down on the shore of the Sebka, Scipio stormed Megara, but was forced to retreat.

On Djebel Khaoui lay the Jewish Cemetery; the

hill gets its name from the multitude of sepulchres with which its surface is undermined. The tombs are of a type with which the Holy Land has made us familiar. A square hole sunk in the rock to a depth of four or five feet opens, by a small entrance which can be closed by a stone, into a chamber in the rock about twelve feet square and six high. On each side of the chamber are three *loculi*, two and a half feet square and six feet deep, in which the dead were laid ; the entrance was then cemented over. Sometimes one of these *loculi* was enlarged, and opened into a further chamber similar to the first. The enormous number of tombs testifies to the size of the Jewish population. The White Fathers, from Byrsa, have a little settlement on the hill. When we visited the spot they were engaged in excavating a very large tomb which they had discovered in their plot of ground.

Near the Cross of Cyprian are the remains of the cisterns of La Malga. They were fifteen in number, and were fed by the aqueduct which Hadrian constructed from Djebel Zaghouan, a distance of nearly sixty miles. Traces of the aqueduct can be seen close by. Long stretches of it still lie between Tunis and the Bardo, and span the plain near Oudna. In their present form the cisterns are certainly Roman, but probably they are the successors of Punic works of the same description. For the most part they have been destroyed ; the fragments which remain are sufficient to form an Arab village, and provide shelter for the beasts.

Near the cisterns are other ruins of importance—the house of the charioteer Scorpianus, and the two cemeteries of the Roman officials. It was here that, on his entrance into Carthage, the ferocious Hunneric trampled beneath his horses' hoofs the bishops and the clergy who had come out to meet him.

The graves in the cemeteries are very simple—a *cippus* of masonry containing two or three urns.

Their peculiarity is the funnel which leads to the surface, by which libations could reach the ashes of the dead. Some of the imprecations which, written on thin sheets of lead, were dropped into these funnels, have been described already. One or two, of a somewhat different character, may be noticed here. Here is one : *—

"Te rogo qui infernales partes tenes commendo tibi Julia Faustilla Marii filia ut eam celerius abducas et ibi in numerum tu abias."

On the other side, which is injured, we read :—

". . . Faustilla ut eam celerius abducas infernalis partibus in numeru tu abias."

"I invoke thee, who reignest over the infernal regions, I commend to thee Julia Faustilla, daughter of Marius, that thou mayest carry her off as quickly as may be, and there keep her, in the number of thy people."

Another, surrounded with magical names in Greek, runs as follows : †—

URATUR
SUCESA
ADURATUR
AMORE VET
DESIDRI
SUCESI

"May Successa be burnt and consumed with love and desire for Successus."

Not far off is the amphitheatre, the scene of the martyrdom of Perpetua and many others. Not so large as the Colosseum, but two storeys higher, it must have been a building of great magnificence. The arrangements differed from those at Rome, in that the arena was solid ground instead of being a movable platform. The dens for wild beasts and other necessary rooms, which at Rome were under the arena, are here in the *podium*, which lifted the ranges of seats to a safe height above the arena. All over the arena was found a layer of reddish sand,

* C.I.L. 12505. † *Ibid.*, 12507.

about eighteen inches thick ; it recalls the seas of blood which have flowed there, even if it does not owe its discoloration to them. Below the centre of the arena was found a large vaulted chamber ; probably this was the *carcer* in which the martyrs, and others who were to fight the wild beasts, were confined and prepared for the terrible ordeal. On a marble pillar preserved in the vault is a most human document : it is an inscription of a single word, EVASI, " I have escaped," doubtless from the paw of the lion. The vault has now been fitted up as a chapel to St. Perpetua.

In the arena has been found also a square pit, communicating with an underground passage. Probably it was a trap-door through which the beasts could be lifted on to the stage. Here it was that the seal of Mercury, with his red-hot iron, was found. Another *tabula execrationis* was found here ; it runs as follows :—

" O Demon, bind and fetter fast Maurussus, whom Felicitas brought into the world.

" Rob of his slumber that he may not be able to sleep, Maurussus, whom Felicitas brought into the world.

" Almighty God, take to the nethermost hell Maurussus, whom Felicitas brought into the world.

" Thou that reignest over the countries of Italy and Campania, Thou whose power extends over the Acherusian Lake, take to the abodes of Tartarus, within the space of seven days, Maurussus, whom Felicitas brought into the world.

" Demon, who rulest over Spain and Africa, thou who alone canst cross the sea, counteract every remedy, every charm, every medicine, every libation of oil." (*Ruines de Carthage*, p. 16.)

And so on. It is interesting to notice that, as is usual in such magical incantations, the victim is described as the son, not of his father, but of his mother.

Here also were found two votive plates of metal, shaped like feet, which have been noticed already. They bear no legible inscription.

Until the Middle Ages the amphitheatre was fairly perfect. It was destroyed by the Arabs, partly for

the sake of the stones ; even more to get at the copper clamps, set in lead, which bound the stones together ; the surface of the Colosseum has been marred by the same Vandalism. Close by is the Koudiat Tsalli.

Still a little farther south are the remains of the circus. The *spina* was three hundred and thirty yards long, the circus itself nearly double that length. It would accommodate about three hundred thousand spectators. In A.D. 536, and again in the following year, the mutinous Byzantine soldiers fortified themselves within it. After that it was completely destroyed.

Returning past the amphitheatre and the Cross of St. Cyprian we reach the theatre, hollowed out of the side of a little hill. Here Apuleius pronounced one of his celebrated discourses, and Tertullian scandalised the people by coming in morning dress. We may remember that Augustine, in his *Confessions*, takes himself severely to task for his love of theatrical performances. It was destroyed and burnt by the Vandals in A.D. 439. A few tolerable statues have been found there, including a colossal Apollo leaning on his tripod and a beautiful Demeter. These are now in the Bardo.

Close by stood the Odeum, or Opera-House. It was erected A.D. 204, when the Carthaginians obtained leave to celebrate the Pythian Games. It was like the theatre, only smaller and roofed in, and shared its fate. Little of it now remains ; but the best statues yet unearthed at Carthage have been found here ; two, one of Venus and another of Juno Regina, so called, are really fine.

Byrsa, which should be the most interesting site in all Carthage, is, partly perhaps on that account, the most disappointing. The destruction has been more thorough even than elsewhere, and the site is covered with modern buildings which have nothing

to recommend them except that they are the burial-place of the great Cardinal Lavigerie. Of Punic work not a wrack remains except one doubtful piece of wall. No trace is left of the great Temple of Eschmoun which saw the double tragedy of the beginning and end of Karthhadack, when Elissar threw herself upon the pyre, and when the wife of Hasdrubal cast herself and her children into the blazing ruins of the temple. Standing out in front have been found some bases of columns belonging to the Temple of Æsculapius, which took its place, but these are the only fragments which have been identified. Behind them, in the garden of the Primatial, stands the paltry little chapel of St. Louis of France, who died here on his crusade against Tunis. He was buried in the wonderful church of Monreale above Palermo; but some relics have been brought back and lie in the new cathedral.

In front of and below the chapel lie a series of seven apsidal chambers, nearly sixty yards in length; the middle and most important room was lined with marble, the others with stucco. They probably belong to the time when Augustus had the site levelled, and were the undercroft of some important building.

Ruins, possibly of the Capitoline Temple, lie under the cathedral; amongst them were found a colossal Victory, recalling the Nike of Samothrace, and two huge reliefs of Abundance. The only ruins above ground lie by the side of the cathedral; perhaps they belonged to the Proconsular Palace.

At the south-east side of the hill a fine piece of wall has been laid bare, which is, perhaps—Punic; and a curious crypt, perhaps—for everything here is "perhaps"—a prison. Later on it was consecrated as a chapel in honour of some saints who, possibly, had been confined there. The walls were decorated with rude paintings of saints with haloes, a pagan sign of canonisation which the Church hesitated long

before she could accept. The paintings have faded, but a copy has been placed in the Museum.

Hard by is a Punic necropolis; the graves are protected by triangular vaults of large stones. Near this has been found a plague pit, containing some hundreds of skeletons. Probably it dates from the great pestilence of 196 B.C.

A little farther on are the trifling remains of a curious wall built entirely of *amphoræ*. The dates on the jars—45-15 B.C.—show that it belongs to the time of Augustus. Except that the *amphoræ* are unbroken, it reminds us of the Monte Testaccio at Rome.

Near the shore, about six hundred yards from the foot of Byrsa, lie two little ponds. The nearer is bent like the blade of a sickle, the other is long and straight like its handle. Next to Byrsa itself, these are the most interesting relics of old Carthage; for they represent the famous ports which the Dido was excavating when Æneas came.

When, in A.D. 698, Hassan destroyed Carthage, he filled up the harbours for fear Carthage should again rise from the dust to rival his Capital at Tunis. Quite recently they have been dug out, but only in part, so the ponds mark the position, but give no idea of the size of the original ports. The nearer takes the place of the circular Cothon, and it is pleasant to imagine that a depression between it and the sea marks the channel cut by the Carthaginians after the entrance had been blocked by the mole of Scipio. In the centre is the island on which stood the Admiral's house, surmounted by a tower. On this island excavations are now being carried on by the soldiers. The officer who was directing the work pointed out how the digging proved the accuracy of the old descriptions. Many of the pillars and other broken fragments unearthed were certainly Roman, but the great stones of the foundations are marked with the *Tanith* in red paint, and are equally certainly Punic.

The passage from the naval to the commercial port and from this to the sea is still blocked, but the remains of the breakwater, and of the vast mole of Scipio, are visible. Very careful soundings were made by Lieut. de Roquefeuil, in 1898, but the conclusions arrived at are still precarious.

Close to the Cothon, between it and Byrsa, lay the Forum, or Agora, where Scipio halted for a night before his awful onslaught on the city. Here Bomilcar was crucified for aspiring to kingly power, and many an unfortunate general or admiral paid the same penalty for failure. Here also stood the statue of Apollo in robes of gold, which formed part of the booty of Scipio.

Walking by the shore, along the lines of the ancient quays towards Bordj Djedid, we pass the ruins of the huge Thermæ of Antoninus, now called Dermech, a corruption of the word " thermæ." Then, turning to the left, we reach the cisterns which fed the baths. The Arabs call them " Mouadjel ech Cheiatin," " The Devil's Cisterns." They consist of seventeen parallel chambers, one hundred feet long, twenty-four feet wide, and thirty high ; at the ends of these run two more, four hundred and fifty feet long. The reservoirs communicate with one another by openings high up in the wall, to ensure an equal depth of water in them all, and to allow all sediment to sink, as the water made its way slowly from one chamber to another. Any reservoir could be isolated and cleaned by means of sluice gates and air- or man-holes in the crown of the vault.

Turning to the right and passing the Theatre and Odeum, we reach the great Basilica known as the Damous-el-Karita, " Domus Caritatis," " The House of Love." It stands in the centre of a vast Christian cemetery, and must have been one of the grandest churches of Carthage, if not all Africa.

Such is Carthage.

CHAPTER XI

RES ULTIMÆ, A.D. 423-550

The Vandals

The final downfall of the tottering Empire of Rome was wrought by the flooding of the civilised provinces of the south—Gaul, Spain, and finally Italy itself—by stream after stream of the strong, virile races of the north and east.

Amongst the hordes which, at the beginning of the fifth century, under the pressure of the Huns and Sarmatians in their rear, became dislodged like an avalanche or landslip, and swept south and west in the army of Rhodogast or Rodogaisus, were the Vandals. We first find them in the second century, settled to the south of the Baltic; a southern division of the race, living in Bohemia, took part in the Marcomannic Wars of A.D. 167-179. About the middle of the third century they joined the Goths and occupied Dacia and the country north of the Black Sea; in A.D. 277 the Emperor Probus planted a colony of them in Britain. In the year A.D. 405 they joined the Alani, Burgundians, and Suevi, and invaded Italy under the banner of Rhodogast. Whilst besieging Florence they were surrounded by the Romans under Stilicho and compelled to surrender with a loss of twenty thousand men, including their king. Next year, A.D. 406, they moved towards Gaul, and were again defeated by the Franks. However, they rejoined their old allies, the Alani, Suevi, and Burgundians, and with them crossed the Rhone on the last day of

A D. 406, and never returned. It is from this memorable passage that Gibbon dates the Fall of the Roman Empire in the countries beyond the Alps.

This movement to the west is said to have been made at the suggestion of Stilicho, who was himself of Vandal stock. Probably this is untrue, but it was undoubtedly his policy to defend Italy at the expense of the outlying provinces, which he could no longer hold. Thus, "the barriers which had so long separated the savage from the civilised nations of the earth were from that fatal moment levelled with the ground."

In less than two years, A.D. 409, the Vandals had reached the Pyrenees; and, leaving their allies behind them, to help towards the making of modern France, they poured over the mountain passes into Spain. There they parted into three bands. One drifted to the west, into Tarrantum; another south-west, into Lusitania; the rest made their way due south into Bœotia. By the year A.D. 422, they had taken Seville and Carthagena, and occupied the southern provinces of Spain, to which their coming gave the new name of Andalucia.

But even this was not destined to be their final resting-place. In A.D. 423, the Emperor Honorius died, and, after the usual interval of confusion, and the attempted usurpation of the throne by his principal secretary (*primicerius*) John, aided and abetted by his great general Aëtius, his son Valentinian III. succeeded to the vacant throne, at the age of six years. During the long minority of the young Emperor the reins of power were in the hands of his mother, Galla Placidia, a strangely interesting woman, daughter, sister, wife, and mother of Emperors of Rome. At one time, as wife of Athaulphus (Adolphus), brother-in-law of Alaric, she had reigned as Queen of the Goths; then she had been the victim and slave of his murderer, Singeric; next as wife of the brave Constantius, she

had become Empress of Rome; on his death she had been driven as an exile to the Court of Theodosius at Constantinople; now she returned in triumph to Italy as Empress in all but name. Her lovely tomb at Ravenna is almost the last possibility of beauty in mosaic.*

The task of restoring order in Africa, of reviving the waning spirit of allegiance, of curbing the wild excesses of the Donatists and giving peace to the distracted country, was entrusted by Placidia to Count Boniface, a strange mixture of Saint, Knight and *Condotiero*. His defence of Marseilles attested his military skill, his personal courage had won him the respect and fear of the barbarians, his warm friendship with the aged Augustine made him acceptable to the Church, the tried probity of his character and the sternness of his even-handed justice made him worthy of the dignity given to him, while his devoted loyalty to Placidia was proved by the fact that during her exile at Constantinople he alone had remained faithful to her, and that money and troops supplied by him had contributed largely to the suppression of the revolt of John.

Unhappily for Boniface, he left near the throne at Ravenna his great and unscrupulous rival, Aëtius, a man who, though his defeat of Attila, the Scourge of God, on the field of Châlons, put his military genius beyond the reach of doubt, had shown by his support of the usurper John, that his loyalty could not be depended upon.

Aëtius took advantage of the absence of Boniface to gain complete ascendency over the mind of Galla Placidia, and by his intrigues and treachery undermined her confidence in her one loyal subject. So well

* The sarcophagus of Athaulphus (Athanulph) still stands in the Church of S. Aquilinus which he founded at Milan. The sarcophagus of Galla Placidia, at Ravenna, stands between those of Honorius and Constantius. These are, apparently, the only Imperial tombs which have never been moved. Her daughter Honoria lies in the same chapel.

did he succeed that at last Boniface was driven, in self-defence, to the rebellion of which he had been unjustly accused.

In spite of a touching letter from Augustine, imploring him not to plunge the country and empire into a parricidal war, Boniface, A.D. 428, invited the Vandals to come over from Spain and help him. All the country west of the Ampsagas* was to be theirs, on condition that they guaranteed him the peaceful and undisturbed possession of the rest.

The invitation came at a most opportune moment. The Vandal King, Godigisclus, had fallen in battle on the other side of the Rhine, and now his son and successor, Gontharis, had been murdered by his bastard brother, the terrible Geiseric, or Genseric, a name which deservedly ranks with those of Alaric and Attila. Base-born, of small stature, slow of speech, deformed in body by a fall from his horse, he was destined for the next forty years to prove that his vast ambition was justified by a dauntless courage, a genius for war, and an aptitude for state-craft which were unhampered by any scruples of pity or of honour.

Nothing could suit such a man better than such an invitation. In A.D. 429 he crossed from Gibraltar to Ceuta in ships supplied by the anxious Boniface and the still more anxious Spaniards. Surely never was guest so sped on his departure and so welcomed on his arrival. With him he brought a mixed multitude, a nation rather than an army, eighty or ninety thousand strong, of whom about half were soldiers. Like all invaders of Africa, he was hailed as a deliverer, and his success was immediate and complete; but his coming set the country in a blaze. All the elements of disorder which the firm rule of Boniface had kept in control, broke loose; the natives rose against the

* The Oued-el-Kebir, which falls into the sea north of Constantine, near Djidjeli.

Roman sway, while the Donatists, after seventeen years of rigorous suppression and proscription, naturally joined the Arian invaders, who were bound to them by that strongest of all ties, a common hatred of the Church.

That Genseric should confine himself within the borders assigned him longer than suited his purpose was more than could be expected, and Boniface soon realised his mistake. Friends visited him from the Court of Ravenna, and returned bearing with them the forged letters which disclosed the treachery of Aëtius; the breach between Boniface and Placidia was healed, and Boniface determined to resist his formidable allies. But it was too late; he was defeated by Genseric, and at last shut up and besieged in Hippo, where he arrived in time to close the eyes of his friend Augustine, who died there on August 28th, A.D. 430. From May A.D. 430 until July A.D. 431, the siege lasted Realising the importance of Africa, Placidia implored the help of the Emperor of the East, and Aspar sailed from Constantinople to relieve the besieged city. Thus reinforced, Boniface ventured on a second battle, and his defeat sealed the fate of Roman Africa. In despair, he left Hippo with Aspar, taking his soldiers with him, and leaving the defenceless citizens to the tender mercies of the Vandals.

Near Ravenna he met his rival Aëtius in battle, and, though victorious, he received a fatal wound, at the hand, it was said, of Aëtius himself. Tradition, or legend, has cast a halo of romance round his death. We are told that the quarrel was decided by a hand-to-hand encounter between the two generals. Owing to the greater length of his spear, Aëtius was victorious, and Boniface, with his last breath, committed his young wife to him as the only man worthy of her.*

* A somewhat similar story is told by Gibbon of the death of Stotzas. *Cf.* Gibbon xi. 3: "He fell in a single combat, but he smiled in the agonies of death, when he was informed that his own javelin had reached the heart of his antagonist."

The story is interesting, if only as an anticipation of the tournament as a court of honour, and of the coming ages of romance and chivalry.

In the full tide of victory, Genseric was obliged to pause for a time. Difficulties thickened round him. His advance to the east had left Mauretania almost stripped of troops and open to the ravages of the Romans from Spain: in Numidia the almost impregnable fortress of Cirta (Constantine) defied his arms; and his nephews, the sons of the murdered Gontharis, added to his difficulties by stirring up mutiny in the ranks of his army. It was said that he shed more Vandal blood on the scaffold than on the field of battle, before the disaffection was appeased. Meanwhile, on January 30th, A.D. 435, he made a peace with Valentinian, by which he secured to the Roman Emperor the peaceful possession of Carthage and of the Proconsular province of Africa.

This arrangement lasted just as long as suited the convenience of Genseric. In A.D. 439 he was ready to take the field again. Suddenly, without the slightest notice, he advanced upon Carthage, and surprised and took it, five hundred and thirty years after its capture and destruction by Scipio. The land of Proconsular Africa he divided amongst such of his followers as were not already provided for; Carthage he made a pirate stronghold. An alliance with Attila, King of the Huns, secured him from the interference of Rome.

Of all the great barbarian invaders, Genseric seems to have been the ablest and most versatile. Not content with his African conquests, he built a fleet and seized the Balearic Islands, Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia; the Vandal fleet became the scourge of the Mediterranean, as the Barbary corsairs were later on in history. "Whither shall we steer?" asked his ship's master, when starting on one of these

buccaneering expeditions. "Where God wills," was Genseric's answer; and "God" seems generally to have "willed" that he should go wherever booty was most plentiful and least protected.

In A.D. 455 Genseric received another invitation, not less agreeable than the first. After murdering Aëtius with his own hand, "cutting off his right hand with his left," the wretched Valentinian III. had been himself murdered by Petronius Maximus, a wealthy senator, whose wife he had debauched. With the throne Maximus seized also the Empress Eudoxia, daughter of Theodosius, Emperor of the East, and made her his wife. The unwilling bride invoked the aid of the terrible King of the Vandals to avenge her wrongs. Such a call was not likely to remain unanswered. Genseric sailed at once, and landed at the mouth of the Tiber, where his arrival was a signal for the murder of Maximus. Advancing boldly from Ostia, he was met at the gate of Rome by the Bishop, Leo, who pleaded for the defenceless city, as he had interceded with Attila. Again he was in part successful. There was no general massacre, and the city was not destroyed; but for fourteen days, from June 15th to 29th, it was given up to the will of the wild Vandal and African soldiery to be sacked and systematically looted. Then Genseric returned to Carthage, laden with his priceless booty. Gold and silver statues of the gods, the bronze tiles of the Capitol, which Domitian had gilded at a cost, it is said, of £2,400,000, the golden candlestick and table of showbread from Jerusalem, with other treasures stored in the Temple of Peace in the Forum, all found their way to Carthage; and Elissar was avenged.

With his other prey, Genseric carried back also the Empress Eudoxia and her two daughters, Eudocia and Placidia, and many thousand prisoners for sale. The elder daughter Eudocia he gave as wife to his

son Hunneric; he also demanded and received from the Emperor Marcian an ample dowry for her as the descendant and heiress of Theodosius. After long delay, Eudoxia and Placidia, who was the wife of a Roman senator, were surrounded and sent to Constantinople. The miseries of the prisoners were alleviated so far as possible by the noble exertions of the Bishop, Deogratias. The gold and silver plate belonging to the churches was sold, to purchase the liberty of some, and food and medicines for others. The churches themselves were transformed into hospitals.

Of the general character of the Vandal sway in North Africa it is very difficult to form a just estimate. We know little of it, except from those who suffered under it, and whose testimony must be received with caution. The mixed multitude which crossed over from Africa had never been very numerous—not more than about ninety thousand, including women and children, and many of these must have fallen or been left on the way; the population of Carthage alone outnumbered them four- or five-fold. The soldiers who had brought their wives and children with them had, of course, to be provided for; doubtless there were acts of violence and spoliation, but we do not read of any wholesale confiscation of land except in the Proconsular province of Africa—that is, in the neighbourhood of Carthage. It is certain that the Vandals recognised two classes of occupiers: Roman or civil, who paid a contribution in money; and barbarian or military, who gave nothing but military service. Two governments existed side by side. Over the Vandals were set counts and inferior officers, captains of thousands and of hundreds, who exercised military authority in time of war, and civil in time of peace. By the side of these, the Roman organisation remained almost untouched. The old

Imperial laws were still administered; Roman officials collected the taxes; Roman magistrates still sat in the cities. The *Defensor Civitatis* still held his tribunal, and appeals were still made to the *Præpositus judiciis Romanis in Regno Africæ Vandalorum*, at Carthage. Except for the dismantling of the walls, the cities were left uninjured, and the Vandals, if they built nothing, wantonly destroyed but little. Certainly they made no deliberate effort to wreck the civilisation they found, or to impose their manners and customs on their Roman subjects. They held and garrisoned Africa, and expected Africa to support them in return; but beyond this, the Romans seem to have suffered little at their hands. The *coloni* remained much what they had been, only now they worked for two masters instead of one. The mountaineers, already half independent, were drafted into the army or manned the fleets.

One exception must be made to this. For many years of his long reign, Genseric, with his Donatist allies, was a relentless persecutor of the Church. The bishops were banished, the churches were closed, and doubtless many who were not attacked as Romans suffered severely as Christians, or rather Churchmen. Yet even here it must be remembered that much of the reckless destruction of churches may safely be put down to the fury of the Donatists. Probably the Church did not suffer more severely at the hands of Genseric than the Donatists themselves had suffered under Boniface.

But, as so often happens in such cases, this comparatively tolerable state of things did not long survive its founder. After the death of Genseric, A.D. 477, the natural turbulence of the wild soldiery, the jealous quarrels of the chiefs, the incursions of the nomads from the desert upon the unwalled cities, the brigandage of the mountaineers, and the ferocious

persecution of the Church by Hunneric, soon destroyed the peace and good understanding between the various classes of the inhabitants, which the sagacious policy and firm rule of Genseric had established.

Meanwhile the general character and warlike aptitude of the Vandals were fast declining. It was only seventy years since they had crossed the Rhine, but already the heat and enervating climate of their new home, and the still more demoralising ease and luxury of their new surroundings, had sapped their strength and destroyed the hardy virtues of the barbarian, replacing them only with the vices of a degraded civilisation. Moreover, though formidable when collected in an army, the smallness of their numbers became apparent when they were spread over the country as landed proprietors. The kingdom of the Vandals, built up in a day, fell into ruins in a night. In A.D. 406 they crossed the Rhine; in A.D. 429 they reached Africa; in A.D. 477 Genseric died; and in A.D. 533 Belisarius landed.

The Byzantines.

Old ideas, conceptions, habits of thought, and claims die hard, especially if they minister to the pride of the man or nation who entertains them. The mere fact that they have ceased to be true has little effect beyond that of rendering them more dear, and causing them to be more fondly and obstinately cherished. Men and nations cling to the remembrance of what they once were, partly because it is hard to relinquish the flattering memory, and partly because there is always the possibility, and with it the vague hope, that some unexpected turn of the wheel of fortune may bring the cherished possession within reach again; and then the fact that the claim has never been relinquished makes the new conquest more like the revival of a dormant title

than the creation of a new. The fleurs-de-lys of France were borne on the royal standard of England for many a long year after England's last possession in France was gone.

Notably has this been always the case with Rome, Imperial of old as Papal now. Whatever Rome has once become possessed of by force of arms or diplomacy or intrigue, Rome claims for ever, however clearly history may contradict the justice of the original title or the validity of the new.

In the year A.D. 527 the throne of Constantinople was filled by a Dacian peasant born near Sardica, the modern Sofia, in Bulgaria. His name was Uprauda, the Upright, or, in its Latin form, Justinian. He had been raised to the purple by the merits of his uncle Justin, who, in a long military service of more than fifty years, had risen from the ranks, through the successive grades of tribune, count, general, until at last, at the age of sixty-eight years, he was elected Emperor. After an uneventful reign of nine years, during which his deficiencies had been covered by the diligence and ability of the Quæstor Proclus, he secured the succession for his nephew, whom he had brought from Dacia and educated at Constantinople.

When Justinian ascended the throne, the dominions of Rome had been definitely separated into the two Empires of East and West for one hundred and thirty years. The Western Empire had long ceased to be Roman, even in name. In Italy the Goths had ruled for fifty years; in Africa the Vandals had held undisputed sway for over a century. All this was fact, but theory did not tally with it. Theoretically the Empire was still one, undivided and indivisible. The possessions of Old Rome had become those of New, automatically, by a natural and indefeasible right of succession, and all intruders, whether Goths or Vandals, were usurpers, to be expelled, rightly and

justly, whenever opportunity might serve. How nearly Justinian succeeded, through the genius and unswerving loyalty of his great general Belisarius, in enforcing the claim and reviving the dying Empire of Rome, does not belong to our subject except in so far as Africa is concerned. Suffice it to say that he made the effort, and, in making it, completed the ruin of Roman and Christian Africa, if not of Italy also.

Justinian had not long to wait for an opportunity for interfering in Africa. The throne of Genseric was occupied by his grandson, Hilderic, who, through his mother Eudocia, could claim descent from the Emperor of Rome on the one side and of Constantinople on the other. He was a gentle, cultured, amiable man, who lacked both the savagery of his father, Hunneric, and the ability of his cousin and predecessor, Thrasimund. His clemency to his Catholic subjects, to whom he granted peace and freedom of worship, was at once his glory and his ruin. The Arian clergy denounced him as an apostate, an accusation to which his friendship with Justinian lent some colour; while the defeat of his general, or Achilles, by a rabble of natives, aroused the indignant contempt of his soldiers for his military incapacity. An insurrection, fomented and headed by his cousin Gelimer, broke out. Hilderic was deposed and thrown into prison, and Gelimer, whose birth and military fame fitted him well for the post, usurped his throne.

On this, A.D. 231, Tripoli revolted, and invited the help of Justinian on behalf of their rightful King. The Emperor at once espoused the cause of his friend, and haughtily warned Gelimer against any further revolt, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of God and of himself. The fierce Vandal replied by increasing the rigour of Hilderic's imprisonment, and, with mutual protestations of sincere desire for peace, "according to the practice," as Gibbon remarks, "of civilised nations," each side prepared for war.

The command of the Byzantine forces was given by Justinian to the illustrious Belisarius, the third Africanus, one of the greatest generals and noblest men in all history.

Belitzar, the "White Prince," to give him his proper name, was born, says Procopius, "in Germania, between Thrace and Illyria," not very far, that is, from the birthplace of the Emperor himself. He served with distinction in the private guard of Justinian, and, when his patron became Emperor, was promoted to military command. As general of the East he had won renown in an arduous campaign against the Persians, and the new-made peace, to which his prowess largely contributed, set him free for an even more difficult and important operation.

It was on June 22nd, in the year of our Lord 533, and in the seventh year of the reign of Justinian, that the Byzantine Armada sailed from Constantinople for Africa. The vessels of the fleet and transport, six hundred in number, were anchored in front of the palace gardens, where they were reviewed by the Basileus himself. The Patriarch, surrounded by his clergy, descended to the port to pronounce his solemn benediction on the army as it started on its new crusade. Thus, with the happiest auspices, Belisarius entered on the campaign, taking with him as his secretary, his Boswell, Procopius, the future historian of the war. During the whole of the three months that the voyage lasted, not a single Vandal vessel was sighted which might carry to Carthage the news of the approach of the army. A better proof of the decay of Vandal enterprise could hardly be imagined, for, under Genseric, the pirate corsairs of Carthage had swept the Mediterranean. Belisarius landed at Cape Vada, a desolate strip of beach on the Tripoli border, nine days' march south of Carthage. His advance on the capital was a triumphal progress.

The natives hailed him, as they had the Vandals, as a deliverer from a foreign despotism, and willingly supplied the troops with provisions; the Church welcomed him as a saviour from savage persecution; even amongst the Arian Vandals there were many who were unwilling to fight against one who came, nominally at least, to the succour of their rightful King, and the rest were utterly unprepared for organised resistance. On the day after his arrival, the little town of Sullecte opened her gates to him; the more important cities of Leptis Magna, now a vast mass of ruins on the Oued Lebda, sixty miles west of Tripoli, and Hadrumetum (Sousse), followed her example. Indeed it is not easy to see what else they could have done, for the Vandals had destroyed their walls and fortifications. Gelimer could not come to their assistance, for, incredulous as to the coming of the foe, and ignorant of their arrival, he needed time to collect his forces; above all he wished, if possible, not to risk a battle before the arrival of his brother Zano, whom, with his seasoned troops, he had hurriedly summoned from Sardinia.

And so Belisarius was able to advance, cautiously indeed, but unhindered and unopposed, leaving behind him a country quiet and content; men went about their ordinary business, magistrates administered the old laws, only in the new name of Justinian. It was not until he reached the tenth milestone from Carthage (*"Ad Decimum"*) that Belisarius encountered an enemy. Here at last Gelimer fell upon him furiously with what forces he could muster, and so fierce was the onset that the Greek van was beaten back, and for the moment the issue hung in the balance. Then the fall of Ammatas, brother of the King, and a charge of the picked guard led by the general in person, restored the battle, and at last Gelimer fled, utterly routed, towards Numidia, his only consolation in his

fall being the knowledge that his last orders for the murder of his innocent cousin Hilderic, had been punctually carried out.

But, however comforting to him, this turned to the advantage of his enemies; for the death of the King, and the flight of the usurper, left Belisarius free to assume supreme command in the name of Justinian. On the evening after the victory he bivouacked on the field of battle, and on the morrow he entered Carthage. Almost at the same moment the fleet arrived and anchored in the Lake of Tunis. On the eve of St. Cyprian's Day, September 14th, the defeat of the Vandals, and the liberation of Africa from their yoke, were publicly and solemnly proclaimed.

The first task of Belisarius was to strengthen the fortifications of Carthage, for, though the walls had not been destroyed, they had never been repaired, and a hundred years' neglect had very seriously impaired their strength. He set about the work with the amazing energy which characterised all his actions and contributed so largely to his success; a specimen of his work, rude and strong, can still be seen on the south-west corner of the Castro Pretorio at Rome.

The Vandal army had been dispersed in the fight at *Ad Decimum*, but not destroyed. Zano hurried home from Sardinia and joined his brother; and Gelimer, collecting once more his scattered forces, raised his standard at Bulla Regia, near Souk-el-Arba, within a hundred miles of Carthage. Advancing rapidly on the city, a second battle, in which it would almost seem that Belisarius allowed himself to be surprised, was fought at Tricameron, twenty miles from Carthage. Zano was killed and the Vandals again defeated, although, judging from the number of the killed, it does not seem that they pushed home their attack very vigorously, for in this battle, which ended the Vandal rule in Africa, no more than fifty

Greeks and eight hundred Vandals fell. This time Gelimer accepted his defeat as final; after a short flight, he surrendered to Pharas, the officer sent in pursuit of him, and was taken to Constantinople. After adorning the triumph of Belisarius, he was given an ample estate in Galatia, where he lived and died in peace and obscurity.

Thus ended the Vandal dynasty in Africa. Within three months of his arrival, Belisarius was able to send word to Justinian, that Africa was once more a part of the Empire of Rome.

Master by both land and sea, Belisarius despatched the fleet along the coast as far as to the Pillars of Hercules, to receive the submission of the seaboard towns. To Sardinia and Corsica he sent the head of Zano; the argument was convincing, and the islands submitted: the pick of the Vandal soldiery he deported to Constantinople, where they were drafted into the armies of the East, forming five troops known by the name of *Justiniani Vandalici*.

The history of Africa has no surprises. It is like an old-fashioned song—every verse has new words, but the tune is the same. With that unconquerable love of liberty which is born of the mountains and the sea, the natives have always refused to accept a foreign yoke. They welcomed the Romans as deliverers from the Carthaginians, the Vandals from the Romans, the Byzantines from the Vandals; now the turn of the Byzantines was come. Carthage had to deal with Syphax or Masinissa, Rome with Tacfarinas* and Jugurtha, the Arabs with Koceila and the Kahenah, the French with Abd-el-Kader, Bou Naza, and Bou Bagha. Now the Byzantines met the same spirit in Iabdas and Koutsina.

* This African Arminius belonged to the tribe of the Musulamii, south of the Aures. He was able to hold the Roman army in check for seven years, A.D. 17 to 24. Finally he was killed at Aumale.

For the moment all seemed quiet, but beneath the external peace the whole country was seething with a discontent, which needed only the departure of Belisarius to bring it to the surface in open rebellion. Generations of luxury, followed by a century of subjection, had fatally sapped the vigour of the Roman colonists, and there remained to the cities neither the defence of walls and bulwarks, nor the better defence of stout hearts and the old Roman courage, to save them from the wild hordes which once more swept down from the mountains and up from the desert.

Overawed for the moment by the genius of Belisarius, and recognising that in a measure he was doing their work, the natives had either helped him or at least allowed him to pass unscathed; now that he was gone, recalled almost in disgrace, the standard of rebellion was at once raised. A soothsayer or sorceress had promised that Africa should be conquered only by a beardless general, and close inquiry had shown that none of the Byzantine commanders satisfied this requirement. No sooner was Belisarius safely on his way home, than news was brought him that the whole of the Byzacene (Tunisia) and of Numidia was in a blaze.

Belisarius despatched his most trusty lieutenant to deal as best he might with the situation; this was the eunuch Solomon, who, strangely enough, satisfied the requirement of the Numidian soothsayer.

He soon had his hands full, for he had against him an active and mobile enemy, fighting in and for their own country, an enemy whom it was easy to defeat and disperse, but impossible to conquer or permanently subdue. Marching into the Byzacene, he defeated them at Manme; attacked on his way back, he turned upon them and defeated them again at Burgeon without losing a man, and so reached Carthage, only to

hear that the king, Iabdas, had roused Numidia and was destroying the towns. It was then, A.D. 535, that Thamugadi (Timgad) was wrecked and burnt.

Of the splendid thoroughness and deliberation with which Solomon set himself to protect the country by refortifying the towns, the wonderful system of fortresses which still stud the country bears testimony.

Meanwhile greater troubles were brewing in Carthage.

Justinian, like other men, tried to run his wars and colonies on business principles, and make them pay their way; and so there came to Africa two Imperial commissioners, Tryphon and Eustratius, to assess and collect taxes, and these men, by the exorbitance of their extortions, soon alienated the only loyal portion of the population.

Again, many of the soldiers had married Vandal women, and quietly annexed the farms; this land was now claimed for the Emperor and the occupiers evicted.

Religious toleration, as distinct from indifference, is but little understood now; in the sixth century it was undreamt of, and after a century of ruthless persecution, the restored Church was not in a mood to use with moderation the power she had regained. As against the Vandals this did not much matter, but, unfortunately, in the army of Solomon there were some four thousand Heruli who were also Arians, and were not at all disposed to accept the alternative of either conforming or being deprived of all religious observances whatever; Christmas had tried their temper, and now the still greater festival of Easter was approaching.

To crown all his troubles, four hundred of the Vandal horsemen who had been deported by Belisarius mutinied at Lesbos, seized a vessel, and compelled the captain to land them near Carthage.

A plot was hatched in the palace to murder Solomon

in church on Easter Day, A.D. 536. Through a misunderstanding, or, as Procopius says, "restrained by something Divine," it failed, but a mutiny broke out amongst the troops, which desolated Africa for ten years. Solomon was compelled to take sanctuary in the cathedral, and finally to escape by sea to Syracuse, to invoke the aid of Belisarius.

In his absence the mutineers sacked Carthage and retired to Bule, where they elected Stotzas, a man of great capacity, as their commander. They then returned and besieged the city with ten thousand men.

Belisarius was engaged on what was to be the crowning exploit of his wonderful career, the conquest of the Gothic kingdom of Italy and its union with the Eastern Empire of Constantinople. He had but little time and few men to spare; still, he could not stand calmly on one side and see the ruin of his work in Africa. With a handful of men he at once set sail for Carthage with Solomon. He arrived in the night. When, in the morning, the news of his coming reached the besieging army, the magic of his name was enough. Some of the mutineers returned to their allegiance; the rest raised the siege and precipitately fled. Getting together a force of two thousand men, Belisarius started in hot pursuit, overtook them at Membressa (Medjez-el-Bab) and inflicted a crushing defeat. Stotzas fled into Numidia, and Belisarius returned to Sicily, leaving two of his officers, Ildiger and Theodorus, in charge pending the arrival of Germanus, nephew of the Emperor, whom Justinian sent as Commander in Africa.

Germanus was worthy of the difficult trust. He took up at once the pursuit of Stotzas, defeated him in Numidia, and drove him back into Mauretania; there, protected by a false report of his death, he remained in peace, married the daughter of a local prince, and, for a time, disappeared from history.

But, like Belisarius, Germanus was not allowed time to finish the work he began so well. After a couple of years, A.D. 539, he was recalled, and the chief command given once more to Solomon, who again showed himself unwise and weak as an administrator, though beyond all question more than capable as a soldier.

In the following year two of his nephews, Cyrus and Sergius, sons of his brother Boccus, came out to join him, and were most unwisely entrusted with the government of Pentapolis and Tripoli. A deputation of eighty Africans, who came to Leptis to tender the submission of their tribe, were treacherously murdered by Sergius, at a banquet given in their honour, and the whole country rose to avenge them. Solomon hastened from Carthage to the assistance of his nephew, but was surprised and killed in battle near Theveste (Tebessa).

In spite of the indignant protest of Antalas, an African chieftain who, after fighting valiantly against the Vandals, had been made the enemy of the Greeks by the murder of his brother, Sergius was appointed Governor in the place of his uncle.

The universal disgust and discontent brought Stotzas on the scene again, only, however, to be defeated and killed in battle by the hand of John, the son of Sismolus, who had succeeded Solomon. John himself was killed, a few days afterwards, by a fall from his horse.*

Too late, Sergius was recalled, and Areobondas, a weak man, unused to war and unskilled in affairs, was made Exarch; his incapacity was atoned for by his marriage with the niece of the Emperor. He came only to be murdered by the chief of his guard, Gontharis, who himself was murdered by Artaban

* This is the account given by Procopius (ii. 18), who adds that John and Stotzas were personal enemies. According to Gibbon (*vide* p. 202), John was killed by Stotzas; according to Corippus, by the standard-bearer of Stotzas.

after a reign of thirty days. Artaban, an Armenian prince, rebelled, was first imprisoned, then pardoned, and finally entrusted with the command of the troops despatched to Italy, and distinguished himself in the war in Sicily.

After the death of Gontharis, another John, " the brother of Pappas," was appointed Governor, A.D. 545. He succeeded in tranquillising Africa, and, with the help of the native chief, Koutsina, repulsed an inroad of the Leucathians from Tripoli; and so, at last, says Procopius, the Africans, " being very few in number and very poor," had a time of peace.

But these continued and devastating wars were fast reducing the unhappy country to a desert. The Vandals, who, it is estimated, numbered one hundred and sixty thousand men who drew the sword, besides women and children, had been annihilated; the number of natives who had fallen in the truceless and merciless war was far larger, and to these must be added the Romans and Byzantines who had been slain in the savage reprisals of a desperate foe.

When Procopius landed near Tripoli with Belisarius, and marched with him through Byzacene to Carthage, he spoke with admiration of the populous cities, the teeming countryside, the commerce, the industries, of which he saw proofs on all sides. In twenty years the whole of that busy scene had been reduced to silent solitude. The numbers who fell have been estimated at five millions, and neither Gibbon nor any other historian has seen reason to consider this an exaggeration. For a hundred years longer the Greek Emperors maintained a nominal empire over an Africa which had shrunk until it included little more than Carthage, a few cities, and a fringe of territory near the sea. Then the flood of Arab invasion burst in, and the sun of the mighty dynasty of Rome in Africa set for ever.

CHAPTER XII

A BYZANTINE FORTRESS

TEBESSA

VERY wonderful are the Roman ruins, the *cadavera oppidum*, which lie scattered broadcast over Tunisia, and, in a lesser degree, Algeria also. But they are the result of a settled occupation extending over a period of some two or three hundred years. Even more extraordinary are the numberless fortresses which the Byzantines erected in little more than one-tenth of that time.

The Vandals had destroyed the defences of the cities, and this ruin it was that the Byzantines set themselves to remedy. To rebuild the walls in the time at their disposal was manifestly impossible; equally impossible was it to leave the cities defenceless; for no place was safe from attack unless it was able to resist it. To be even moderately secure from continual forays, the whole country had to be studded with fortresses; and this was done. It is hard to find the remains of any considerable town or village without its Byzantine fortress. Many of these strongholds exist still; a few are to-day in use for their original purposes. The Arab towns of Tebessa and Mila, and the French camps at Guelma and Setif, are still sheltered by the old Greek walls. Strong, stern, and business-like, hardly injured by their life of fifteen centuries, they give an exalted opinion of the military skill of their architects and of the thoroughness of their work.

Where it was possible, existing buildings were

utilised and adapted to their new uses. At Sufetula (Sbeitla) the vast enceinte of the Capitol was made the nucleus of the defences of the city; little was needed here except to block up the openings in the walls, and make embrasures. Other buildings in the neighbourhood of the great temple were turned into subsidiary redoubts. In the same way the smaller Capitol at Dougga became the keep of an enceinte which shut in the town. At Tebessa a large part* of the city was re-walled, and a great monastery close by was converted into a cavalry barrack. At Ammœdara (Haidra), in addition to a very important fortress, a splendid triumphal arch was enclosed with walls and made a detached keep. Elsewhere, as at Thubursicum Bure (Teboursouk), although the fortress was new, two triumphal arches were incorporated in the walls.

For the most part, the buildings were very much on the same plan: a quadrangle, more or less extended and regular, with lofty towers at the angles, projecting outwards, not inwards, as with the Roman work at Lambæsis (Lambessa). Other towns protected the walls at intervals, and flanked the gates; the walls were thick enough to allow of a pathway protected by battlements, and approached by staircases leaning against the wall, being carried along the top. The interior was occupied with the various buildings needed by the soldiers, especially a church, without which no Byzantine fortress was complete.

One other thing they all have in common: they were built of old materials. The Byzantines had neither time nor money to quarry new. Nor was it necessary. The stones were there ready to be used. There was no need to imitate the Barberini, worse than the Barbari, and many another Roman Pope

* Probably about one-third.

[*Lehnert and Landrock.*

CAPITOL OF SBEITLA.

or noble, and destroy temple or colosseum in order to steal the stones or marbles. The old Pagan temples were in ruins, the Donatists had wrecked the Christian churches, the Vandals had pulled down the city walls—all the necessary materials were there, ready at hand.

The most perfect detached fortress, for the defence of an unwalled city, is that at Ammœdara (Haidra). It stands on the southern slope of a steep hill, and rests upon the bank of a perennial stream, the Oued Haidra. The river was crossed by a bridge of a single arch of a hundred feet span. The river wall was restored in the nineteenth century. The form of the fortress was a very irregular quadrangle of about one hundred and twenty yards by two hundred and twenty. The wall was strengthened with ten towers, all square except one, which was round. There were several gates: the most important, namely, the great entrance from the north, and the water-gate to the south, were protected with towers; others were mere unprotected posterns. As usual, a pathway ran along the whole circuit of the walls, as at Chester. Against the western wall stood the church; it consisted of a nave and aisles. The porch was flanked by a lofty tower. A large space on the north-east corner, the only angle where there was no tower, was partly, if not entirely, roofed in, and served as the Pretorium or Forum or market—possibly as all three.

The fortress which defended Timgad, though not so large, is almost equally perfect, and much more accessible.

More important and perfect still, a testimony to its strategical value, is the walled city of Theveste (Tebessa) on the southern slope of the Aures. It was the first place fortified by the Third Legion, to protect the line of communication between the Hodra

and the sea. Rebuilt in A.D. 535 by the eunuch Solomon, it is still strongly garrisoned by the French. On this point all the great roads converge, from Lambæsis and Mascula (Khenchela) to the west, from the desert to the south, from Haidra and Central Tunisia to the east, from Carthage and Cirta through Thagaste (South Ahras) and Madauros (Mdaourouch) to the north.

From the very first, even after the headquarters of the Legion had been moved to Lambæsis, its importance has remained but little impaired. Standing at a height of 3,000 feet above the sea on the gentle slopes of the still wooded mountains of the Aures, it commands a vast upland plain, once of great fertility, which stretches in a great semicircle to the north-east and north-west. To-day its chief exports are halfa (esparto grass) and phosphates, immense deposits of which have been discovered in the hills between it and Haidra.

The journey by the light railway which runs from Thagaste (South Ahras) to Tebessa is interesting and, in parts, beautiful. For the first few miles the little train winds on and up through the gorge of the Medjerba, between lofty rocks clothed with oaks, elms, and cork trees, with occasional grassy hollows, a pleasant change from the arid, treeless wastes to which the traveller is accustomed. A run, or saunter, of twenty miles brings us to Mdaourouch, and the open plain begins. To the left, at a distance of about three miles, lie the important ruins of Madauros, the birthplace of the satirist Apuleius; a beautiful Roman mausoleum, the remains of vast thermæ, and of a great Byzantine fortress, still mark the spot. Here the river dwindles to a rivulet, and the rivulet to a trickle, and at last vanishes. We have reached the watershed, and soon another trickle tells us that we are by the source of the Mellegue. Then the

line, after passing the considerable ruins of another town, not yet identified, runs round the base of some strange splintered mountain crags which rise abruptly from the plain. The summit of one of them is pierced by a curious circular hole, like that at Torghatten, in Norway.

At last, at the foot of the wooded range of the Aures, Tebessa comes in sight, lonely and forsaken in its great circle of walls, like the desolate little town of Aigues Mortes from which St. Louis sailed on his last crusade, to die at Tunis.

The town itself is a shabby little place, but its monuments are of profound interest. Chief amongst them are the great encircling walls which Solomon erected for its defence. The part enclosed, like Timgad, which is of almost the same size, is nearly a square, three hundred and sixty yards by three hundred and ten. The walls, which average thirty to thirty-three feet in height and seven feet in thickness, are strengthened by fourteen towers of an average height of fifty-five to sixty feet; the protected footway which runs along the top is reached, as usual, by staircases built against the wall. The south wall has, in part, been built upon the *scena* of the theatre. The *pulpitum* still remains almost uninjured; upon it are heaped huge drums of the marble columns.

There are three gates. That in the north wall, known as the Old Gate, the Bab-el-Khedima, is formed by the splendid arch of Caracalla. Over our heads as we pass through it into the town is an inscription which relates how Solomon, "the most glorious and very excellent Master of the Soldiers, Præfect of Libya and Patrician," built the wall and fortified the city. He was himself killed in battle in the neighbourhood. Another inscription in the interior of the arch records that it was erected in

accordance with the will of Cornelius Egrilianus, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand sesterces (£2,680). In the east wall a curiously narrow machicolated gateway, flanked by two boldly projecting towers, bears the name of Solomon. To the west the Constantine Gate led to the circus. The main thoroughfare lay between these gates. The south wall has no opening. It has been calculated that the work of erecting the wall and towers would occupy eight hundred men for two years.

There is no trace of any fosse or moat. Evidently the builders considered that such walls were a sufficient defence against any attack that the wild tribes might be able to make upon the town.

Just inside the walls, and close to the Old Gate, is the Temple of Minerva—so called. The Naos, resting on a lofty *podium*, and approached by a flight of twenty steps, is very perfect. In date and beauty it lies between the austere little Temple of Fortuna Virilis at Rome and the lovely *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, to which it is frequently compared. In style it is tetrastyle pseudo-pteripteral stylobate; that is, it rests upon a platform, and has four pillars in front, which are not continued round the *cella* except as engaged pilasters. Round the Naos runs an architrave, divided into square panels and decorated with ox-heads and eagles with outstretched wings holding serpents in their claws. The attic is somewhat heavily carved with garlands, cornucopias, trophies, masks, images of gods, Victories, and so on. The pediment and roof, if they ever existed, have perished. The building has been put to strange uses. In turns a soap manufactory, an office of the engineers, a tribunal for the Moslems (now installed in the neighbouring buildings), a canteen, a military club, and a church, it is now a museum.

Leaving the town by the Old Gate, a long, straight,

ARCH OF CARACALLA, TEBESSA.

dusty road, lined with trees, seems to stretch out into infinity. Following it for some six hundred yards, we come to the ruins of the great monastery, the most important ecclesiastical monument in North Africa. The day was hot and the sky cloudless. The natives whom we met coming into the town with their laden donkeys, or passed sitting in the sun at the door of their gourbis, regarded us with the solemn, silent scrutiny which is all they commonly vouchsafe to infidels, unless there is money to be made. Happily for us, they were too lazy or too distrustful of their French, to press their services upon us as guides, and so, in a peace which was as delightful as it was unusual, we reached the vast mass of grey ruins which we had come so far to see.*

It lay to the left of the road, surrounded by a desolate plain stretching to the desolate mountains, itself more desolate even than they.

What must have been once a grand monumental gateway opens upon a broad terrace about sixty yards long; to the left lies the cloister, to the right the church. The terrace is closed by a second gateway; passing through this, we find to our left the refectory, to our right the other monastic buildings. The whole was enclosed by a wall, strengthened by seven towers, projecting inwards. Against the wall, as well as against the church, were built the cells of the monks.

The cloister ran round three sides of a square, at a height of about six feet above the ground; along the fourth side ran the terrace and the façade of the church. The garth, as we should call it in England, was divided into four by two paths which intersected in the middle. It appears that these four squares

* After careful examination of the ruins, the account given in the text seems to be the most satisfactory. Some writers, however, are of opinion that the "Cloister" was a market, the four "squares" pens for cattle, and the "Refectory" always and only a stable.

were basins which could be flooded, at any rate during the great heats of the summer.

On the other side of the terrace, a flight of fourteen steps led up to the pillared portico of the great church. Through this we pass into the atrium, surrounded by a colonnade. In the centre was a quatrefoil fountain with pillars supporting a dome. To the right a doorway leads into the baptistery. Elsewhere, especially at Timgad, the baptistery forms a very important and beautiful feature of the church. Here it has been reduced, by exigencies of space, to little more than a passage, with a tiny circular font not more than five feet in diameter.

From the atrium three gateways open into the church, which is of grand proportions. The nave is separated from its aisles by an arcade of ten arches resting upon square piers in front of which were marble columns. Above this a similar arcade opened upon a gallery, as at St. Agnese at Rome. Above this rose the clerestory.

The last three bays of the nave, enclosed by a cancellus, or screen, formed the sanctuary, in the middle of which, resting on a step or platform which still remains, stood the altar, probably of wood. Beyond the nave, two lateral flights of three steps led to the semicircular apse or presbytery. Round this were ranged the seats for the chapter, with the throne for the bishop in the centre. It is the usual basilican arrangement, similar to that at Torcello, so nobly pictured by Ruskin in his *Stones of Venice*. Other even more familiar examples are to be found in St. Ambrogio at Milan or St. Clemente at Rome.

The mosaic floor of the church, though, now, terribly damaged, must have been of very great beauty, and if, as M. Alb. Ballu believes, the walls and vaulting were also enriched with marble panelling and mosaics, the effect must have been extremely rich.

On the right-hand side, on entering the church, a broad flight of twelve steps led down into a beautiful trefoiled chapel or trichorum similar to that in the Damous-el-Karita at Carthage. Many tombs have been found in it, some below, others several feet above, the original mosaic floor of the chapel. One of these, a fine sarcophagus of marble, now forms the high altar of the modern church; another, as the inscription tells us, was the tomb of Bishop Palladius, who died A.D. 488. As at Carthage, the name of the saint to whom this beautiful chapel was dedicated is unknown. Doubtless he was buried in the centre, beneath the altar.

To the right a large room or sacristy runs parallel to the atrium, leaving, as already said, a very narrow space between the two for the baptistery.

All these buildings belong to the fourth century. At the close of that century, Augustine, who had become acquainted with the monastic life at Milan, built a little cell for himself and his friends Alypius and Evodius on an estate of his own at Thagaste (Souk Ahras). Afterwards he founded the first monastery in Africa at Hippo; and at about the same time—that is, early in the fifth century—monastic buildings began to gather round the basilica at Theveste. Cells for the monks were built against the walls of the church, as in the Temple of Solomon, and then was built also the great hall or refectory which ran by the side of the cloister.

If, on entering the monastery through the great gateway, instead of turning to the left into the cloister, or to the right into the church, we pass on through the second gateway beyond, we find on our left a vast and very splendid hall extending the whole length of the cloister—that is, about one hundred and eighty feet. Two rows of arches resting on square piers divided it into three equal aisles. From

each of the sides, ten walls ran out to a distance of six feet, thus dividing this part of the hall into cubicles or cells. All this suggests that the building was a refectory or library or conversorium—perhaps all three.

Down the middle of each of the side aisles runs a low wall about three feet high, divided into partitions of about three feet by upright stones of the same height: these were kept in their places by a course of stones resting upon the top, and stretching from one to the other. The space between these uprights is hollowed out into a trough or manger; and through the edge of the uprights, sometimes through the mangers also, holes have been pierced, worn smooth on the inside by the friction of the ropes or halters. There are eighty of these stalls; forty on each side.

That these are stalls for horses is clear: a precisely similar arrangement is to be found in a house at Timgad. But it is hard to believe that the hall was built as a stable. If it was not, when and by whom were the alterations made? Everything seems to support the view that it was the work of the Byzantines. Tebessa, like Timgad, was a stronghold of the Donatists, and when Solomon came in A.D. 535 he doubtless found the monastery deserted and in ruins. As he rebuilt the walls of the town, and made it once more a fortress, so he turned the ruined monastery into a cavalry barrack. The basilica he respected, and, as it was too ruinous to use, and too large to restore, he erected a small church by the side of the trefoiled chapel. The refectory he utilised as a stable, the cells of the monks as barracks for his soldiers.

[*Garrigues*

TEMPLE AT TEBESSA.

CHAPTER XIII

RASSOUL ALLAH, A.D. 622–1453

It is said that Schiller once thought of taking Mohammed as the subject of a tragedy, treating him, as Browning did Paracelsus, and George Eliot Savonarola, as a man who began with an honest enthusiasm and faith in himself and in his mission, but was driven on, step by step, by the force of circumstances and the pressure of unwise followers, into extremes which he never contemplated, and which make it hard to decide whether he deceived others only or himself also.

In any case, it is clear that the idea of a universal religion, and of a world evangelised by fire and sword, was never dreamt of by Mohammed. He began simply as a reformer. There was nothing new about him, except his enthusiasm for the old. His heart was stirred when he saw his people given up to idolatry. His rejection at Mecca embittered him, and the weapons used against him, to drive him out, were the only ones by which he could secure his return. Far from receiving the new evangel with enthusiasm, the Arabs yielded reluctantly, and under compulsion, and, on the death of the Prophet in A.D. 632, rose at once in revolt against his successor.

Mohammed left no son, and the people of Medina elected Abou Bekr, father of his favourite wife, Ayishah, to fill the vacant post, under the title of Khalifah or Successor. To combat the rebellious tribes, Abou Bekr formed his followers into a regular army, and crushed the insurrection. Realising that

the simplest and surest way of ensuring the supremacy of Islam was to employ the wild, unruly warriors elsewhere, he launched them upon the decaying empires of Constantinople and Persia, " torn to pieces by war, enervated by luxury, and gangrened with corruption." The congenial employment of fighting, and the prospect of booty in this world and paradise in the next, repaid the Arabs for their submission to the Law and Prophet of Mecca.

On August 22, A.D. 634, the day of the fall of Damascus, Abou Bekr died. Omar ibn al Khattab, father of the Prophet's third wife, Hafsah, succeeded him. He was the first to offer prayers openly at the Kaaba, and to collect the Prophet's scattered writings into the Koran. His declaration of policy on his election deserves to be repeated. " By God, he that is weakest among you shall be in my sight the strongest until I have vindicated for him his rights, but him that is strongest will I treat as weakest until he complies with the laws." To him was due the great spread of Islamism. His generals drove the Greeks out of Syria and Phœnicia, and by the conquest of al-Iragan, completed the overthrow of the Empire of Persia. At the same time Amr ibn al Asi conquered Egypt, with the aid of the Coptic Christians, and signalised his victory by the destruction of the priceless library at Alexandria. " If these books contradict the Koran, they are false; if they agree with it, they are useless." The argument was unanswerable, and books were burnt.

Omar was murdered in A.H. 23 (A.D. 644). His dying words are his best epitaph: " It had gone hard with my soul if I had not been a Moslem."

Masters of Egypt, with an appetite which grew by eating, the wild hordes pressed on triumphantly to the Maghreb with a zeal in which religion had but little place. Their forays were conducted with

the savagery which came naturally to them, but there was none of that fanatical hatred of Christianity which the bigotry of the Turks has taught us to associate with Islamism; each tribe they attacked was perfectly free to resist, or to adopt Islamism, or to pay tribute.

The Berbers, as they now began to be called, had never been remarkable for the strength of their religious convictions, though they occasionally showed themselves capable of an exalted enthusiasm for some congenial heresy or schism. Perhaps it would be more true to say that they were willing to adopt any religion outwardly, as long as, under its shield, they were able to preserve the traditional faith, and, in part at least, the traditional rites of their forefathers. The religion of Rome had been easily absorbed. Hammon became Saturn, and Tanith Cœlestis. Then had come Christianity with its alluring doctrine that within the fold there was to be "neither barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free," and its supreme attraction that it was considered to represent disloyalty to the Emperor. But the quite sobriety of the Catholic faith had never possessed such charms for them as the violent extremes of Montanism, and the wild extravagances of Donatism and of the Circumcelliones. Then had appeared the Vandals, and their easy Arianism was a welcome change from what had become the official religion of their Roman masters. Finally the Byzantine invaders had brought back orthodoxy and striven to enforce it with most unwise severity.

Paganism, Catholicism, Montanism, Donatism, Arianism, Orthodoxy—each in turn had been taught as final and complete truth. What wonder if, bewildered and perplexed, the Berbers bowed to each just so far as necessary, and clung quietly and faithfully to their old beliefs—as they cling still.

In the seventh century, the Arianism of the Vandals, on the whole, held the ground, and between this and Islam the differences were not vital. Both agreed in the first half of the great confession of faith: "La ilaha ill Allah," "There is no God, or Divinity, but God." The second half was of secondary importance: "Mohammed Rassoul Allah," "Mohammed is the prophet or apostle of God." With regard to the first half, the way was made very easy. In the Koran composed by the King-Prophet, Calih' ben T'arif, for the use of the Borghouata Berbers, the name of God appears, not as Allah, but as Iakouch, or Bakouch. Thus, "In the name of Allah," appears as "Bism en Iakouch," and the great formula, "Allah Akbar," "God is great," is rendered "Mok'k'ah Iakouch," and so on. And this continued until the destruction of the tribe in the eleventh century.

Nor was this all. Islamism practised the great doctrine of the equality of all men within the fold, which Christianity had contented itself with teaching. Every Moslem was a free man, could hold property, and was exempt from taxation. Race privileges, class distinctions, alien landlordism, government by foreigners, imperial taxation, all were swept away; while unlimited booty and glory were offered freely to all who, under the Prophet's banner, would march to the pillage of Europe.

Still, the resistance of the Berbers to the Arab invasion was desperate and prolonged, and we are told that "they apostatised twelve times." Even now the Mohammedanism of the mountaineers of the Aures and Djurdjura is of a very free and unorthodox type, and they have always dealt with the civil regulations of the Koran exactly as they have chosen.

On the murder of Omar, Othman ibn Affan, the husband of two of the Prophet's daughters, was elected Khalifah, against the vehement protest of

Ali, the Prophet's adopted son, and the husband of his daughter Fatimah, one of the four perfect women, and the only one through whom the direct descent from the Prophet was maintained. But Othman had been elected by the six emigrants appointed for the purpose by Omar, and all opposition was in vain; but the dissensions between the two led eventually to the division of Islam into the two great sects of "Sunnis," or "Those of the Path," and "Shi'ahs," or "Followers" of Ali.

In the year of Othman's succession, A.D. 644, Amr ibn el Asi seized Tripoli. Three years later, A.D. 647, under the command of Abd Allah ibn ez Zobeir, the Arab host poured into Ifrikya, through the south of Tunisia. The Prefect Gregory, or Djoredjir, as the Arabs called him—much as the Spaniards called Hawkins Achines, or Drake Draco—had declared his independence of Constantinople, and assumed the purple.*

The battle which practically ended the Byzantine rule was fought near Sufetula (Sbeitla); Gregory was completely defeated and killed, and Sbeitla was taken and sacked. "The daughter of Djoredjir had accompanied him, and was amongst the prisoners: she fell to the lot of a man of Medina. 'For the future,' said he, as he lifted her on a camel, 'you will have to walk a-foot, and wait on other women.' 'What is the dog saying?' she asked. When she was told, she threw herself from the camel and was killed."† The natives took no part in the battle, but stood beholding.

The surrounding towns purchased immunity with a heavy ransom: no surer way could have been

* At least so we may assume, since the historian Theophanes gives him the title of "Turannos."

† The sentences printed in inverted commas in this chapter are, for the most part, condensed from the summaries of the chronicles given by Victor Piquet in his *Civilisations de l'Afrique du Nord.*

devised of inviting fresh inroads than this of proclaiming that they were rich enough to pay, but too cowardly to fight. However, for the moment it succeeded, Abd Allah retired with his booty, and the land had peace for thirty years. The causes of this interval of rest are not far to seek.

Things were not going well at headquarters; the cause of the trouble seems to have been the intrigues of a woman.

In his old age Mohammed had fallen completely under the influence of his favourite wife, Ayishah, daughter of Abou Bekr, whom he had married when she was only nine years old. An "*injusta noverca*," with a childless woman's unreasoning jealousy of the more fortunate Fatimah, she seems to have set herself at every turn to exclude Ali and his sons Hassan and Husein from the Khalifate. Hitherto she had succeeded, but when, in due course, A.D. 655, Othman also was murdered by her own brother Mohammed, Ali became the obvious, if not the only, candidate, and was duly elected at Medina. In furious anger Ayishah fled to Damascus, taking with her the blood-stained cloak of Othman, to which she fastened the fingers of his wife, the daughter of the Prophet, who had been murdered with him. Boldly, and not without some reason, accusing Ali of, at least, complicity in the double murder, she stirred up the Governor of Damascus, Othman ben Mu'awiyah, of the family of Omaiyah, to revolt and proclaim himself Khalifah. Othman needed little pressing. After some inconclusive arbitration, war was declared, and Ali was defeated and murdered, A.D. 661. His son Hassan, elected as his successor, had the wisdom to decline the dangerous honour, and retired to Medina.* This, however, did

* It is for this reason that, in the picture of the Perfect Khalifahs, Hassan is represented on foot, and with no title of "Sidi" like the rest.

not save him from being also murdered by Yazed, son of Mu'awiyah ; as was also his brother Husein.

In twenty-eight years four out of five Khalifahs had been murdered, the authentic line of Perfect Khalifahs was extinguished, and the direct line of descent from the Prophet cut short. Damascus became the capital instead of Mecca, and Mu'awiyah founded there the hereditary dynasty of the Omeiades. His followers adopted and practically usurped the name of Sunnites, leaving to the followers of Ali the name of Shi'ahs. It has been computed that now the Sunnites number one hundred and forty-five millions, and the Shi'ahs fifteen.

From this period date some of the main trunk schisms of Islam :—

The SUNNITES, "They of the Path," or Orthodox, a name identified with the Omeiades. They took their name from Othman ibn Affan, of the family of Beni Omeia : it was to this family that the Khalifahs of Damascus belonged.

SHI'AHS, or "Followers," of Ali. These rejected all Imams (they do not use the word Khalifah) except the direct descendants of Mohammed through Ali and Fatimah.

They acknowledged twelve Imams. The last, Mohammed, son of Al Hasan al Askari, disappeared mysteriously down a well in the courtyard of a house at Hillah near Baghdad, whence he will return again to be the Mahdi or Guide, who, as the Prophet foretold, will appear before the Day of Judgment.

KHAREDJITES, or Dissenters. These were the soldiers of Ali who deserted him when he submitted his claim to arbitration. They recognised only the first three Khalifahs. The Berbers adopted this form of schism in a body.

OUAHBITES, a name of the Kharedjites, from the chief Abd Allah ben Ouahb.

These were divided into two other sects—

IBADITES, from their founder, Abd Allah ben Ibad; and

SOFRITES, from their founder, Abd Allah ben Sofar.

Other sects will emerge as we go on. Amongst the seventy-three sects of Islam, thirty-two are assigned to the Shi'ahs.

Now that these domestic differences had been adjusted, the attack on North Africa began again. In A.D. 678 (A.H. 46), Okba ibn Nafi, the fiercest of all Moslem fighters, was launched against the Byzacene. "Marching against the country of the Ouezzan, Okba cut off an ear of their chief, saying to him, 'It is a reminder; when you put your hand to your ear you will remember that it is not well to fight against Arabs.' Then Okba overran the Fezzan, and reached the country of the Harouar; he cut off a finger of their chief, as a reminder, and imposed a tribute of 360 slaves." Stopped in his advance to the west by the sand, "he returned to the country of the Harouar, whom he found sleeping in their underground dwellings. He cut the throats of all the men of war, seized their children and riches, and went his way."

Another swarm of Arabs under the command of Maouia ben Hadaidj advanced north, and attacked Djohera (Hadrumetum or Sousse). "The Emperor of the East sent thirty thousand soldiers to defend the country; they landed at Djohera. Maouia marched against the place, and, when he arrived in sight of the ramparts, alighted from his horse, and offered certain prayers before his troops. The Byzantines were at first filled with astonishment, then they advanced against the Moslems. Maouia was still prostrate on the ground when the first infidels approached; then he mounted his horse and charged the enemy, whom he cut to pieces. The soldiers of Byzantium then re-embarked."

Okba was invested by the Khalifah with the government of the new province; he conquered Byzacene, and founded Kairouan on the spot where Sidi Sahab, one of the "Associates" of the Prophet, had been buried; thus for the first time the Arabs had a settlement in the new country.

But as yet their foothold was very insecure. The Byzantines were conquered, and the Berbers had, as usual, watched the conflict with a benevolent aloofness and unconcern. Now their turn was coming, and they at once prepared for a desperate resistance. Okba had been recalled by the Khalifah and replaced by one of his rivals, El Mohadjer, who began his work by destroying Okba's resting-place or Caravan. In A.D. 680, Okba was reinstated by Yezid, son of Mu'awiyah, returned, rebuilt Kairouan, and started on a wild marauding foray to the west; dragging with him El Mohadjer in chains. Against the fortified towns, Tabessa, Timgad, and the rest, his fury was spent in vain, but he fell upon the great tribe of the Aoureba and exterminated it, and carried away captive in his train the King, Koceila. Contrary to the advice of El Mohadjer, he treated him with characteristic insolence. One day he set him to kill a sheep. Seeing him wipe his bloody hand on his beard, he demanded what he meant. "Nothing," was the answer; "it is good for the hair." At last, "arriving on the shore of the ocean, he raised the standard of the Prophet, and, making it follow the course of the sun from its rising to its setting, he dashed into the waves up to his horse's chest, crying, 'God of Mohammed, if I were not stopped by the waves of this sea, I would go even to the most distant land, to bear the glory of Thy Name, to fight for Thy religion, and to destroy all who will not believe on Thee."

Then he turned, to fight his way back again as best he might. He reached the Hodna in safety.

There he divided his forces. The main body, with the booty, he sent forward by the road which ran through the still fertile plains to the north of the Aures. He himself, with three hundred men, followed the track through the Ziban and the oases which fringe the southern slopes of the mountains. Koceila seized the opportunity, made his escape, and raised the country—the Greek inhabitants of the towns making, for the first time in history, common cause with the natives.

With such forces as he could thus hastily muster, Koceila dashed south, probably through the great gorge of El Kantara, came upon his enemy at Tahouda near Biskra, and overwhelmed him and all his little band. Okba's end was a worthy one. It is said that when he found himself faced by the alternative of flight or death, he struck with his own hands the fetters off the limbs of El Mohadjer, and bade him escape. He refused, and the two rivals, drawing their scimitars and breaking the scabbards, fell side by side. This was in the year A.D. 682. A typical Moslem apostle and saint, he still lies near the spot where he fell, in the mosque of the little town which bears his name, and which his holiness has made ever since a place of pilgrimage only less important than Kairouan itself. His epitaph can still be read. It is written in early Kufic characters, and is probably the oldest Arabic inscription in the world. "This is the tomb of Okba, son of Nafi—may God have mercy on him."

His death marks the recovery of Berber independence. Koceila made himself master of the whole country, and again destroyed Kairouan.

In A.D. 698 Kairouan was rebuilt by the Governor of Egypt. However, he was driven back and killed, and Ifrikya was once more clear of the Arabs.

It was not until the year A.D. 720 (A.H. 98), that "the Lord strengthened the hands of Hassan,

Governor of Egypt," to finally subdue the country. For the fourth time Kairouan was rebuilt, and Hassan marched against Carthage. By a dashing attack, the walls were scaled, and the city taken and sacked; on the approach, however, of the Byzantine fleet, under the command of John the Patrician, the Arabs evacuated the city and returned to Kairouan, where they wintered. Next year they received strong reinforcements and advanced again. This time John found himself overmatched. He withdrew to Utica, whence, after sustaining a severe defeat, he re-embarked for Constantinople. This time Hassan made sure of his prey, and for a second time Carthage was levelled to the ground. Tunis was built with its stones and adorned with its marble pillars. Whatever was left above ground was carried away in after years; it is said that the cathedral at Pisa was built with some of the stones. The great harbours were filled up and completely obliterated; until a few years ago their very position was a matter of guess-work and tradition. So ended European rule in North Africa.

But the real work had still to be done. Koceila, the Berber Caractacus, had fallen in battle on the Medjerba, but an African Boadicea arose to take his place. The name of this famous heroine is unknown; she is always described by her titles, Dahiah or Queen, and Kahenah or Priestess.* The chronicler, Ibn Khaldoun, tells us that she belonged to the Jewish tribe of Djoraouah, but she was certainly a Berber, though probably her tribe had been converted to Judaism. She was an example of what would now be termed a Marabouta, half prophet like Deborah, half sorceress, she wielded a power which was all the stronger because its foundations were mysterious and rested on the supernatural.

* She is described as daughter of Tabeta, son of Enfale. She was Queen of the Djoraouah, a Zenete tribe of the Aures.

In a battle fought at the foot of the Aures, Hassan was completely routed and driven back upon Gabes. Eighty of his body-guard were taken prisoners; with one exception the Kahenah sent them back without ransom. The name of the exception was "Khaled, son of Iezid, of the tribe of Cais, and he was young and beautiful. 'I have never seen,' said she to him, 'so goodly a youth as you. I wish to give you suck, that you may become the son of the Kahenah, and the brother of her children.' And this ceremony, which amongst the Berbers constitutes adoption, took place."

Convinced that the Arabs were fighting only for booty, she then laid desolate the whole country between Sfax and El Djem, where she fortified herself in the vast amphitheatre, razed the cities, destroyed the cisterns and barrages, and burnt the forests and groves of olives. At last, A.D. 703, after five years of desolating warfare, she realised that further resistance was impossible. Determined herself to die a queen, she had prepared her sons for submission, and sent them, with Khaled, into the camp of Hassan, before the final battle. Next day she was defeated and killed, and her head was sent to the Khalifah, Abd-el-Melek.* "Thus the freedom of Barbary descended into its grave, not to rise again on the third morning, or the third week, or the third year." Whether this prediction was fulfilled remains to be seen.

Her sons passed into the service of Hassan, and when, following in the steps of Tarif, who has given Gibraltar its name, Mousa ibn Noceir passed over into Spain, they marched under his banner, at the head of twelve thousand Berbers, and helped to found the Omeiade kingdoms of Seville and Granada. Thus,

* The battle in which the Kahenah was killed, was fought near Mitoussa, between Lambessa and Tebessa. The enemy were guided and commanded by Khaled. According to another account, her head was thrown into a well.

at the expense of Spain, an interval of comparative peace was secured for Africa.

The rule of the four Perfect Khalifahs had been unostentatious and cheap; that of the Omeiades was brilliant and costly, and had to be paid for. Imperial taxes began once more to weigh heavily on Africa, and in A.D. 720 Yezed, the governor, enforced upon the Moslem taxes which, like the Kharadj, or poll tax, were due from infidels only. In the midst of the discontent which this caused, came the Kharedjite missionaries, and were received with enthusiasm. It was sufficient that, as their name implied, they were dissenters, and that, in the eyes of the Berbers, the rejection of the orthodoxy of the rulers at Kairouan was a sufficient excuse for rebellion against their authority. In addition to this, their doctrines were as acceptable as their schism, for they united the harsh morality of Tertullian with the separatism of the Donatists and the wild extravagances of the Circumcelliones. Revolt began, and soon spread over the whole country. In A.D. 740 it required the whole army of Egypt, and a massacre, in which it is said that one hundred and eighty thousand Berbers fell, to reduce the east to something like submission; in the west, the two principal sects of Kharedjites succeeded in founding independent states, the Ibadites at Tiaret, in the Central Maghreb "el Aouçot," and the Sofrites at Sidgilmassa (Tafilah), in the south of the Western Maghreb "el Acsa." *

At last, his patience exhausted by these continual excursions and alarms, the Khalifah of Baghdad,† Haroun-al-Raschid, gave the whole of the Maghreb as a fief to a chief of Ifrikya, Ibrahim ibn Aghled.

* "Maghreb" means "west." Roughly speaking, the Maghreb "el Acsa" corresponds with Morocco, the Maghreb "el Aouçot" with Algeria, and "Ifrikya" with Tunisia.

† Baghdad was founded by the Khalifah Abd er Rahman, and made his capital A.D. 754 (A.H. 136).

Thus was founded the practically independent dynasty of the Aghlebites at Kairouan, which was able to maintain itself for a hundred years (A.D. 800–908), sometimes with splendour, always with success. Charlemagne sent ambassadors to Ibrahim, and they were received at Kairouan with great magnificence, and to his successors the city owes its finest buildings; they kept a standing army and fleet, with which they not only kept the peace in Ifrikya, but were able also to conquer Sicily. In their home policy they made a serious attempt to secure justice for the poor, and to save them from oppression, by appointing in every town an officer whose special duty was to protect the common people from the tyranny of the great.

In the Western Maghreb they were powerless either to subdue the two Kharedjite kingdoms or to prevent the foundations of another at Fez by the Edrissites, a sect of "legitimists," who recognised as Khalifahs only the direct descendants of the Prophet through Edrei, the only son of Ali and Fatimah, so they pretended, who escaped the massacre which, in the ordinary course, followed the murder of Ali himself.

To make confusion worse confounded, there appeared towards the close of the ninth century another disturbing element. The Shi'ahs raised the banner of a new Mahdi, Obeïd Allah; and his lieutenant, Abou Abd Allah, succeeded without much difficulty in converting, or at least raising, the whole of the powerful Ketana tribe, which occupied the country between the Aures and the sea. They were soon joined by the Zouaoua of the Djurdjura mountains, and the Sanhadja from Southern Tunisia. In A.D. 908, Abou Abd Allah, at the head of a hundred thousand men, marched upon Kairouan and defeated and put to flight Ziadet Allah, the last of the Aghlebites. Once seated on the throne which Abou Abd Allah had won

for him, Obeïd Allah soon changed the part of an apostle for that of a despot. He inaugurated his reign by murdering Abou Abd Allah, and then, finding the atmosphere of Kairouan too orthodox, built himself a new capital at Mehdia, on the site of an old Roman town whose name is uncertain ; in Froissart it appears as Africa. His followers were known as Fatemites, to emphasise the supposed descent from Fatimah, and thus was founded a dynasty which lasted from A.D. 909 to 1171.

Turning his arms west, he overthrew the two Kharedjite kingdoms at Sidjilmassa and Tiaret, and received the submission to his suzerainty of the Edrissites of Fez. Then he died, leaving an empire which spread from the Syrtes to the very heart of the Maghreb el Acsa, or Morocco.

The third and last of the Fatemites of Africa proper was Abou Temim Maad el Mançour. Under the name of El Moezz ed-din Allah, " He who exalts the religion of God," he conquered Egypt, and, deserting Africa, established his capital at the new city El Kahira, the Victorious (Cairo), which he had founded, and where the Khotbah, or solemn state prayer offered on Friday for the Commander of the Faithful, was said in the mosques in his name, A.D. 969.

But the ascendancy of the Katama tribe had not remained unchallenged. The tribe of the Zenetes, who occupied the whole desert fringe of North Africa from Tripoli to the meridian of Algiers, had remained faithful to the old Kharedjite heresy. Under the leadership of a Sofrite, Abou Yezed, known as the Man with the Ass, they overran Ifrikya, sacked Kairouan, and laid siege to Mehdia ; it was by his victory over them that Abou Temin Maad won his title of " El Mançour," " The Victorious." Foiled in the east, they turned their arms towards the west, and one of their chieftains, Ziri ibn Atia, made him-

self master of Fez and Sidjilmassa, and established a kingdom there. The rest of North Africa remained faithful to the Shi'ahs. It was divided into two kingdoms, one of the East, the other of Central Africa, with its capital at Bone—all purely Berber.

At the close of the tenth century El Mançour gave the command of the west to his brother Hammad, who founded an important city, El Kalaa, the Citadel, in the Hodna. It became very prosperous in the eleventh century, and perished in the twelfth; its ruins, indistinct, but covering a vast space of ground on the south flank of the Djebel Tagarboust,* testify to its former grandeur.

On the death of El Mançour, Hammad repudiated the authority of the Fatemites, came to terms with the Abbaside Khalifahs of the east, and founded a kingdom of the north, which extended from Tunis to Algiers. After his death the two families made peace and reigned each in his respective capital.

Thus ended the tenth century.

At the beginning of the eleventh century it would seem that the Arab invasion had been rolled back, and had left comparatively few traces behind it. In place of a vague monotheistic Christianity the natives professed a vague monotheistic Islamism. Practically they went their own way, accepting whatever appealed to them, so long as it was not the hated orthodoxy of the Omeiades. The whole country was for the first time since the Romans came, perhaps ever since Carthage was founded, essentially Berber, with all the blessings and disadvantages of Home Rule. We have now to see how the Berbers used the freedom they had won; to tell of the new flood of Arabs which overflowed the land, not as conquerors, but as settlers; to trace the rise and fall of the great Berber kingdoms of the Middle Ages, wearing them-

* Between Bordj bou Areridj and the Chott-el-Hodna.

selves and one another out with ceaseless wars, until the Turks came and destroyed them all. The whole skein is tangled and confused, and it is difficult indeed to be coherent and intelligible without being either diffuse or incomplete.

The course of history now takes us far to the east. In the Hedjaz, a desert tract of Arabia, dwelt two wild marauding nomad tribes, known as the Beni Hillal and the Beni Soleim, who lived by pillaging the neighbouring districts of Mecca and Medina. Unable to reduce them to order, the Khalifah of Baghdad expelled them altogether and drove them bodily into Egypt. Experiencing the same difficulties, the Fatemite Khalifah of Cairo drove them into Upper Egypt.

Then came the final rupture with Africa and El Moezz ibn Badis, who ruled in Kairouan. Exasperated at an outrage, which he was unable himself to punish, the Vizier of the Khalifah, El Mostancer, sent for the chiefs of the Beni Hillal, and said: "I make you a present of the Maghreb, the kingdom of El Moezz ibn Badis the Sanhadjite, a slave who had rejected the authority of his master. For the future you will want for nothing." The Arabs started west, a mixed multitude of men, women, and children; nomad brigands gathered round them as they went; at last a mob, two hundred thousand strong, of whom forty-five thousand were warriors, poured into Africa. They advanced like a swarm of locusts; "the land was as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." At Gabes, El Moezz met them, and tried in vain to bar the way. Sweeping him before them, the invaders pressed on. Kairouan was taken and sacked, and they poured into the Maghreb. They were not conquerors, be it remembered, but a swarm of miserable hungry creatures, who had been driven from one desert to another; they took

what they could get and squatted where they could. Leaving the mountainous districts untouched, they mixed with and degraded the prosperous dwellers on the plains, devastating the lands and destroying the cities wherever they went; and thus Africa, which Roman skill and perseverance had made one of the great granaries of the world, went once more out of tillage, and fell back into prairie and desert. For the first time North Africa could with some truth be called Arab, a "Garden of Allah"—that is, a desert.

From the north came a new trouble for the distracted Berbers. In the year A.D. 1101 died Roger d'Hauteville, the Norman King of Sicily, brother of Robert Guiscard. In A.D. 1143 his son, Roger II., descended upon Djidjelli and destroyed it. In A.D. 1146 he seized Tripoli. It was a time of terrible distress and famine in East Africa—the legacy of the Arabs. "Many left the country to take refuge in Sicily; a multitude of unfortunates died of famine; others were driven to eat human flesh." The opportunity was not to be lost. Roger sailed for Mehdia, which the Khalifah evacuated, retiring to Bougie; Sousse was taken without resistance, Sfax was carried by assault, and "soon the infidels were masters of all the country from Tripoli to Tunis, and from the sea to Kairouan"

We have travelled from east to north, from the Hallal of Arabia to the Normans of France. Now we have to travel south. At the sources of the Niger, or, as they thought, of the Nile, dwelt certain tribes of the "Sanhadja of the Veil" * (Likam), who have given their name to Senegal. Moslems only in name, they had been converted to Sunnite orthodoxy by one of their chiefs, who had himself been instructed by a learned doctor at Kairouan. Spreading their

* For some interesting details concerning the Veiled Touaregs, *vide Across the Sahara*, by Hanns Vischer, p. 166.

new faith with and by their arms, they started for the north. They preached an austere doctrine, destroying as they went all instruments of music, and everything which could distract a Moslem from the thought of the salvation of his soul. Pressing on, they seized Tafilet and its capital Sidjilmassa. Then they attacked the Zenetes, then the Masmouda of the Upper Atlas (Deren). Descending the mountains, they fell upon the Zenetes of the Tell; lastly, they met the Borghouata of the western littoral, heretics who had a Koran* of their own, written in the Berber tongue. These they destroyed, and they vanish from history, A.D. 1059.

Under the command of Youssof ibn Tachefin, the Almoravides (El Morabethin, the Marabouts) pushed north, seized Fez, and massacred the inhabitants. "In the mosques alone he slew three thousand men," A.D. 1063. Crossing the Straits, he dethroned the Andalusian Emirs, and made himself master of all Moslem Spain, A.D. 1090. After dividing the Maghreb el Acsa into governments which he committed to his chiefs, Youssof, under his new title of Prince of the Faithful, Emir el-Moumenim, attacked the Hammadites in the Central Maghreb. About the year A.D. 1120, the Almoravides reached the zenith of their power, and the Abbassite Khalifahs recognised them as Lords of Spain and of the Maghreb. Then came the end, for few of these kingdoms outlived their founder, or, at any rate, maintained much practical coherence and strength, after the death of the man whose genius and enthusiasm called them into being.

Early in the twelfth century a new sect appeared under a new Mahdi. Ibn Toumert, of the tribe of the Masmouda, was born in the Atlas Mountains. After studying at Cordova, A.D. 1105, he travelled to

* The Koran of Calih' ben T'arif.

the east, where, in the centre of fanaticism and blind exaltation, he was trained to be the warrior apostle of the Sofrites. He returned on foot to the west. At Mehdia he was well received; at Bougie his zeal in breaking wine-jars and instruments of music was so little to the liking of the people that he was forced to fly for his life. It was then that he was joined by a young Berber, Abd-el-Moumen, who became his favourite disciple, and in time his successor—perhaps the greatest man the Berber race has ever produced. Ibn Toumert, with his disciple, made his way back to the mountains of the Masmouda. There he declared himself to be the Mahdi, the twelfth Imam predicted by Mohammed. Establishing himself in the mountains of Tini Mellel (the White Wells), in the south of Morocco, he organised his forces for an onslaught on the Almoravides (A.D. 1112).

His methods, as related by Ibn Khaldoun, had all the simple directness of genius. During a time of famine, certain of his followers were tempted to forsake him and return to their allegiance to the Almoravides. Something had to be done to stop the rot. "God Most High," he proclaimed, "has given me a light by which I may separate the men predestined to paradise from the lost who are doomed to hell; to prove this He has sent certain angels into the wells, who shall bear witness to my truthfulness." So all the people, shedding tears of penitence, came to the wells. "Angels of God," cried the Mahdi, "is this man speaking the truth?" Then certain men whom he had hidden in the wells replied, "Yes, he is speaking truth." Then said Ibn Toumert to the people, "These wells are holy, for the Angels of God have dwelt in them. Let us fill them up quickly, lest they be defiled." So they were filled up, and the Mahdi was relieved from any fear of exposure. Then the Inspired of God placed

the lost upon his left hand; the elect upon his right hand; with these he fell upon his enemies, and cast them down a precipice. Thus Ibn Toumert established his power, and rid himself in one day of seven thousand adversaries. A little after this Ibn Toumert died, and Abd-el-Moumen reigned in his stead.

No agitator has ever wanted for followers in Africa. The conquests of Abd-el-Moumen were rapid. The Western Maghreb "el Acsa" was subdued. After a terrible siege of eleven months, during which more than a hundred thousand perished, the capital was taken and the inhabitants put to the sword. "We may presume that God permitted this because Youssof had treated the King of Seville with indignity after he had dethroned him. Such are the changes of mortal life. Out, then, on the world! and blessed be the Lord, whose kingdom shall never pass away." Thus was founded the "Traditionist," or Almohade kingdom of the west.

At the invitation of the Moslems of the east, Abd-el-Moumen turned his arms towards Ifrikya. All was anarchy there. The Hillal Arabs were supreme in the Central Maghreb, and the Normans held all the seaboard of Ifrikya. In March 1169 El Moumen took Bougie, and put an end to the dynasty of the Hammadites. On July 14, Tunis submitted, and the bishopric of Carthage was suppressed; then Mehdia was besieged and taken, the Normans were expelled, the troublesome Arabs were drafted into the army, and once more, from the Syrtes to the Atlantic, Africa owned a single sway. An amazing conquest, followed by a yet more amazing reform.

Abd-el-Moumen was not merely a fighter—he was a man of grand ideas, and an organiser and administrator of the first rank. He founded universities to which students from Europe had to come to learn the sciences; the whole country was surveyed for fiscal

purposes and divided into square miles; one-third of the whole surface ranked as mountain land; on this basis each tribe was taxed, and was required to pay in silver; a tax on property replaced the old taxes on commodities; he struck coins with the words "Allah is our God," "Mohammed is our Prophet," "The Mahdi is our Imam." He maintained a fleet and an army; and the country was so well policed that caravans could move throughout it without fear. Never had Africa enjoyed such discipline and such security. At last he died, in A.D. 1163, full of years and honour.

It was not in the nature of things that a condition of such peace and prosperity should last long in Africa. Tunis, which had been created a capital city by Abd-el-Moumen, under the charge of Abou Mohammed, son of Abou Hafs, declared itself independent, under the Hafside dynasty. In the west, Tlemcen rose to a position of immense prosperity and magnificence under the power of the Beni Zian Zenata, while the Beni Nerin Zenata, hitherto nomads, took possession of Fez. On the death of the last Almohade in battle in A.D. 1269, a bitter and obstinate war broke out between these two which fatally weakened the Berber rule, while the baleful influence of the Arabs was always present as a disturbing influence to hinder the Berbers of all Maghreb from advancing or developing normally.

Three dynasties emerged out of all this confusion—the Hafside at Tunis, the Ouabite at Tlemcen, and the Merinide at Fez; but decay, rapid and certain, set in, which destroyed both civilisation and power. By the end of the fifteenth century, the Merinide kingdom was broken up, Tunis was divided, Fez had neither influence nor strength. Portugal held Tangiers and Cintra; Spain seized Oran, Bougie, and Tripoli, and fortified the island of Peñon, off Algiers. The little helpless

states recognised the suzerainty of the kings of Castile, paid tribute, and received garrisons. The Berber kingdoms and dynasties had died down to the roots. Anarchy, complete and hopeless, reigned everywhere. Once more the country waited only, and not in vain, for some invader from without to come and seize it.

CHAPTER XIV

AN AFRICAN MECCA

Kairouan

What Cirta was to the Natives; what Carthage was to the Foreigners, whether Punic or Roman; what Algiers was destined to be to the Turks, that, and more, Kairouan has been to the Arabs. Cirta was a strong natural fortress, besieged eighty times and taken only twice; Carthage was a seaport; Kairouan was neither. It is indeed difficult to find any adequate reason for the selection of the place as the site of a great capital city. Very different and contradictory explanations have been given by various writers. One says that, being near the mountains and near the sea, so as to be in touch with both, yet safe from either, it was both strategically and commercially of vast importance. In reply it may be pointed out that it never stood a siege successfully, and that this alone is sufficient to condemn it commercially also. Another tells us that, being the most unattractive spot he could find, with no natural resources, and little or no water, Okba chose it as an act of faith in the protecting and providing goodness of Allah.

The account given by En Noweiri is delightfully vague: "Okba had been entrusted by the Khalifah with the government of the new province of Ifrikya. From Sousse he marched out, and at a distance of thirteen miles he happed upon a citadel held by the Berbers; they refused to let him pass, so he took it, and went on his way, until he came to a valley filled

with trees and scrub, a habitation of wild beasts and owls. So he prayed to God, and said to the beasts, 'Inhabitants of this valley, begone, and may God have mercy upon you; we intend to abide here.' When he had thus proclaimed three times, the serpents and scorpions and other unknown beasts began to depart before the very eyes of the spectators. Thus was Kairouan founded."

The valley and trees have vanished with the scorpions, and Kairouan lies on a dreary, waterless expanse, on the road to nowhere. Destroyed over and over again, its sanctity as the foundation of Sidi Okba, the darling hero-martyr of the Arabs, and as the resting-place of Sidi Sahab,* Friend of the Prophet, has always ensured its restoration; but peace and safety came to it only with loss of importance, when the capital was moved to Tunis.

To the south of the city a little French town has sprung up, and on the west it is enclosed by the great suburb of the Zlass,† which is almost as large as the town itself. But the Arab town has been religiously respected. Within the circle of its battlemented walls, with their strong towers and gates intact, the domes and minarets of its mosques and zaouias, all dominated by the enormous tower of the Great Mosque, it has preserved, more even than Tunis, its picturesque character as the African Mecca.

Due north and south from the Bab-et-Tunis, near the Kasbah, to the Bab Djelladin (Skinners), runs the principal street, now called the Rue Saussier, lined on each side with little shops and stalls, and bright with the varied colours of the dresses of the natives and pilgrims from all parts of Africa; to the right of the

* Probably it was the fact that Sidi Sahab had been buried there which made Okba select it as the site of his caravan. It had a Roman predecessor, *Vicus Augusti*.

† A tribe of nomads, who form the best customers of Kairouan.

street lie the Souks, which deserve a visit, though they are neither so large nor so interesting as those of Tunis.

But it is to see the mosques and azouias of Kairouan that people come, even more than to see Kairouan itself. So, without longer preface, let us turn to these.

The Djama Kebira, or Djama Sidi Okba, occupies the eastern extremity of the city, just inside the walls. The building of the first mosque by Sidi Okba himself was accompanied, as was only right, by great and notable miracles. The stones took their appointed places of their own accord, and a voice from heaven determined the exact position of the Kibba, or Mihrab, the niche which, in every mosque, shows the direction of Mecca, towards which prayer must be offered.

But even these divine interpositions were insufficient to preserve the mosque. Twenty-five years later it was pulled down, with the exception of the Kibba, by Hassan ibn Noman, who brought from Carthage, and perhaps Sousse, the pillars with which his new building was adorned. Prominent amongst these are the two splendid columns of red and yellow marble which stand on either side of the Mihrab ; it is said that they came from a Christian church, and that the Emperor of Constantinople offered to buy them for their weight in gold. This second mosque was replaced by a larger in A.D. 624, and this by a larger still in A.D. 772. Finally, in A.D. 821, Ziadet Allah, the second prince of the House of Aghleb, razed it to the ground, including the Mihrab of Sidi Okba, and built the mosque which we now see.

The outer court is impressive from its great size, but is not architecturally successful. It is surrounded by a very splendid double colonnade. The arches of the colonnade are pointed, and show hardly any trace of the horse-shoe form ; they rest on clustered pillars of marble. In the court are four handsome bases of

pillars, hollowed out for the ritual ablutions of the faithful; the water is drawn from four cisterns under the edifice. In the centre is a sundial, a tall stone crowned with a vertical stick and string, each of which tells the hour by the shadows cast on two separate dials. It is mounted high up on steps and is enclosed by a railing. Here, as the hour for midday prayer approached, an old white-robed attendant of the mosque was standing watching intently for the shadow to reach the appointed spot. From the top of the square tower of the minaret another man was watching him. When the creeping shadows reached the places upon the dials, he raised his hand. Immediately a white flag floated out from the minaret and the musical droning cry of the muezzin was taken up from tower to tower throughout the town.

It is natural, almost inevitable, to compare this, the greatest mosque of Africa, with that of Cordova, built only a few years before.

Happily the Moslem builders were seldom led astray by that fatal megalomania which has been the curse, architecturally as well as in other ways, of pagan and papal Rome. Beautiful as the horseshoe arch is, it is structurally false, and, if used on a scale large enough to be impressive from its size, it weakens and destroys the general effect by revealing its own untruthfulness. To produce the effect of size, the architects were therefore driven to the multiplication table; and, if we are to say that the Cordova building is grander than that at Kairouan, it will not be because each pillar is more precious, or each arch more lovely, but because in the one case the pillars number nearly twelve hundred, and in the other hardly two.

Of course the Cordova Mezquita has undergone disastrous mutilations. Its size has been doubled—that fatal multiplication—an alien and inharmonious cathedral has been dropped into the middle of it, its

splendid ceiling of wood has been largely replaced with vulgar whitewashed vaults, its windows have been fitted with incredibly bad glass, the delicate curves of its arches have been emphasised and outraged by being cut up into alternate wedges of red and white paint. Such calamities as these the sister mosque of Kairouan has mercifully been spared. Large enough to be mysterious without being bewildering, with little light but such as pours in when its vast doors are opened, its vistas of pillared aisles have all the solemnity and dignity which we associate with the holders of the creed.

From the central door, a nave, loftier, richer in decoration and nobler in form than the others, leads to a Mihrab as beautiful as that at Tlemcen, and hardly suffering by comparison with that miracle of form and colour, the Mihrab at Cordova.

The story goes that, in a fit of drunken madness, Ibrahim-el-Aghlab made his wives offer him worship as a god. Next morning, full of remorse, he sent for the Grand Mufti, confessed, and implored penance and absolution. The Mufti replied that, as the sin had been against God, the atonement must be made to God, and directed that some marvellous tiles, brought from Baghdad to decorate his palace, and some carved wood destined to make instruments of music, should be given to the adornment of the House of God, which he was then building. Ibrahim obeyed, and the metallic lustre of the tiles now shines out of the gloom on the walls of the Mihrab, while the wood carvings, quaintly fitted together,* form the magnificent mimbar or pulpit.

One other marvel the mosque possesses; it is the splendid maksoura, or enclosure for women, surrounded by screens of exquisitely carved wood, which Abou

* Every panel is different, and every one deserves separate and detailed description.

Temmim el Moezz ibn Bâdes erected to the right of the mimbar. It remains intact, and luminous with the coloured light which pours through its stained windows, fitted with delicate tracery of perforated marble; it helps us to picture what the splendour of the mosque must have been in the days of its glory.

Such an architecture as we have described, so little susceptible of grandeur of treatment, but so beautiful in detail of form and colour, lends itself admirably to a series of small courts or rooms, such as are suitable in houses or in the midas, or places for ablutions, which we find at the entrance of mosques.

A very perfect example of such a building is found in the Zaouia of Sidi Sahab, commonly called the Mosque of the Barber, which stands just outside Kairouan near the great basin or tank of the Aghlabites.

Far from being a barber, Abou-Zoumat Obeid Allah ibn Adam el Beloui was a mighty man of valour. He earned his title of Sidi Sahab (the Companion), by being one of the ten earliest disciples who took the oath of fidelity to the Prophet under the lote tree. After the death of his master, he took part in the conquest of Egypt, and in the expedition led into Ifrikya by Moouia ibn Koudiedj in the year A.D. 655 (A.H. 34). Mortally wounded in the attack on Sbeitla in the following year, he died and was buried at Kairouan. At the last solemn interview when Mohammed bade farewell to his Sahabs—his Knights of the Round Table—he gave El Beloui three hairs from his beard, that by them he might be recognised at the Day of Judgment. El Beloui directed that the precious relics should be buried with him, one being laid on his lips, one on his heart, and one under his right arm, in token that his eloquence, his love, and his might had all been given to the service of the master he loved. A touching legend which deserved to bear better fruit than simply to win for El Beloui the title of Barber!

The mosque, which is the loveliest in Kairouan, comprises a Medersa or college, a Zaouia or hostel, as well as the Kouba or shrine of the saint, and place of pilgrimage. It is in just such a cluster of buildings as this, as in the Alhambra at Granada, that Arab* builders are at their best.

The principal entrance opens on a large, bare courtyard. To the left, hidden by a lofty wall, lie the collegiate buildings of the Zaouia and its mosque; in front is the entrance to the shrine. In the angle between the two rises the fine square minaret.

Under a lofty archway, we pass into a vestibule of great beauty; its panelled and recessed ceiling is richly painted and its walls glow with the colours of ancient tiles. Thence a door opens into the atrium.

This is small, being, indeed, little more than a flight of half-a-dozen steps, with tiled risers, and a passageway into the next chamber. It is open to the air, but on each side is an arcade of slender pillars bearing horseshoe arches, and forming a little cloister with carved benches for the weary pilgrims to rest on. The walls are covered with a high dado of exquisite old lustred tiles; above these are vases of flowers alternating with these strange spear-head or flame-like ornaments which every Arab uses, but none can explain. The whole is tiny, but the grace of the pillars and arches, the glowing colours of the rich old tiles, the inlaid marble of the floor, the white marble entrance to the room beyond, all seen in the dazzling sunshine which pours down from above through the open roof, make this little passage one of the most lovely things in North Africa. The sun, indeed, is necessary, for the builders loved bright lights and deep shadows, but when half the walls are seen in a living

* Better, perhaps, "Berber" or "Moorish." It is very doubtful whether the Arabs deserve the credit of any of the great buildings in either Spain or Africa.

blaze of light, and the rest is shrouded in the coolness of the shadows, the eye, half dazzled, half rested, is wholly satisfied. It is with Arab art as with Arab dress. It is the glory of the sunshine on which the Arab counts and which enables him to wear or use colours and contrasts which would be garish, if not impossible, without it.

From the atrium we pass into a square-domed chamber in which no colour has been employed. The white walls are richly covered with the deeply incised patterns in plaster to which we give the name of arabesques; above these rise a series of windows, filled with coloured glass, framed in intricate patterns of pierced stucco. Higher still rises the white dome, divided into twenty-four segments, each of which contains a palm leaf, differently treated. Nothing could be more delightful than this little white shadowy room, between the glow of the atrium we have just left, and the glare of the central court of the mosque which we are about to enter.

Thus we reach the innermost court of the sanctuary. Like so much that we have passed already, it is richly decorated with ancient tiles, on which rests a frieze of beautiful incised plaster; it is surrounded by a graceful arcade resting in slender white marble columns, and it is paved with white marble. On three sides the arcade has a flat, timbered ceiling. On the fourth a second storey, resting on the arcade, affords space on the outside for more tiles, set in square conventional patterns, like windows, and also enables the ceiling to be carried higher, and elaborated with rich recessed coffers and little domes. For now we come to the centre of all this loveliness, the Kouba of the saint himself. At the far end of the arcade, a handsome door between two windows of white and coloured marbles —all of elaborate Italian rococo work, incongruous yet not inharmonious—opens into the shrine.

A story attaches to these Italian carvings. In the eighteenth century a rich merchant of Kairouan had an Italian doctor amongst his slaves. Nursed through a severe illness, and his life practically saved by his skill and care, the master set the slave free, and sent him home a rich man. Not to be outdone in generosity, the doctor sent these carvings to his former master for use in this mosque and Zaouia, of which he was the administrator.

The shrine is of the usual type, a square, domed room with stalactite roof. Its tiles and the coloured designs on the walls are rich but modern, and, at present, somewhat staring. In the centre is the tomb or catafalque, covered with rich tapestries and surrounded by a wooden grille on which are hung glass balls, decorated ostrich eggs, lamps, and little bags of holy earth brought by the faithful from Mecca ; above it are draped flags and banners presented by various benefactors ; one of the richest was given by Mustapha ibn Ismael, Prime Minister of the Bey es Sadok, in hopes of ensuring the defeat of the French by the intervention of the saint.

Before leaving we pause a minute or two to drink in all the quiet beauty of this dream of peaceful loveliness. The mosque is deserted, and hitherto we have been left to wander as we pleased ; now an old caretaker comes up and speaks ; he is afraid we have not noticed sufficiently the magnificence of the carpets, all made in Kairouan, with which the floor of the Kouba is covered. An aged widow—only widows are allowed in mosques or expected to pray—has been telling her beads in the shrine ; now she leaves it and visits the other subordinate shrines, saying prayers in each. She and the caretaker are evidently friends, and exchange a kindly greeting as they pass. And so we leave this home—as we saw it—of ancient peace, and go out into the glare and dust of the road to Kairouan.

A few words must suffice for the other buildings of Kairouan. The Djama Zitouna (Mosque of the Olive Tree) is interesting in that it was founded by Rouifa ibn Tsabit, one of the Ansars or Friends who welcomed the Prophet at Medina after his flight from Mecca, the Hejira. This and the dedication of the mosque of Sidi Sahab would seem to show that the site was sacred before Okba founded his Caravan here. The Djama Sidi bou Djafour is called the Djama Tleta Biban from its three handsome doors, very Byzantine in character. They are set in a curious façade enriched with long Cufic inscriptions, in four retreating lines, surmounted by a bold cornice. Many of the Zaouias are beautiful, notably that of Sidi Abid el Gahriani. The vast basin of the Aghlabites helps to recall the perished glories of the city.

Very imposing, too, is the vast Mosque and Zaouia of Si Amor Abbada; its group of five great domes shows the influence of Turkish over Arab art. The little mosque and marabout of the saint are bare and undecorated; all round them stand huge decaying panels of wood, carved with the sayings and prophecies of the marabout. It is said that one of them foretold the coming of the French.

Amor Abbada was a blacksmith, and could neither read nor write. After he became a marabout he practised his art only in making huge, clumsy sabres in wooden scabbards; from these the mosque takes its name. One of these is shown in the mosque, also a huge wooden pipe five feet long, which, we are assured, the saint was wont to use. If we ask how that could be, we are told that he was a giant. He obtained complete ascendency over the Bey Ahmed Pacha, who presented him with a duplicate of the pipe in silver; this unaccountably vanished at the death of the saint. Amor Abbada himself collected the money to erect the huge pile, in the course of three years.

All this is interesting, as illustrating the power and influence of the marabouts, and the rapidity with which legend gathers round them ; for Amor Abbada died in 1856.

At last, tired head, eyes and feet, we left the town by the western gate, Bab-el-Djedid, to watch the solemn pageant of the sunset. Passing through the quarter of the Zlass, we climbed the steep little hill on which stands the Moslem cemetery. Enclosed in its white wall, the white Kouba watches over the white graves which lie thick around. Above it hung the crescent moon. To the west ran the heights of the Djebel Trozza, pale, grey, and shrouded in the rising mist of the evening. Between us and them lay the plain, purple and green—dark in the distance under the mountains, but fading into a dull green under the cemetery hill.

All was quiet, save for the barking of a dog in the city and the low droning cry of the muezzins calling the faithful to prayer. Close by passed a string of tired camels coming out of the desert to rest in the Fondouk of the Zlass ; others wandered to and fro, searching for " camel salad " in the rough scrub which covered the ground. A shepherd, leading his flock home from pasture, stopped at the call of the muezzin to bow to the earth in prayer. Some belated Arabs were leaving the town with their laden asses and passed and vanished in the distance.

Close by lay Kairouan, shut up within its walls. Above them rose a forest of white domes and minarets, nearest of all the five great domes of the Djama Amor Abbada ; far off, across the flat white roofs, the huge mass of the Tower of the Djama Kebira ; all glowing in dazzling light, their outlines seeming to quiver in the translucent bath of sunny air.

Then a cool breeze sprang up ; the shadows lengthened, the white changed to pink, the pink to crimson,

and the shadows of the hills began to rise, as the sun sank one glorious blood-red, behind them. The light and colour faded and died out, and ever clearer and clearer grew the cold rays of the crescent moon, showing a darkness it could not dispel; and the domes and minarets stood out hard, white, and dead against a black sky.

A fitting picture of the long tragedy we have been following, of the sea of blood in which the sun of Roman and Christian civilisation set, and of the chill, dark desolation of Islam which has settled down on Africa.

CHAPTER XV

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS, A.D. 1453-1830

In North Africa, as in Europe, the sixteenth century was a time of profound change. Old forces had spent themselves, old fires had burnt themselves out. North of the Mediterranean it witnessed the Renaissance, and the apogee and decline of the great kingdoms of Spain and Portugal; in Africa it saw the coming of the Turks and the final establishment of Islamism.

The streams of Arab invasion, which had swept over the land as far as the borders of Morocco, had ceased to flow, and the balance between the natives and the invaders had reached an equilibrium. Roughly speaking, the Berbers, hardly touched or affected by the Arab deluge which had submerged the lowlands, held Morocco and the mountainous districts such as the Aures and the Djurdjura. The Arabs occupied the south, including Southern Tunisia and the Oases; and a mixed population of Berberised Arabs or Arabised Berbers held the valleys and the plateaux.

The influence of Islamism is rather difficult to estimate. Nominally it was universally accepted. Practically the popular form was what we might call a vague form of nonconformity. Certainly there was little or none of that violent antipathy to Christianity which we now associate with Mohammedanism. The intercourse with Christian Europe was, on the whole, friendly. Treaties were made and observed. At Tunis, Cirta, and elsewhere, there were Christian

quarters. At Tunis there was a Christian church until A.D. 1530. Above all, neither the Arabs nor the Berbers were maritime folk; there was no aggression, and the Mediterranean was a Christian lake.

But a new force was appearing on the scene, which was to bring all this to an end.

On May 29th, A.D. 1453, Constantinople fell before the conquering sword of Mohammed II., and the capital of the Christian Empire of the East became the seat of the Turkish Sultan. Unlike the Arabs, the Turks, and especially the Greek islanders, whom they conquered and absorbed, were seamen, and their half pirate and wholly savage navies soon swept the Midland Sea. Making their strongholds in the islands of the Ægean, especially at Mitylene (Lesbos), they spread far and wide. They had reached North Africa, and occupied Mehidia, on the east coast of Tunis, as early as A.D. 1390; and the English, under John de Beaufort, the natural son of the Duke of Lancaster, had tried in vain to dislodge them.

In A.D. 1492 Granada fell, and with it the Moorish kingdom in Spain. The Moors, who were driven back into Africa and settled largely in the seaport cities, were also experienced seamen and knew the coast of Spain well. Exasperated by their banishment, they not only sought for any opportunity of revenging themselves upon Spain, but extended their animosity to all Christian powers, and so there was imported into their warfare that spirit of bigoted and malignant hatred which had hitherto been absent.

Three things had come to pass, which were to bear terrible fruit during the next three hundred years. The war was to be waged on the sea, and not on the land; Christian Europe was to be for the future the object of attack; and war was to be merciless, and waged with savage and implacable hatred against Christians as Christians.

The year of the fall of Granada saw the appointment of Gonzales Ximenes di Cisneros as confessor to Isabella. Three years later, A.D. 1495, she secured his appointment as Archbishop of Toledo; the power which he thus obtained was used unsparingly against the Moselms. In A.D. 1499, he felt himself strong enough to offer the Moors, who still formed the most cultured portion of the population of Granada, the option of baptism or banishment. It was his action, especially after his appointment (A.D. 1507) as Grand Inquisitor, far more than the victory of Ferdinand and Isabella, which ruined the south of Spain.

Events moved rapidly. In A.D. 1504 Isabella died, and Ferdinand resigned in favour of his son-in-law, Philip. Two years later, in September A.D. 1506, Philip also died suddenly, leaving the throne to his son Charles, a boy of six years old. The shock of her husband's death entirely upset the always feeble intellect of his wife, the unhappy Jane, and Ferdinand became Regent. In A.D. 1505 Ximenes, who had conceived the idea of a Christian and Spanish empire in North Africa, despatched a squadron which succeeded in capturing the port of Mers-el-Kebir, five miles from Oran, on October 23rd, and Diego Fernandez de Cordova, Marquis de Comares, who was in command, was appointed Governor. In A.D. 1509 Ximenes, now become Cardinal and Grand Inquisitor, fitted out another expedition, which he commanded in person. On May 17th he reached Mers-el-Kebir; on the following day Oran was taken and Ximenes returned to Spain. In the same year Pedro Navarro seized and garrisoned Bougie. Between Oran and his new acquisition he found a small town, walled indeed, but with no effective fortifications, and no considerable harbour. The town he left untouched, but he seized and fortified strongly a rocky island known as the Peñon or Rock, which

lay off it, at a distance of less than three hundred yards. It was from this island, and others which have now disappeared, that the town received its name of El-Djezaïr, Algiers.

Seven years later, A.D. 1516, Ferdinand died, and the opportunity seemed to the Algerines a favourable one for trying to free themselves from the "thorn" which the Spaniards had driven "into their heart." Unable to effect their own deliverance, they called to their aid Salem et Teumi, the Arab Sheik of Blidah, to whom they offered the sovereignty of the town. He accepted the proffered dignity, but entirely failed to capture the Peñon. His failure brought upon the scene two men, who, like the Hautevilles of Normandy, were destined to change the whole course of North African, and, in a measure, European history.

In the year A.D. 1462, when Mohammed II. captured Mitylene, he left behind a Romanean Sipahi called Yacub, who seems to have settled down as a potter and adopted Islamism. He had four sons, Elias, Ishac, Aroudj, and Khisr, better known as Kheir-ed-Din. Aroudj, or, as he is commonly called, Father Aroudj (Baba Aroudj, Barbarossa), and Khisr, perhaps the others also, forsook their father's humble trade for the more profitable business of piracy. Aroudj soon acquired fame as a Reis, but unfortunately was captured by the Knights of Rhodes, and had to pull an oar in their galleys. Finally he escaped and landed in Ifrikya. He placed his services at the disposal of the Hafside Sultan of Tunis, on the understanding that the port was to be open to him on payment of one-fifth of whatever booty he might secure. He soon justified the arrangement by bringing in two royal galleys of Pope Julius II., which he had captured off Elba with two galleots.* Soon Tunis was too strait for the great Reis, and he established

* *Vide* p. 236.

himself in a port of his own in Djerba, the island of the Lotus-eaters. There he was joined by his brother, Kheir-ed-Din.

In A.D. 1512 he was invited to assist in turning the Spaniards out of Bougie, but the attempts ended in total failure. He was repulsed, with the loss of an arm, and Doria, the famous Spanish Admiral, pursued him to Tunis, took and sacked the fortress and town, and destroyed half the fleet. Aroudj escaped to Djerba, and set to work to build another fleet. In A.D. 1514 he again attacked Bougie, and was again beaten off. Frantic with rage, he burnt his ships to save them from falling into the hands of the Spaniards.

Something had to be done, for both Tunis and Djerba were now too hot to hold him. Happily the people of Djidjelli came to the rescue, and elected him as their Sultan. This was the turning-point of his career.

Utterly unable to capture the Peñon from the Spaniards, Salam invited the celebrated condottiero to come to his assistance. Aroudj advanced at once with five thousand men and set to work in true corsair fashion. Salam he strangled with his own hands ; his wife he forced to commit suicide ; the rest of the harem he slaughtered ; the town he delivered up to be sacked ; thus he made himself master of everything except the Peñon, which he left alone. Such enterprise naturally endeared him to the heart of the Berbers, and with their assistance he pushed farther west and seized Tenes, leaving his brother Kheir-ed-Din to hold Algiers.

Such a man as Aroudj was not likely to remain idle for long. At Tenes he received another invitation to help in replacing the aged King, Abou Zian, on the throne of Tlemcen. This call he also obeyed, and proceeded to carry out his new duties in his usual way. He cut the throats of the King, his seven sons, and some thousands of the inhabitants, and made himself master

of the place. But this was the last of his exploits. The Marquis of Comares, the Spanish Governor of Oran, received orders to deal with the matter. He advanced against Tlemcen, drove Aroudj out, pursued him, and, after a desperate resistance, killed him at Rio Salado. This was in the year A.D. 1518. Aroudj was forty-four years old.

Kheir-ed-din, who was holding Algiers, inherited his brother's sovereignty and name, for he is always known as Barbarossa. He was not merely a buccaneer like Aroudj, but a statesman, wise in counsel, prudent in action, as well as furious in attack. His first step was a masterpiece of statesmanlike diplomacy; he made submission to the Sultan of Turkey, and thus passed at once from the position of a mere marauding freebooter to that of the accredited subject and officer of a great empire. The Sultan Selim created him Pacha, sent him a contingent of two thousand men, and proclaimed that all who served in the war in North Africa should enjoy the pay and privileges of Janissaries. Thus reinforced, Kheir-ed-din was able to capture the Peñon, A.D. 1529. The gallant commander, Don Martin de Vargas, he killed, the garrison was enslaved, the fort destroyed, and with the materials, the island was connected with the mainland by a mole. Thus was formed the harbour of Algiers, which for the next three hundred years was to be the scourge of the Mediterranean and the disgrace of Christendom—the home and stronghold of the terrible Barbary corsairs. The really great abilities of Kheir-ed-din marked him for promotion. The Sultan Soliman summoned him to Constantinople and made him Admiral*-in-Chief of his fleets, with the title of Captain Pacha. In A.D.1534

* "Admiral," or "Amiral," is derived from "Emir." It is strange that, of the three chief titles in the navy, no one is English. "Admiral" is Arabic, "Captain" Latin, and "Lieutenant" French.

he dethroned Mulai Hassan, King of Tunis, but was eventually driven out again by the Spaniards under Charles V. in person. At last, in A.D. 1547, he died at the age of nearly ninety years, and was buried at Beshiktash.

Meanwhile the appointment of Charles V. as Emperor had diverted his attention from the south to the north, and the command of the sea in the Mediterranean was rapidly passing out of Christian hands. In A.D. 1541 a great crusade was launched against Algiers, but, aided by an opportune storm, Hassan Agha was able to repulse it, and the town gained the character of being impregnable. In A.D. 1554 the Sultan Salat Reis drove the Spaniards from Bougie; in the following year the Knights of St. John were forced to evacuate Tripoli. Tunis, taken and retaken, was from A.D. 1574 governed by a Bey appointed by the Sultan. To the west the Turks made themselves masters of Tlemcen and Mostaganem; and the Spaniards, though not expelled, were closely blockaded in Oran. Lastly, the Cherifs of Fez drove the Portuguese from the coasts of Morocco.

The position of the Turks in Africa was more akin to that of the Carthaginians than to that of the Romans; it was not a conquest and occupation of the country generally, but of the seaboard, and of the country only so far as was necessary. The natives were profoundly influenced and leavened by the newcomers, but not conquered or seriously interfered with. Even in Algiers men are spoken of as natives, or Berbers, or Kabyles, or Arabs, but not as Turks. The business of the Turks was on the sea, not on the land. The Pœni were traders, the Turks were pirates; the business was different, but the scene was the same.

The influence of the Turks upon North Africa, so far as it affected the country at large, was wholly bad. Agriculture was ruined by the general anarchy which

prevailed, the oppressive taxes laid upon it, the irregularity and violence with which they were raised, and the practical prohibition of exportation ; even the Metidja, one of the most fertile spots upon the face of the earth, was reduced to a desert, uncultivated and without inhabitants. No effort was made to restore order, rather the unrest was encouraged and welcomed, as enabling the Turks to hold sway with but little trouble and an incredibly small army.

Their domination rested upon the support of the *Maghzen,** warlike tribes whom they had been unable to subdue, and so had attached them to themselves by exempting them from taxation, and entrusting to them the very profitable privilege of collecting tribute from the other tribes, known as *Raïas*. This tribute was raised when convenient and possible, and at the point of the sword, for the natives were in a state of continual rebellion. But it had to pass through many greedy hands on its way to the treasury at Algiers, and but little of it reached its destination.

For administrative purposes the country was divided into three Beyliks ; one of el Titteri, south of Algiers, another of Constantine to the east, the third of Oran to the west ; but the Beys were appointed by the Deys, and rose and fell with them, so that here also there was no security of tenure, and consequently no stability or continuity of policy or rule.

The nucleus and backbone of the standing army, or *Oudjak*, were the *Yoldash*, or infantry. These were pure Turks, all others being jealously excluded ; they constituted or elected the Divan, and were the real masters of Algiers, making and unmaking Deys at their will ; the only check upon their power was the influence exerted by the Taiffe, the strong Corporation of the Reis or Captains of the Corsairs. They were not kept

* "Maghzen"—our "magazine"—meant originally a military store. "Raïas" or "Rayahs," means "tributary."

continually with the colours, but after a year's active service under canvas (*Mehalla*), they spent a year in garrison work (*Nourba*), followed by a year's leave or rest (*Krezour*). The cavalry consisted of native horsemen (*Spahis*), and *Coulouglis*—the sons of Turks by native women, for the Turks did not bring their wives with them to Algiers. In active warfare they were reinforced by the tribesmen of the *Maghzen*, the *Zbentouts*, a picked corps of the most infamous pirates of the Mediterranean, and the *Zemala*, or outlaws from other countries, who had settled and been given land in Algeria.

Practically, however, Kheir-ed-din's fame rests upon the fact that he was the founder of Algiers as a corsair stronghold, the chosen home of the worst desperadoes in the world. Yet at first the rulers of Algiers were not, in the full sense of the word, pirates. They fought the Holy War against infidels, but they did it as subjects of Turkey; they respected Powers which were at peace with their suzerain, and the government was, nominally at least, in the hands of a Pacha appointed by the Sultan. But it was a far cry to Constantinople; the links with Turkey rapidly grew weaker and weaker, and the real power passed into the hands of the soldiery, who revived the glories of the old Prætorian Guard of Rome, making and unmaking rulers at their pleasure, removing any unpopular Pacha by assassination, and keeping the real power in the hands of their own commander or Agha. At first he was given only the title of Dey, or Protector, but soon the two offices were united, and he became in name, what he had long been in fact, the Pacha.*

Algiers had neither trade nor commerce; she had no business, no occupation, no adequate source of

* 1547–1587, Beylerbeys; 1587–1659, Pachas, appointed triennially; 1659–1671, Aghas; 1671–1830, Deys.

income, save piracy. It is little wonder that piracy was soon raised to the level of an exact science. Soldiers, sailors, officials, from the Dey downwards, were paid out of its profits. No prizes meant no pay; and so the success of the captain, or Reis, was much more important than his methods. All comers were welcome, on the sole condition that they adopted the faith of Islam, a condition which was adequately fulfilled by renouncing every other. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the pirate captains were renegades; in A.D. 1581 this was true of twenty-two out of thirty-six, and seven years later of twenty-four out of thirty-five. Year by year the power of Algiers and the audacity of its rovers increased. They refused to be bound by any treaty longer than suited their convenience. They declined to be on friendly terms with more than two or three Christian powers at a time, in order that they might plunder the rest. They enforced humiliating terms of peace and restrictions on commerce; they interfered with the navigation laws; they claimed the right to search every vessel they met, and to fix the number of passengers that each might carry. All captives were sold in open market as slaves, the representatives of powerful monarchs were sent to work in the mines, or were blown from guns, on the smallest provocation. And all this, so amazing to us, was possible simply because each Christian Power in turn found it more convenient to use an infamous horde of savages as a scourge for other Powers, than to join with the rest to destroy it. It was not until well on in the nineteenth century, when the Napoleonic wars were over, that Europe was sufficiently united to close this open sore. It was left to France finally to heal it.*

* For many of the following details I am indebted to *The Barbary Corsairs*, by Stanley Lane-Poole, in "The Story of the Nations" Series.

The vessels employed by the Barbary corsairs were essentially rowing-boats. Even when they carried a mast and lateen sail, these were used only when the weather was favourable, and in search of prey. Tacking or beating up against the wind were little understood, and were not much in favour. For business, the corsairs trusted entirely to the oar. The craft used in the Mediterranean were of three classes, the galley, the galleot, and the brigantine. The galley carried a crew of about one hundred and thirty officers and soldiers, and about two hundred and seventy rowers; these were all Christian slaves. There was a deck in the poop for the officers, the Reis who commanded the ship, and the Agha who commanded the soldiers, neither of these being subordinate to the other. In the prow there was another deck for the soldiers. The waist, where the rowers sat, was open. Down the middle ran a bridge or gangway, for the use of the sailors when feeding the slaves, and of the boatswains when plying the whip. Each oar was about fifteen feet long, and required four to six men to pull it.

The galleot was similar in character, but smaller. It carried about one hundred soldiers and two hundred sailors, two or three to each oar. These were the most popular vessels. Smallest of all was the brigantine. This carried no soldiers, and no crew except the rowers, who were therefore Moslems, not slaves. Only one man was required for each oar.

The Algerines prided themselves upon the sharp run of their vessels, and this meant that but very little room could be allotted to the rowers. Five or six men at a single oar had to live and work in a space about ten feet by four; this was their home, night and day, for about six months at a stretch. A strong man would pull an oar for about twenty years.

The slaves were chained to the benches, on which

they sat when not at work; for rowing they had to stand. In rowing the arms were stretched straight out, and the head held low, to escape the backs of the men in front, and the oar of the men behind. When at full reach forward, the handle of the oar was raised to catch the water, and the rowers, with one foot on the stretcher and one on the bench in front, so as to get their full weight on, flung themselves back, with all their might, upon the bench behind them. In the case of a stern chase, proverbially a long one, this tremendous, heart-breaking work had to be kept up for ten, twelve, or even twenty hours without intermission or relaxation. Sailors walked up and down the gangway and put bits of bread dipped in wine into the rowers' mouths, but it was considered that the slaves worked better on an empty stomach, and the boatswains preferred to trust to the whip. If the men were working well, they were scourged to encourage them; if a man flagged, he was scourged harder; if he sank down, he was scourged until he got up and set to work again; if, finally, he could not rise, he was thrown overboard.*

When a Christian vessel was captured, the rowers were set free, and the crew, soldiers, gentlemen adventurers, Knights of Rhodes or Malta, as the case might be, were chained to the benches in their places, and the ship, in charge of a prize crew, was sent straight to Algiers. There she was at once boarded by the port officials, the liberated slaves were landed, and the oars were dropped into the water and towed ashore to prevent all fear of escape. The cargo was sold; the Government claimed one-fifth to one-eighth of the value, and the hulks. The rest was divided between the owners and the crew, who received no regular pay. The captives were carefully examined and divided into two categories, those who should be sold for work, and

* *Derniers Jours de la Marine à Rames*, Jarien de la Gravière. *Cf. Barbary Corsairs*, p. 215.

those who were to be held to ransom. They were at once put up for sale. Of the price offered sixty zequins per head was given to the captors. The rest belonged to the Dey, and was paid into the Khrasné, or Treasury.

It is said that slaves were treated with tolerable kindness. With regard to those who were held for ransom, this may be accepted as true ; in fact they were hardly treated as slaves at all. In respect to others, the statement requires considerable modification. The life of the galley slaves has been described. All that can be said, at the best, is that the brutality of their treatment was not gratuitous or inflicted merely for the pleasure of giving pain ; and the same was probably true of other slaves. Their owners wanted to get all the work they could out of them, and were absolutely callous as to the means that were used. The lot of the slave, like that of a mule or ox, depended upon the character of his taskmaster and of the work to which he was put.

As no Mohammedan could be held in slavery by a brother Moslem, it may seem strange that so few purchased their freedom by apostasy. But this possibility had been foreseen and was carefully guarded against by the owners, to whom the bodies of their slaves were of more account than their souls. If any slave showed symptoms of approaching conversion, he was promptly bastinadoed into a better frame of mind. An exception to this rule was, however, sometimes made by a Reis in favour of some particularly strong or active member of his crew. The renegades who commanded the ships had not, as a rule, been slaves. Christian renegades were called *uloui*—savages or infidels, Jews were known as *selami*—a word of doubtful origin and meaning.

To some, however, no mercy was shown ; these were Moslems who had been converted to Christianity,

slaves who had tried to escape, or had struck or injured a Moslem. Women were degraded to the Mohammedan level.

The story of the martyrdom of Geronimo by the Pacha Ali, a Calabrian renegade, deserves notice, partly as a typical instance of Algerian methods, and partly because of its dramatic sequel.

It was about the year A.D. 1536 when, amongst the prisoners brought into Oran by the Spaniards, after a raid on some troublesome Arab tribes, was a boy of about four years old. With the others he was put up for sale as a slave. He was bought by the Vicar-General, Juan Caro, brought up as a Christian, and baptized by the name of Geronimo. During an outbreak of plague in A.D. 1542, Geronimo escaped, returned home, and for some years lived as a Mohammedan. In May A.D. 1559, at the age of twenty-five years, he determined to leave his home, to return to Oran, and once more to adopt Christianity. He was received by his old master, Juan Caro, married to an Arab girl who was also a Christian, and enrolled in one of the squadrons called "Cuadrillas de Campo."

In May, 1569, he was sent from Oran with nine companions to surprise a village or Douar on the seashore. On this expedition he was taken prisoner by a couple of Tetuan brigantines, and carried to Algiers, to be once more sold as a slave. When a body of slaves was brought in, the Pacha had a right to choose one in every ten for himself, and thus Geronimo passed into the hands of Ali. Every effort was made to induce him to renounce Christianity once more, and to return to Islam, but in vain. The Pacha was then engaged in building a fort called the Bordj-Setti-Takelilt (named afterwards, for some unknown reason, "Le Fort des Vingt-Quatre Heures"), to protect the water-gate, Bab-el-Oued, of Algiers. On September 18th, A.D. 1569, he sent for Geronimo and gave

him the choice of either at once renouncing Christianity, or being buried alive in one of the great cases in which blocks of concrete were being made for the construction of the fort. It was then half-past twelve o'clock.

But the faith of Geronimo was not to be shaken. The chains were then struck off his legs, he was bound hand and foot, and thrown into the case of concrete. A Spanish renegade called Tamango, who had become a Moslem under the name of Djafar, leapt in upon him, and with his heavy mallet hammered him down into the concrete. The block was then built up into the north wall of the fort, but its position was noted and remembered by "Michael of Navarre," a Christian and master mason, who was making the concrete. The facts were collected by Don Diego de Haedo, and printed in his Topography of Algiers.

In A.D. 1853 the French found it necessary to remove the fort. At half-past twelve on December 27th of that year, the explosion of a mine split one of the blocks of concrete and revealed the bones of Geronimo, which had lain in their strange tomb for nearly three hundred years. The block containing the bones has been placed in the cathedral, but as the relics have obstinately refused to work a miracle, the title of Geronimo to be a saint has not been made good. "*Ossa venerabilis servi Dei Geronimi*," so runs the epitaph.

A plaster cast taken of the cavity shows the arms of Geronimo still bound, but in the awful struggles of suffocation his legs had broken loose.

In the seventeenth century changes were introduced which, though at first they seemed only to develop the trade, by extending the field of its operations, eventually proved its ruin. In A.D. 1601 a Flemish buccaneer named Simon Danser put his services at the disposal of the Pacha, and taught the

Algerian shipwrights to build larger vessels. These were the galliase, which carried seven hundred men and three hundred rowers, and was rigged with three masts, and the galleon, which was larger still, and was decked throughout. It was clear that vessels of this size must trust mainly, if not entirely, to sails; in fact the galleon carried no rowers at all. Moreover, the Powers began to adopt what may be called standing navies; and against a fleet, or even a considerable squadron, the dashing tactics of the corsairs were of little avail. The Algerian fleet had never been a large one, or accustomed to work together. At the end of the sixteenth century it numbered only thirty-five or thirty-six galleys, and they seldom attacked more than two or three vessels at a time. Moreover, the expulsion of the last Moors from Spain, in A.D. 1610, robbed them of their last sympathisers and allies in Europe.

On the other hand, the small rowing craft which they had hitherto employed were suitable only for short dashes, and practically confined their operations to the Mediterranean. With the larger vessels, fully rigged, decked, and with a high freeboard, they were able to undertake long voyages and face the storms of the Atlantic. In A.D. 1627 the Reis Mourad penetrated as far as to Iceland, and brought back eight hundred prisoners. In A.D. 1631 he made a descent on Baltimore, in Ireland, and carried off two hundred and thirty-seven prisoners; in A.D. 1640 another raid was made near Penzance, when about sixty were captured. There were at this time twenty-five thousand Christian slaves in Algiers alone, of whom; as is shown by a petition to the King, dated October 2nd, A.D. 1640, three thousand were English.

Now and again an effort was made to put an end to these atrocities. In A.D. 1655, Cromwell, who knew his own mind, sent Robert Blake with a squadron to deal with the matter. Blake visited Tunis first, and

after vainly endeavouring to get satisfaction from the Bey, sailed to Porto Farina, the winter quarters of the fleet. There he found the Tunisian fleet, hauled close to the shore, and strongly defended by the guns of the forts, by earthworks thrown up for the purpose, as well as by an army of several thousand horse and foot. He marked his recognition of the gravity of the occasion by having divine service performed with great solemnity on board every vessel of his squadron. Then on April 4th, " very early we entered with the fleet into the harbour, and anchored before their castles, the Lord being pleased to favour us with a gentle gale off the sea, which cast all the smoke upon them, and made our work the more easy ; for after some hours' dispute we set on fire all their ships, which were nine in number, and the same favourable gale still continuing, we retreated out again into the roads."

Surely never was a heroic action described in more modest words.

Blake then sailed for Algiers, where he found things much simplified by his victory. His demands were complied with without hesitation, and all British slaves were released on payment of a moderate ransom.

Nor was this the only instance of vigorous and successful action. On August 12th, A.D. 1670, Sir Thomas Allen sighted and destroyed six of the best vessels of the Algerian fleet ; a few months later, on May 8th, A.D. 1671, his second-in-command, Sir Edward Spragg, drove another squadron into the harbour of Bougie and burnt it there. But such cases were rare and spasmodic.

At last, in A.D. 1816, a more serious effort was made to put an end to the scandal. Lord Exmouth was sent to Algiers with a sufficient fleet and a free hand. On August 25, the battle of Algiers was fought, in which the Algerian fleet was destroyed and the fortifications seriously damaged. But, from the sea, the town was

impregnable, no troops were landed to attack it on its vulnerable side. In a word, no sustained effort was made to capture or to occupy the place; and so the demonstration ended in nothing; and it was not until A.D. 1830 that the celebrated "Coup d'Eventail" which the Dey Husein dealt the French Consul, Deval, decided France to take final and determined action. On June 14, an army thirty-seven thousand strong was landed at Sidi Ferrouch under the command of General de Bourmont. On June 19 a decisive battle was fought at Staouéli; on July 4 the Fort de l'Empereur was blown up by its defenders; on the following day, July 5, Husein capitulated, the French entered Algiers, and North Africa entered on a new life of civilisation and recovery as a French colony.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LAIR OF THE CORSAIRS

Sir Lambert Playfair used to say that, with the exception of that from the Greek theatre at Taormina, the view from his house at El Biar was the most beautiful on the Mediterranean. The two are so different that it is not easy to compare them. There are no precipices at Algiers like those which drop from Taormina to Giardini, no wooded islands, no back ground of rugged mountain heights—above all, no Etna with its eternal snows and fires. In truth, Algiers is much more like Naples. There is the same wide sweep of bay, the same white town climbing the hill, the same general effects of luxuriant verdure. But even here Algiers suffers by the comparison. It is all on a smaller scale ; we miss the historic Vesuvius ; above all, we miss the lovely islands of Ischia and Capri, which hang like golden clouds on the horizon at the two extremities of the bay.

It is better to take Algiers as it is, for it is very beautiful ; perhaps more so now that the town has spread far and wide, and the snowy French villas peep through the trees of Mustapha, El Biar, and Bouzarea, than when the hills were bare, and the savage stronghold of the Turks kept the Christian world at bay.

The town lies in a bay, which sweeps round from Pointe Pescade to the north-west to Cap Matifou to the east. As we come in from the sea it is still possible to trace the outline of what remains of the Turkish town, but only by the flat roofs, the glaring whiteness,

and the apparent absence of streets. The old walls and forts and gates are gone, especially the grim fortifications of the sea front. Indeed, with the exception of a few houses near the Mole, the whole of that part of the town has been swept away to make room for the French Boulevards and open Places.

Of the Roman Icosium, never a place of much importance, no trace now remains. It is said that the Rue de la Marine follows the line of the old street, and that the Roman pillars which now line the Djama Kebira belonged to it; but even this is doubtful.

No trustworthy map or description of Turkish Algiers exists, and we are left to reconstruct it, as best we may, from chance notices in the writings of men like Cervantes, Hædo, and Venture de Paradis. To do this —in outline, at any rate—is not difficult.

The town faced due east. In shape it was an almost perfect triangle, each side measuring some half a mile in length. Its population was about fifty thousand, of whom not more than one-tenth were Turks.*

The apex of the triangle, at the top of the steep hill, was occupied by the Kasbah. If from this we draw two lines, one south-east along the Boulevard Gambetta to the Square de la République, and the other through the Boulevard Vallée to the Lycée, we have the outline of the city as the French found it in A.D. 1830.

On its two land sides it was defended by a wall, ten feet thick and thirty-five to forty feet high, strengthened with towers at irregular intervals; outside this ran a deep waterless fosse. There were no faubourgs, but, according to Venture de Paradis, there were no fewer than ten thousand villas, each surrounded by a lofty wall on the neighbouring hills.

* This is the estimate of Venture de Paradis, and is confirmed by Mr. Shaler.

The number of gates is given differently by various writers. Probably there were five.*

On the sea front there were two, one at the head of the Mole of Kheir-ed-Din, the other, called the Fishers' Gate, to the south, near the present Santé.

In the north wall there was only one, the Bab el Oued, or Water Gate. It stood where the present street of that name passes the Lycée. Outside this gate was the place of execution for Christians and Jews. Christians were either beheaded or strangled. The former sentence was carried out by the Turkish soldiers; the latter was executed by some passing Christian or Jew who was impressed for the service, for no Mohammedan would hang or strangle a man. Women condemned to death were drowned. Jews were burnt. In addition to this, they were compelled to wear a special dress, either black or white; they were forbidden under any circumstances to resist or resent an injury, to mount a horse, or to carry any weapon, even a stick; they had to pay double taxes, and were allowed to pass through the gates only on Wednesday and Saturday. After dark every one was obliged to carry a lighted lantern, except a Jew, who had to carry his light bare, and was punished if it went out. They were, however, allowed to buy slaves in the open market, a privilege which was refused to Christians. Outside this gate were the Christian and Jewish cemeteries.

The Bab el Oued was protected by no fewer than four forts. Close to the waterside stood the Bordj el Djedid, or New Fort. This, however, was never finished, or, at anyrate, never armed. On the site of the modern esplanade stood the Bordj Setti Takelett, or Holy Negress, armed with thirty-four guns. The French gave it the name of the Fort des Vingt-quatre

* Mr. Shaler says four. The doubt is about the Fishers' Gate. Perhaps this was only a postern.

Heures. This was the scene of the martyrdom of Geronimo. Farther off, between the church of Notre Dame d'Afrique and the sea, stood the Fort des Anglais, armed with twenty-two guns. On Pointe Pescade stood the fourth, known as the Castle of Barbarossa, and armed with twenty-one guns.

By the Bab el Oued entered the only thoroughfare of the town ; it followed roughly the line of the present Rues Bab el Oued and Bab Azoun. It was called the Souk el Kebir, or Great Market, from the stalls with which it was lined. Although it was the largest and most important highway in all Algiers, it was nowhere more than ten feet wide.

This road left the town by the Bab Azoun, or Gate of Weeping, which stood on the site of the present Place de la République. This was the place of execution for Turks and natives ; from each side projected horrible hooks of iron on which the worst offenders were impaled and left to die by inches.* This gate was protected by the Fort Bab Azoun, and another which stood on Cap Matifou, armed with twenty-two guns. Close to this gate and just inside the wall, stood a Kouba of great sanctity—the tomb of Sidi Dedé Weli, the marabout who foretold, and, it was believed, caused, the great tempest which destroyed the Spanish fleet in A.D. 1541, and saved Algiers from Doria and the Emperor Charles V.

This mosque, with that of Sidi Abd el Kader which stood hard by outside the wall, and that of Sidi Abd er Rahman, were places of sanctuary for criminals.

Higher up the hill, where the wall joined the Kasbah, was the last of the gates, the Bab el Djedid, or New Gate, by which the French entered on July 5, 1830.

This gate was originally protected by two forts,

* In 1830 the French found the heads and bodies of many Europeans impaled on this gate.

but one of them, the Fort de l'Etoile, had been blown up by a slave, and no longer existed in A.D. 1830. The other was the most important of all, and was, in fact, the key of Algiers. This was the Fort de l'Empereur, begun by Charles V. in A.D. 1541, and completed by Hassan Pacha eight years later. It was armed with seventy-seven guns, and stood a little to the south-west of the Kasbah. Its capture by the French rendered the town untenable and was the signal for its surrender.

The impregnable fortifications, armed with two hundred and fourteen guns, which protected the sea front, have been entirely destroyed, or lie buried, like the houses of the Baglione at Perugia, under the rampes and quays of the great Boulevard de la République, which now stretches from the Square de la République to the Place du Gouvernement.

About midway between the Bab Azoun and the Bab el Oued, the shore bends forward into a point, off which, at a distance of some two or three hundred yards, lies the Rock or Peñon, which in A.D. 1509 Pedro Navarro fortified for the Spaniards to overawe the town. It is now the only remaining one of the islands which gave Algiers its name. Twenty years later Kheir-ed-Din took it, and with the materials of the forts which he destroyed, built the mole which connects the island with the shore. To the north the rock projects only a little way beyond the mole. At its southern extremity a second mole was constructed, stretching towards the shore, thus forming a tiny harbour, capable of sheltering about fifty vessels. It is hard to believe that this insignificant little nook was once the famous lair of the terrible corsairs. Now it is only the starting-point of the Jetée du Nord of the great French harbour.

Kheir-ed-Din left but little of the Spanish work standing. A couple of handsome gateways, with coats

of arms over them, and probably the core of the massive bastion on which, in A.D. 1544, Hassan Pacha built the lighthouse, are all that now remains of the "Epine plantée au cœur des Algériens." The fine Arab Gate of the Lions is of white marble and richly coloured. It belonged to the Bordj Ras-el-Moul. The house of the Reis is now occupied by the admiral; adjoining it is a pretty little marble fountain. The Turkish fortifications of the Peñon mounted one hundred and eighty-nine guns.

The centre of French life in Algiers is the Place du Gouvernement. Its construction involved the removal of the finest of the sixty mosques in Algiers, and threatened the existence of another.

The destroyed Mosque es Saida, which stood on the site of the present Hotel de la Régence, replaced, according to tradition, the old Christian church of Icosium. It is said that the seventy-two white marble columns with which it was adorned came either from the church or from the town. That the pillars, which now form the arcade of the Great Mosque, are Roman is certain; an inscription on one of them to Lucius Coecilius, son of Argilis, puts this beyond doubt; but, according to Venture de Paradis, they were brought from Genoa; and as he wrote on the spot soon after the mosque was erected, this is probably the truth.

The Djama Djedid was also doomed, as its removal was necessary to the completion of the Place. Happily it was saved by the remonstrances of Colonel Lemercier, and the symmetry of the great Place was sacrificed instead. The Mirhab of the Mosque es Saida was brought to it.

Adjoining the Place, on the west, and between it and the mosque which now forms the cathedral, was another group of buildings which well deserved to be spared. This was the Palace of the Dey, Dar es

Sultan, known as the Djenina or Garden. It was here that Selim et Teumi was strangled in his bath by Baba Aroudj, and it was the seat of government until A.D. 1816, when the last Dey but one, Ali Khodja, fled from his Janissaries and placed himself and his treasures under the protection of the Berber soldiers in the stronger and safer quarters of the Kasbah. The entrance was marked with a flagstaff bearing a golden apple. In front of it was a little open space—the only one in all Algiers—about twenty-five yards square, and adorned with a marble fountain. One pavilion has been spared; it was known as the "Dar bent es Sultan," the house of the daughter of the Dey. It is now the archbishop's palace. If the rest was as beautiful as this fragment, the loss is indeed great. The palace occupied the whole of the space now surrounded by the Rues du Divan, Bruce, Djenina, and Bab el Oued.

Of life in Algiers, at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, a curiously and unexpectedly pleasant picture is drawn by those who knew it. The Turkish garrison was very small, numbering less than two thousand men, and the fleet which flouted the world was insignificant. In March 1825 it consisted of only fourteen vessels, of all ratings, carrying 350 guns. There were three frigates, of 62, 50, and 40 guns respectively; two corvettes, 45 and 36 guns; two brigs, 18 and 16 guns; five schooners, 24, 14, and 14 guns, and two unarmed; one polacca, 20 guns; and one zebeque, 10 guns. The captains knew little or nothing of navigation, and were obliged to carry Christian or other slaves, to sail their ships for them. In the town itself the life and property of the Turks—that is, of those who took part in political life—were very insecure, but great wealth accumulated in the hands of the non-political natives, where it was perfectly safe. Nor was the position of women so hard

as is often thought; the property of heiresses was secured to them after marriage, and with regard to their seclusion, "they are," says Mr. Shaler, "less slaves to their husbands than to custom and long-received notions of propriety." After the abandonment of galleys in the seventeenth century and of private cruising in 1816, the number of slaves decreased and their condition became more bearable. Ransom was more easy, and they were often able to make money for themselves—some made a great deal—and purchase their own freedom. Of the town itself, we are assured that, except for casual emeutes on the occasion of the murder of a Dey—and this was usually arranged for a Monday morning, at the close of the Divan—"there is no city in the world where there is a more vigilant police, or where there is better security for life or property." Doubtless, according to our ideas, the streets were filthy, but the houses, numbering from eight to ten thousand, were whitewashed every year, and the streets were provided with a hundred and fifty public fountains, each with a metal cup attached. The rules for drawing water were simple and precise; Turks took precedence of all comers; Christians and natives filled their vessels in turn; Jews had to wait until the place was absolutely free.

The Arab town, when once you find your way into it from the Rue Randon, is a perpetual delight, full of picturesque corners, with lights and shadows which enchant the eye and are the despair of the painter. It is a maze of winding and intricate streets, without the slightest effort at directness or symmetry of arrangement; so steep that, where not actually stairs, they are for the most part divided into the long sloping steps which the Italians call *cordonata*, and so narrow as to be often impassable for anything larger than a mule—no wheeled vehicle was ever seen in Algiers before the French came. Often they are completely

arched over; even where this is not the case, the windowless houses project forward, step by step, on wooden struts until the upper storeys nearly touch. The houses are either covered with the eternal whitewash, or are painted blue; the doorways are frequently beautifully carved, and, in the case of mosques, zaouias, hammams, and other buildings of a more or less sacred character, they are richly, or gaudily, painted with the favourite Moslem colours, red and green. The doors open into delightfully tiled entrance halls or skiffa. Beyond these it is of course impossible to penetrate without special invitation. In general arrangement they are all alike, square, built round an oust,* or little court like a Spanish *patio*. They have flat roofs, and no windows, or only small, heavily barred openings high up in the wall. In the heat of summer, a curtain is drawn over the open *patio*. Several of the finest houses have been occupied by the French and are open to inspection. Chief amongst these is the governor's winter palace, Dar Hassan Pacha. It is gaudy and may have been beautiful, but the extensive alterations and additions made by the French have robbed it of much of its charm and interest. Close by is the palace of the archbishop already mentioned.

Most perfect and beautiful of all is the public library, installed in the private house of Mustapha-Pacha, who built it in A.D. 1779, and was murdered in A.D. 1805. The skiffa is covered with Delft tiles, signed "J.V.M." (J. van Maak); passing through it we turn to the left into the oust, or *patio;* it is a square court surrounded by two storeys of horseshoe arches, decorated with tiles, and resting on slender spiral columns of marble. Between the columns of the upper storey runs a balustrade of carved cedar wood; the dwelling-rooms are sacrificed to the books. In

* The waist or middle.

the centre of the *patio* is a graceful marble fountain, its basin filled with bamboos, and bananas stand in the four corners. To sit there in the shade, reading, on a hot day, with the sun blazing down upon dazzling colours of wood, marble, and tiles, and filling the air with vibrating light ; to feel the coolness of the little breeze which makes the bamboos tremble and the water drip outside the basin, is as near the perfection of luxurious ease as a student can desire.

Of the original Kasbah little remains. It was begun by the one Barbarossa and finished by the other, to take the place of the ancient Berber fortress. It did not become a royal residence until A.D. 1816, when Ali Khodja took sanctuary there, and stood a siege by his own troops. Ultimately they were routed and massacred, but the Dey did not dare to risk a return to the lower town, so he and his successor remained at the Kasbah until finally driven out by the French.

A broad road has been driven through the fortress, entirely destroying its original character ; on passing through the strong walls there is a disused mosque, now a magazine, on one side of the road and an ancient gateway on the other. The private apartments of the Dey surround a court, in the middle of which is a fountain ; amongst them a little room, hardly more than a recess, is shown as the scene of the " Blow with the Fan " ; the apartments are handsome, but do not require special notice. Some of the officers are quartered in fine old houses, but these are, of course, private. Not much else of the old fort has been left.

The mosques are not remarkably fine or interesting. Three of them, however, deserve notice as being good specimens of the three different types of such buildings which we find in North Africa.

The Djama Kebira, or Great Mosque, stands close to the sea, between the modern Boulevard de France

and the ancient Rue de la Marine, at the head of the jetty of Kheir-ed-Din. It is of the ordinary type of Arab mosques, built for the Malekite rite, and dates from the tenth or eleventh century. A fine minaret was added in A.D. 1324 by Abou Tachefin, King of Tlemçen. Its exterior was quite plain, but in A.D. 1837 the French adorned the side towards the Rue de la Marine with a handsome arcade of horseshoe arches resting upon the pillars brought from the Djama-es-Saida.

The interior is divided into eleven aisles by heavy whitewashed arcades of horseshoe arches resting upon square piers. This arrangement, poor and clumsy, reminds us that the great builders of North Africa and Spain were not the Arabs, but the Moors or Berbers; and that even they very seldom carved a column to beautify the houses of God. If they could not take them from some Roman ruin they did without them.

The mirhab and the cupboards for the sacred books are fine and the mimbar old and quaint: an inscription upon it gives the date A.H. 409—that is, A.D. 1018. The adjoining arches are scalloped, but it may be doubted whether this is an improvement.

Surrounded on three sides by the aisles of the mosque, is the open court, green and shady with trees, and beautified with a lovely fountain for ablutions. This, as usual, consists of a little dome resting on slender pillars and is bright with tiles. Seen from the gloomy shadows of the mosque, the effect of this light and shade, green leaf of trees and shimmer of marble and burnished tiles, is singularly beautiful, and we leave the mosque with a pleasant recollection of quiet and coolness and of that peculiar solemnity which the low roofs and numberless aisles never fail to give.

High up the hill, where its almost precipitous side seems to offer the least possible foothold for a building, stands, or rather hangs, the little mosque and zaouia

of Sidi Abd-er-Rahman et Tsalibi. The marabout round whose grave the buildings have gathered lived in the first half of the fourteenth century, and belonged to the Tsaliba tribe, which dominated the Metidja before the coming of the Turks. In spite of this, the fame of his learning and holiness was so great that he has retained his hold on the affection of the people, Turks and natives, and is still reverenced as the patron saint of Algiers. Whenever a corsair left the harbour below, he saluted first the Dar es Sultan and then this mosque, each with three guns. The mosque was rebuilt by the Turkish invaders in A.D. 1696. It is an exquisite little specimen of a style of mosque of which the largest and most perfect example is that of the Djama Sidi Sahab at Kairouan.

The new mosque, the Djama Djedid, or, as it is now called, from the fish market which surrounds it, the "Mosquée de la Pecherie," was built in A.D. 1660, by the Turkish invaders for their worship according to the Hanefite rite; for Turks, Arabs, and Berbers differ almost as much in religion as in race.

Its position is remarkable and suggestive, for it stands on the edge of the new Place du Gouvernement, between the Djama Kebira of the Arabs on one side, and Marochetti's theatrical statue of the Duc d'Orléans on the other—the last three conquerors of Africa, Arab, Turkish and French. In itself it is a plain, spacious, unpretentious building enough, which, though it lacks the dignity of the mosques of Constantinople or Cairo, and especially their light and graceful minarets, belongs entirely to the Eastern rather than to the Western type of building.

In form it is a Latin cross, crowned with a central dome surrounded by four smaller ones. Its shape has given rise to the fable that its architect was a Christian slave, who was crucified for thus daring to stamp the symbol of his faith on a Mohammedan mosque. A

somewhat similar story attaches to certain rose windows in France and elsewhere, that they were the work of a pupil who was murdered through the jealousy of his master.

Except for the vulgar decoration of the dome, the interior is very plain, and reminds us more of a church than of a mosque—a lofty nave, choir, and transepts, with a plain barrel vault carried by semicircular arches resting on square piers. Round the building, just above the arches, runs a little wooden triforium; from the vault hang handsome chandeliers, and in each of the aisles is a wooden gallery. The mimbar, instead of being a flight of steps with standing-room at the top, placed against the wall by the side of the mirhab, stands under the central dome, and the steps, with a door at the bottom and a canopied landing at the top, lead to the large wooden platform from which the service is conducted. The mosque possesses one great treasure, the copy of the Koran presented to the Pacha by the Sultan of Constantinople.

Such was Algiers in time past, under Turkish rule; and such is it now.